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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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MISS MARIE
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44-47

THE FRONT PAGE

Strikes and Exports

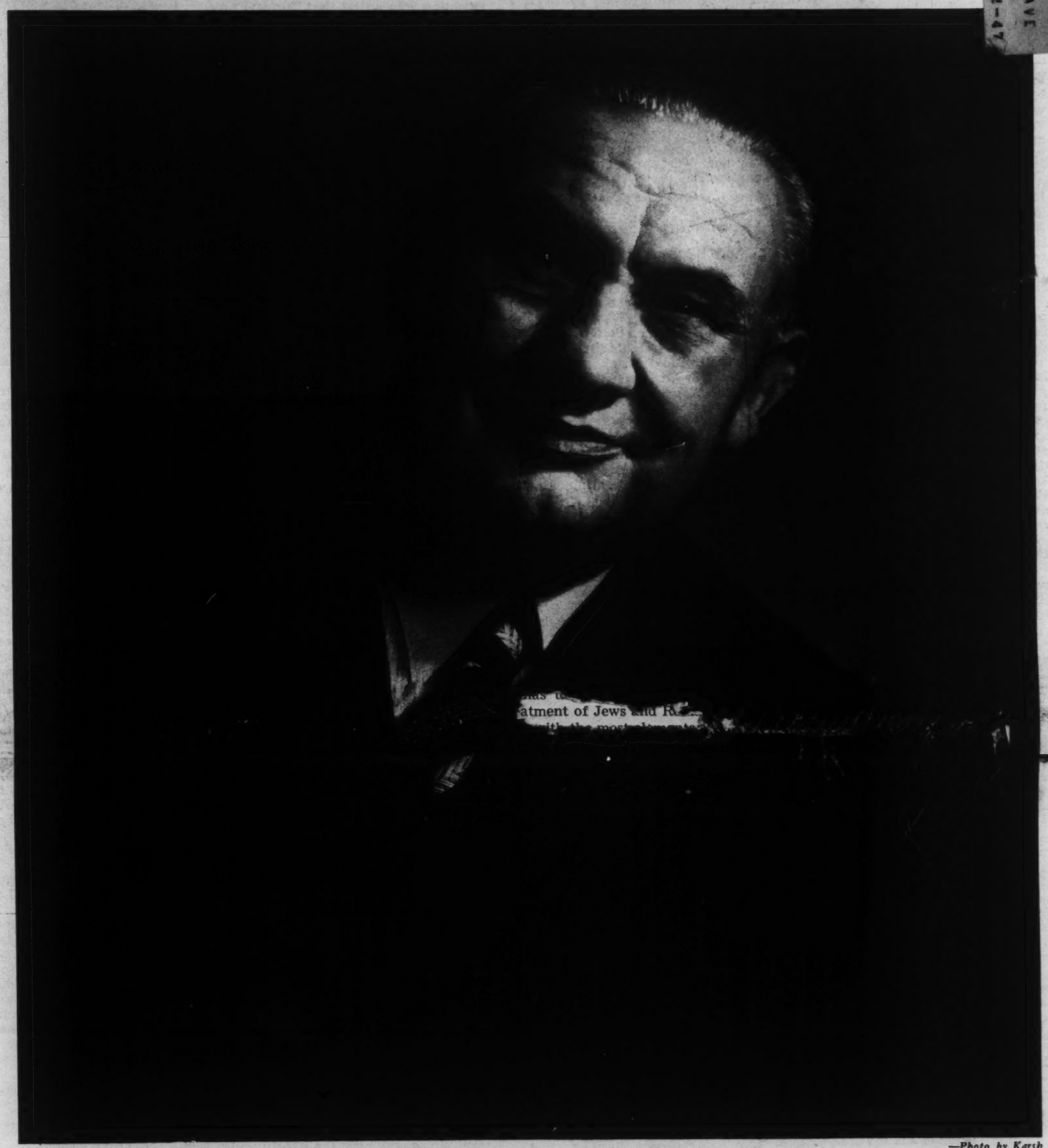
IF THE Ford strike had actually been promoted and entered into for the primary purpose of improving the lot of the Ford workers—which is not in great need of improvement as workers' lots go, except in the one matter of high variability of output and consequent discontinuity of employment,—it would have been preceded by a careful study of the economic situation in general, the prospects for a large market for the product, the price level and its tendencies, and many other factors. In fact the only factor which might be operative in some cases but which the strike promoters would not have to bother with would have been the general labor market; the U.A.W. can protect itself pretty well from the competition of what it designates as "scab" labor, which means anybody who is willing to cut the price set by itself for an hour's work, and it protects itself by the method—which it would strongly disapprove if used by anybody but a labor union—of making life rather insecure and highly unpleasant for such competitors. We may as well face the fact that the free and open market, while it may still have some uses in fixing the price of goods and of certain kinds of labor, is quite inoperative in fixing the price of labor in a well-organized occupation.

If these matters had been taken into consideration by the strike promoters, they could hardly have failed to observe—and they certainly could not have failed to deduce from the behaviour of the struck company—that the outlook for successful marketing of anything like a full output from the automobile industry of Canada during the coming year is poor in the extreme. The Canadian automotive industry grew to its present size (and that size was a leading factor in saving the world from disaster in the early days of the war when the Americans were clinging to a desperate neutrality) as a result of the existence of an export market throughout the British Empire in which the preferential agreements gave it a marked advantage. During the four years preceding the war it exported an average of over 25 million dollars worth a year, ranking eleventh in the list of exports, and was the only manufactured class except newsprint and whiskey in the first thirty items; and practically none of this export went to the rest of the dollar area.

Dollar Shortage

NOW the sterling area—Great Britain, the rest of the Empire excluding Canada, and a number of associated countries,—is completely denuded of purchasing power in dollars; it is incapable of paying in dollars for anything that is not imperatively necessary to its existence and rehabilitation, and it will continue so until the dollar area, whose commercial policies are substantially those of the United States, consents to purchase enough sterling-area goods to balance the trade. Payments made by the sterling area to Canada inevitably find their way in large part to the United States, in payment for raw materials and for luxury goods, and therefore it is impossible for the sterling area to regard Canada in any other light than as a dollar-area country. As long as tariffs were the predominant factor in controlling international trade, Canada could rank as a part of the British area, or at least have a foot in each of the two camps. But now that exchange shortage is the predominant factor we are inextricably tied up with the dollar. The sterling area will be glad to purchase from us the necessities of a strictly "austerity" economy, but beyond that it will not go. And in the process of pinching down its exports from the dollar area to their lowest possible level — the only process which will bring *political* America to its economic senses, — the dollar area will unfortunately have to make Canada, in some items, its first and most damaged victim.

The national organization with which the U.A.W. is affiliated in Canada maintains a staff of able economists, and we have no doubt that these factors were brought to the attention of the union leaders. Some of them would probably have liked to adjust their policies accordingly; but the conservative leaders have to compete with rivals whose aim is not to do the best they can for their members in each situation that arises, but to render the whole economic system of free enterprise and freely arrived-at contracts inoperative, in the hope of replacing it by a much more authoritarian one in which they will exercise the authority. In the present state of postwar unrest and disquiet in the public mind, the conservative labor leader has a hard row to hoe.



—Photo by Karsh

Once again Britain is giving much-needed leadership in world affairs. In pledging his Government's support of a directly elected World Assembly, Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin has shown Britain's willingness to surrender part of her national sovereignty for the specific purpose of peace.

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The Psychiatrists

DURING the war a large number of professional psychiatrists, in almost all the Allied forces, were given the opportunity of contact with an unprecedently large and diversified body of "subjects," from whom they learned much and to whom they unquestionably did great service. Among the problem cases in this body they found one of the most numerous classes to be that in which the emotional stability had been impaired by an excessive sense of guilt resulting from improper religious instruction. Considering the sources from which religious instruction proceeds in this chaotic modern society of ours, this is in

(Continued on Page Three)

DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Contrary Wind Blows Strongly; Dictatorship in Yugoslavia

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MORE people than perhaps you realize were distressed to read your editorial of November 10, supporting the principle of the government's employment of a foreign artist for the master-planning of Ottawa as the official Canadian memorial. The reasons you give in dismissing Canadian talent show that you are on very shaky argumentative ground. You say: "Did the Americans make a mistake when they confided the planning of Washington to a Frenchman, the Australians when they confided that of Canberra to an American? Town planning is an art in which the practitioner grows in skill as a result of experience."

As many, and more, arguments may be given on the other side. As many, and more examples may be pointed out on the other side. Washington and Canberra are not cities having the authenticity of the really great planned cities of history. The most noteworthy examples in the ancient and modern worlds — Athens and Oslo—were the work of artists steeped in their own geography, traditions and aspirations and who knew the pulse of their own people. *Phidias and Vigeland had no previous experience in the exceedingly rare and far-between art of city planning.* But they did have the confidence of their countrymen.

In the final analysis your theory would cause the abortion of all art, the still-birth of any national culture. For what genius knows "experience" *before* it experiences?

Canadian artists hold no grudge against foreign designers in themselves. But Canadian town planners and their potential crews—architects, landscape architects, sculptors, muralists, engineers—have been waiting far too long for big-time opportunities to open to them. Where should they look for such opportunities if not in their own country. You seem to answer this yourself when you say, "It is not the fault of the potential planners whom we may have among native Canadians, they have had no opportunity to acquire experience; that is the fault of Canadian Governments. It is true that we might make Ottawa a first opportunity. . ." Then why do you not go "all out" for your own kind?

And your further ridiculous reasoning—"When inviting a foreigner we need consider only his artistic achievements, when selecting a Canadian we have to ask whether he is an English-speaking or a French-speaking one, a Torontonian or a Vancouverite, a Social-Crediter or a C.C.F.-er." Why all this to-do about language, dwelling and politics? Is it constitutional? Is it moral? Is it democratic? How about the color of one's eyes? Are you trying to "divide and rule?" Since when have Canadian artists refused to work together because of private ideologies? The landscape-planners, architects, sculptors and laborers who recently worked together amicably, under a Canadian master-plan, to produce the new Niagara centre belie your implications.

Toronto, Ont. ELIZABETH WOOD

Mr. MacKay's Parable

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of November 3, does Mr. MacKay intend to imply that money could not be obtained to carry on another war? Was it the "bugbear" of finance that chased the Prime Minister in his little parable?

Actually the P.M. has made much better time in getting around than Mr. MacKay gives him credit for. He made the Atlantic crossing, during the war, in about fourteen hours and I suppose he could do it again in about half the time if the situation were urgent.

The nation could continue to supply war materials at a rate even better than the past record, and do so, as in the past, with the flower of its Youth in the armed services. The ridiculous and fantastic part of the set-up, in my opinion, is, that while manpower has been in effect nationalized and goods and services pegged, as to price, and rationed, to insure fair distribution, no attempt has been made to insure that war, or even the peace, would be financed at a cost in interest at least no greater than the average earnings of bank deposit accounts.

The result is that the nation has been pledged to pay for this war over and over again, in interest at 3%, every 33-1/3 years, and the taxpayer, who admittedly is no Croesus, has to take the rap.

Obviously some method must be devised to make this archaic and predatory "bear" of finance serve, without enslaving, mankind before much further progress can be made on the way to lasting peace and security.

Boharm, Sask. A. E. GREEN

The Yugoslav Situation

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN HIS letter the Yugoslav *Chargé d'Affaires*, Pero Cabric, has criticized Willson Woodside's articles on the present regime in Yugoslavia. This letter contains three main points: *First*: It claims that Mr. Woodside's article may have a "disastrous effect upon relief which the Allied Nations are giving so generously". *Second*: It quotes from an opinion expressed by Louis Adamic, American author. *Third*: That Woodside's article is "based upon inaccurate assertions."

1. Major Temple H. Fielding (Member of The American Military Mission and recently returned from Yugoslavia) who came to know Tito well, said in a revealing article in *Harper's* Magazine, October issue: "If you are a partisan, you eat; if you are not, you starve. I was there during the U.N.R.R.A. negotiations; Yugoslav civilians were dropping in the street from starvation, but Tito refused entry to American relief ships docked in Italy. He held out for complete control of distribution of supplies. 'Otherwise', he said, 'U.N.R.R.A. might be used politically against the National Liberation Movement'."

2. The quotation of Louis Adamic used by Tito's diplomat in Ottawa I am not wasting time to analyze since Mr. Adamic himself suggested in his latest book "From my Native Land" that the whole Balkans should be sovietized and given to Russia.

3. Mr. Cabric is very rash to assert that "Mr. Woodside's articles are based upon inaccurate assertions." Mr. Woodside is not only very well informed on conditions in Yugoslavia but he is the man who first predicted in Canada, 1942, that "Tito is dangerous for democracy in Yugoslavia for the simple reason that he is a member of the Russian Comintern and educated in Soviet Russia," and now, three years later, this prediction has been confirmed by Major Fielding who writes that Tito is: "an ex-Communist agent, ex-world revolutionist. Tito has one-third of Yugoslavia solidly behind him. It is an axiom that a dynamic, armed minority, holding power, can maintain itself indefinitely; it is also an axiom that the man who jams down the lid of the powder barrel never hears the explosion."

There are many other authorities and reporters who have been writing articles based not on "inaccurate assertions" but on facts. Field Marshal Alexander proclaimed that Tito's methods in Yugoslavia were just as totalitarian as Mussolini's and Hitler's. Walter Lippmann in his column in the New York *Herald Tribune*, October 22, writes, "The very fact that the Communists in the Balkans resist free elections and prefer to have arranged plebiscites proves that they themselves have no illusions about the attitude of the mass of the people." The *Christian Science Monitor* editorial (October 17): "—Reports on conditions in Yugoslavia incline United States authorities to the view that the Yalta pledge has been violated, Yugoslavia is being ruled by a virtual dictatorship, and free elections are jeopardized by Tito's police."

Ernest Bevin, Britain's Foreign Minister, in a recent speech in Parliament said: "Tito is maintaining an army estimated at 600,000; and this army is being used as a political force to maintain order in opposition districts and to vote in regions where balloting in municipal elections may be against the regime."

Ivan Modercin informs The New York *Times* (November 14) that he just resigned as counselor and New York representative of the Yugoslav government's information department because "in Yugoslavia there is no real freedom of press and assembly for anybody except Communists. Some non-Communist party leaders in Yugoslavia with impressive war records have been liquidated only because after the war they insisted on retaining their old political party ties. Political parties and groups opposed to Tito's new electoral law collectively refused to go through the tragicomedy of last Sunday's elections, with their government-prearranged outcome."

And S. P. Brewer from Belgrade to the New York *Times* (November 13): "It is believed that the assured government majority will prove less than the 90 to 95% that was widely predicted. It would be incorrect to call it a free election, because certainly the opposition had no opportunity to present its case and many voters were afraid to follow their consciences."

Mr. Pero Cabric forgets that Great Britain and heroic Canada fought against Hitler and Mussolini to destroy dictatorial systems of government which endanger the liberty and freedom of mankind.

Toronto, Ont. DIMITRI J. TOSEVIC

Doubtful Heaven

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MRS. Jean McDonald of Calgary wants men to retire at 60 years of age, women at 55, with a retirement fund of $60.00 per month with a sliding scale of $1 per month each year until the age of 70 years.

She also suggests that youth be kept off the labor market up to nineteen years of age and family allowances be raised to meet the situation. Youth is to be educated and the aged to be free to enjoy the harvest of their labor, plus a pension for resting from it.

Wages and salaries over a long period of years bear a fairly constant relationship to the volume of production. If we reduce the years of employment, or shorten hours, the volume of production will decline, and out of this decline of production we would be faced with the tremendous task of providing the things which Mrs. McDonald thinks we need to make us happy.

A happy, reunited family is that of Daphne Du Maurier, the famous novelist, whose husband is Major-General F. A. M. Browning, who served first as Chief of Britain's Airborne Troops and latterly as Chief of Staff in Burma. He is seen here in "civvies," watching his family at play in the nursery of their charming home near Par, in Cornwall. Christian, "Kits," who is just four is making a convoy, assisted by sisters Flavia, aged seven and Tessa, eleven. Right, Daphne Du Maurier.

We would not be very happy under these conditions, prices of commodities would rise, taxes would go up, other services would have to be provided at the public expense. The tax load would become harder to bear because there would be fewer to carry the load.

I do not blame Mrs. McDonald for seeking heaven on this earth but if too many seek it at the same time we shall reach another district in which the climate is not quite so pleasant. Sometimes we read in the papers of attacks upon industry on the ground that it causes scarcity rather than abundance. Isn't there a danger that labor in making all these demands upon the treasury and upon the economic life of the nation set a bad example to the nation as a whole? Capital might then point out that labor intended to seek more, give less.

What would happen if capital attempted to do the same? Labor, in the circumstances, would find it rather difficult to criticize capital for doing what labor had taught it to do. Forcing up prices in the hope that scarcity may give the people a large measure of this world's goods is a very, very, difficult task — I doubt if it has ever been done, though labor at times has made real gains from a decline in the cost of living which gave the dollar a higher purchasing power.

Ottawa, Ont. R. J. DEACHMAN

Foreseeing Tomorrow

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ON MONDAY evening I lay down on the couch before dinner, slept for perhaps ten minutes, and dreamed that I was already at dinner. A dish of pickled beets was passed to me. The bottom of the dish had not been wiped and when I set it down it made a dark-red circle on the tablecloth. In my embarrassment I woke up with a start; and thankfully, having escaped censure.

On Tuesday morning at breakfast I touched the rubber on a jar of grape jam. It leaped into the air and fell, making on the cloth the same sort of red circle I had seen in my dream.

And now I remember that Duke University has already proved that in some instances one may dream prophetically.

Toronto, Ont. O. C. CULT

The Right Way

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE article entitled "What is Religion" in the November 10 issue is timely.

Jesus is recorded in the tenth chapter of John's Gospel as saying "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture".

The quicksands of human philosophy, no matter how thoroughly explored, provide no safe road to peace.

If mankind is happy and satisfied, the "Will to Destroy" does not exist. But the life and teachings of Jesus the Christ provide a way to sane understanding and practice.

(Mrs.) GRACE SOUTHWELL,
Toronto, Ont.

A Flag for Canada

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

PLEASE accept my hearty and sincere congratulations in putting the facts about the Canadian Nation and flag so clearly and fairly before the public. The remarks you made (S.N., October 27) were long overdue.

Your correspondent, Mr. Swaalmon, no doubt a very sincere and estimable gentleman, apparently, cannot see it is he who suffers from an inferiority complex and not Mr. Ewart.

The Union Jack represents Northern Ireland, England and Scotland and very definitely has nothing to represent Canada, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa. A Flag to represent The British Commonwealth of Nations surely is in order.

For Canada, our own sovereign nation, to have a distinctive flag, without the cross of England, Scotland and Northern Ireland on it, is natural and right; and, very definitely, does not in any way alienate, or change, our affection for our ancestors from Scotland, Northern Ireland or England.

Sudbury, Ont. W. S. BEATON,
Mayor of Sudbury.

Present Both Claims

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

CANADIAN citizens should know the facts about this Windsor trouble, since, ultimately, they pay the shot. Official statements, prepared and paid for by the Ford Company and the Union, respectively, should be published in the newspapers. That would end the talk of misrepresentation and the public could form an opinion.

I am concerned over the effect this prolonged strike will have on returning veterans. No doubt Ford had its fair proportion of employes in Canada's armed forces. If they have been discharged and had taken up their former jobs, are they being compelled now to use their gratuity-money for maintenance, instead of for capital, as they had planned?

Ottawa, Ont. WINGCO

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

no way surprising. The earliest forms of such instruction are given in the family, and it is no help to the subsequent religious life of boys and young men that, in Protestant families at least, the task of imparting it is now almost invariably left to the mother; it is a task which needs the combined work of both parents. Subsequently it falls to the clergy and Sunday School teachers, and in both classes, but especially the latter, there can be found an extraordinary range of wisdom and unwisdom and very little systematic training for the job. In the Roman Catholic Church there is better discipline and probably a better average of training for this particular task among the clergy, but even there the variation in the degree of wisdom of parish priests and confessors is immense.

It is presumably the discovery of these religiously-induced phobias on a large scale that has led many psychiatrists to what we can only describe as a definitely hostile attitude towards religion itself. The process seems to have been gradual. It is, for example, a far cry from the language used by Major-General (then Colonel) G. Brock Chisholm in his "Morale" handbook issued early in the war, to his language in the recent address in Washington. In "Morale" he says: "Religion can be a great help in military life or it can be a menace. Where a man's religion is one of fear, his terrors about punishment after death, added to the normal fear in action, may be a very severe burden and affect his military efficiency. Where religion however plays a comforting and supporting role in the man's life it may have very great value in helping him to keep his emotional books balanced."

Most people, we imagine, will agree that any properly imparted religion should play "a comforting and supporting role" for a man who is doing his duty in the perils of warfare, and that only a poor religion, or a good religion badly taught, can have the ill effects here described. It is one of the characteristics of democracy that it has to permit the teaching of religious concepts which may lead to an unhealthy state of mind, because it assumes no right to prohibit the teaching of any religious concepts whatever. But by allowing all kinds of other concepts to be taught it avoids giving these dangerous ones a free field, and in the result they are not actually propagated by any but a small minority of sects and individuals. The great bulk of the religious teaching in Canada at least is designed not to frighten men away from hell, but to give them a sincere desire to so live as to be worthy of heaven.

In a recent issue we incorrectly described General Chisholm as Deputy Minister of Social Welfare. He is actually in charge of Health. But in neither position, it seems to us, could he avoid placing on the Government some responsibility for his utterances on so supremely vital a subject as that of the Washington address.

RECOMPENSE

FOR all I held but for a fleeting moment:
The wind-blown blossom ere it touched the ground;
The mist-soft rain before the sunlight come;
The snowflake falling, and all music's sound—

There will be recompense for me, Belovèd,
That will not fade away, or ever fail;
Yes, all of my desire, my heart's delight,
Within your hands, though human-made and frail.

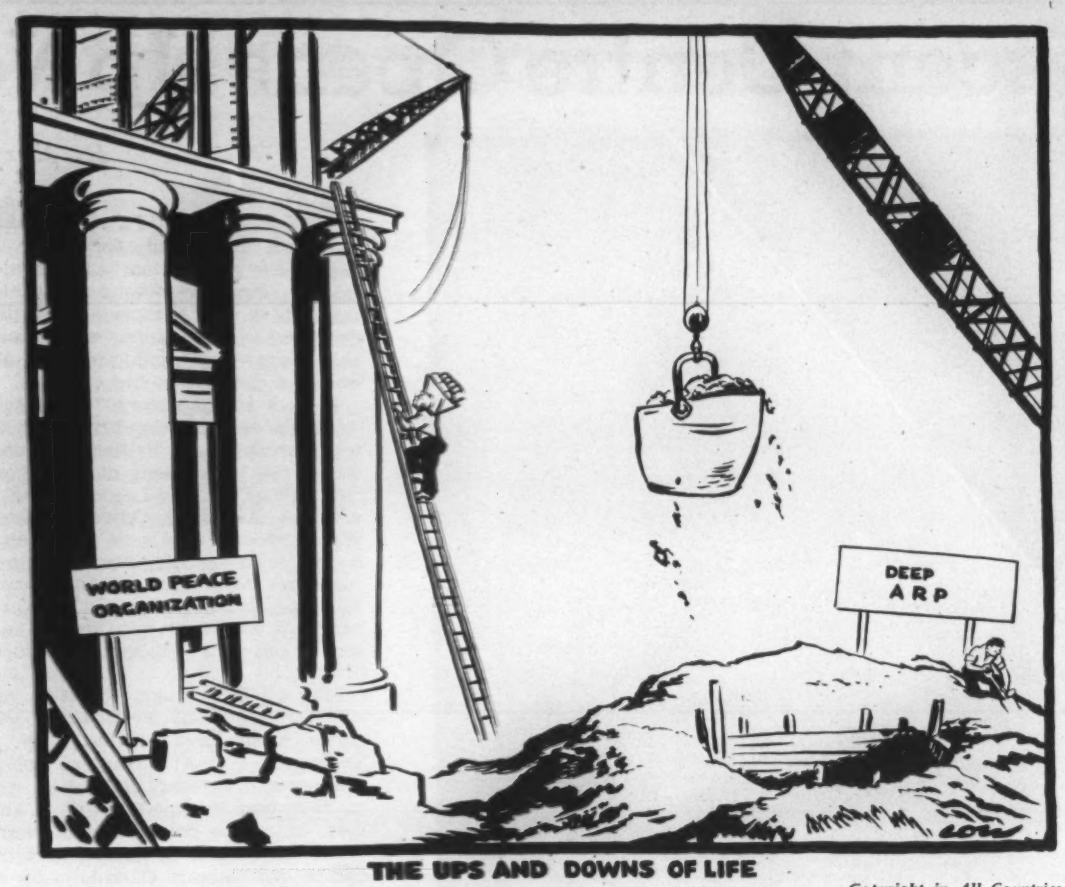
CONSTANCE BARBOUR

More Annulment

WE AIM to keep our readers informed on the progress of the controversy between Mr. Justice Forest and Premier Duplessis regarding the annulment business in the Province of Quebec; the description of it as a racket is Premier Duplessis's and Mr. Justice Forest does not accept it, so we shall avoid using it in the hope of maintaining our impartiality.

The right of the Attorney-General to intervene in these cases without filing a written document has been upheld by the Superior Court and has since been accepted by Mr. Justice Forest, but without enthusiasm, and with the observation that the intervention in a particular case appeared futile and unhelpful to the administration of justice. One of the latest annulments is a case in which the male plaintiff claimed on the ground of error as to the character and reputation of the girl before the marriage. The Attorney-General's representative cross-examined the witnesses, with the result that the court declared itself satisfied that the petitioner's allegations against the character of his wife before marriage were justified; the marriage was annulled, and the daughter born in 1942 becomes illegitimate and her custody is assigned to the father.

It would appear from this case and many others like it that any Quebec man who can manage to avoid learning anything about his wife's character before marriage, or who can convince the court that he managed to do so whether he did or not, can marry a lady of blemished reputation with the full assurance that the courts will relieve him of the responsibilities of the marriage whenever he chooses to declare that he has discovered the shocking facts. It seems to us like an encouragement to carelessness.



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE

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Neither Good Nor Wise

THE Government has invented an ingenious test to discover whether a Japanese Canadian is in good faith or not in applying for the cancellation of his request for repatriation. If he applied for such cancellation before the Japanese surrender on September 2, he is all right and should get it. If he applied for it after that date it is to be assumed that his loyalty is to Japan rather than to Canada, and out he goes.

This does not give much time in which Japanese outside of British Columbia, the great majority of whom were not put under pressure to request repatriation until after June 14, had an opportunity to change their minds. It was on June 14 that T. B. Pickersgill, Security Commissioner, followed up his earlier letter offering opportunity for *voluntary* reporting by the Japanese Canadians to the R.C.M.P., with his letter imposing *compulsory* reporting ("all people of Japanese origin sixteen years of age and over are *expected* to report"), and it was on July 16 that such persons in the Toronto district were to report at 59 Victoria street. The great majority of these people undoubtedly believed that if, on that occasion, they expressed a desire for repatriation, the decision was irrevocable; and there is no question that the Government would greatly have liked to treat it as such. The presentation of overwhelming evidence that in a great number of cases the application for repatriation (the term is the Government's, not ours) was not voluntary and would be withdrawn if any opportunity were offered caused it to abandon this stand and to consent to a change of mind in certain cases, though it is to be noted that it did not publicly profess willingness to accept this change of mind in any case whatever until Mr. Mitchell was interpellated on the subject last week.

In these circumstances it seems to us that the idea that such a change of mind cannot possibly be in good faith if it took place after September 2 is entirely unfounded, and that the Government of Canada will actually be sending out to Japan, by force and against the expressed desire of the victims, several thousand persons, many of whom were born and educated in this country and have never been outside of it, are members of Christian churches, and have not the slightest sympathy with Japan's present-day culture or mode of life. If this is the act of a Christian nation, of a nation which has the right to condemn Germany for its treatment of Jews and Roman Catholics, of a nation with the most elementary sense of the dignity and worth of the individual human being, then the whole concept of Christianity, of humanity, of liberal democracy for which SATURDAY NIGHT has always stood must be wrong. We do not believe that it is.

And one word more. This act is in the last resort the act of the province of British Columbia—not its government but its people. Mr. Mitchell is not doing this because he likes it, or because his political life depends on it. He is doing it because Mr. Ian Mackenzie thinks *his* political life depends on it—and it may do so, but it would be better to lose one's political life than to save it in this manner. But if this act is the act of a wise province which expects to base its future prosperity largely upon commerce with the Orient, then we are equally mistaken. Let not the people of British Columbia think that it is Japan alone which is outraged by this forced mass deportation. The people of China and the people of every non-white race in Asia are perfectly aware that this act touches them as closely as it touches the Japanese. The Japanese will not in our lifetime—perhaps—be in a position to exact much retribution. Others may.

The Vote Is Power

THE supreme importance of the right to vote—so little valued today by many Canadians until it is threatened—is clearly shown by the present situation of the Japanese in Canada. If those who are citizens of Canada had possessed the right to vote there is scarcely a chance that they would now be faced with the prospect of forcible deportation. Discriminatory legislation is seldom passed against a minority which has voting power; if it is large enough to be worth discriminating against it is large enough to influence a seat or two in Parliament. The proposal of the Dominion Government to take power to deprive Canadian citizens of their citizenship—and therefore of their vote—by executive action is one of the most dangerous that have ever been put before Parliament. It would have no chance of success if it were not represented as being merely an enabling measure for dealing with the Japanese; yet it is couched in general terms, and could at any time be used to make any other minority voteless and therefore powerless.

The Passing Show

A PROMINENT member of the St. Jean Baptiste Society declares that Quebec owes nothing to the Union Jack. What he really tried to say was that no account had been received for services rendered.

•

H. G. Wells believes that the human animal will have to give place to some other creature better adapted to the fate that is closing on the world. It looks as though the worm is due to have its turn, about which it has bragged for so long.

•

The following advice comes from a Wall Street expert: "Be bullish in a bull market; be bearish in a bear market." And, we would add, if you can't be either, don't be a goat, or you're an ass.

•

An automobile manufacturer announces a truck that delivers coal in narrow alleys. We are out of luck. What we are waiting for is a truck that will deliver coal on Main Street.

•

Title of an article in a business magazine:
HOW TO START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND RUN IT LIKE CLOCKWORK
But a word of caution; you won't get very far by winding it up.

•

To a Colleague

The wise, keen-sighted McAree
(We call him Verne)
Admits with confidence that he
Has much to learn,
But still he scorns one useful art,
Sets up a bar,
He will *not* learn, in whole or part,
To drive a car.

And I had thought my views on this
Were but a freak,
And had believed, in prideful bliss,
I was unique.
So welcome, Verne—a man of mind,
Quick to contrive—
We two alone, against mankind,
Let others drive.

Let others fix the flaccid tire,
Let others sweat
Because some dingus is afire.
Let others get
The parking tickets from a cop,
The frequent fine.
Into a taxicab we pop
When asked to dine. —J. E. M.

•

Following the visit of Hirohito to the Tama Mausoleum where he reported the defeat of Japan to his deceased father, the late Emperor Taisho, it is understood that the old gentleman's only reaction was merely to turn over in his grave.

•

From the comic-strip serialized version of "Cass Timberlane" by Sinclair Lewis:
"Brass and Cass smoothed over their clash in the latter's chambers. Cass said, 'We want you for Christmas dinner'".
The alternative title to Mr. Lewis' story might be "Adventures of An Epicurean".

•

A science professor of a Chicago University declares that atomic power has ended wars for all time. That should give the world enough time to pay for those it has already had.

•

EIRE, PART OF EMPIRE?
YES AND NO
—Headline in Ottawa paper.
We are glad to have this reassuring affirmative negative.

•

Title of an article in a national magazine:
WE ARE WHAT WE EAT
Then the jellied stuff we get for a couple of blue tokens may be one of the reasons why man is a composite animal.

•

From a questionnaire in a digest magazine: "Do blondes or brunettes make the best wives?"
This inquiry is based on the dubious premise that the dear things cannot be one and the same person.

•

An Ontario newspaper reports that a hen has laid an egg 8 inches long. Our niece Ettie wants to know what else the poor bird could do with it.

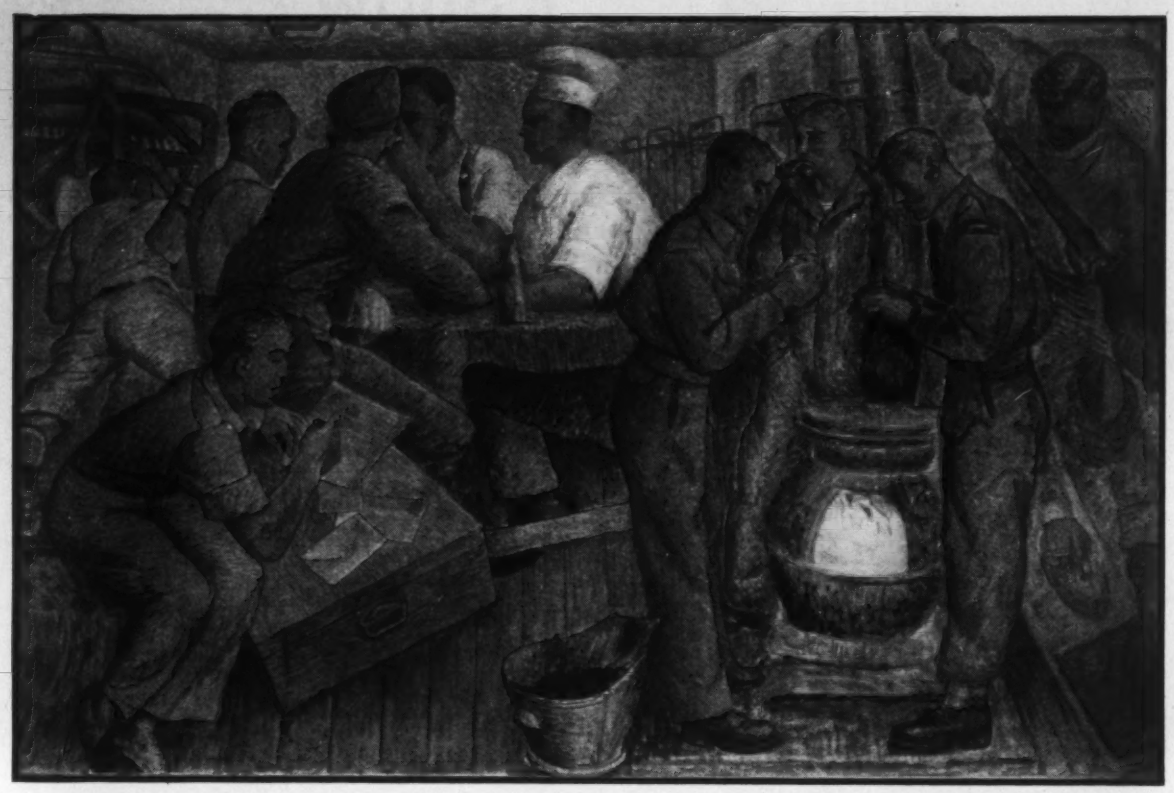
•

General Chisholm complains that there are not enough mature persons in the world—and this with everybody trying to be as much like Victor as possible.

•

Picketing seems likely to be Canada's leading industry for a while.

B.C. Convalescent Centre Opens Up New Avenues



Murals like this "Barrack-Room Scene," painted by Sapper Austin Taylor of Winnipeg, is one of series executed by patients at Number One Conditioning Centre, Gordon Head, British Columbia.

By Mary E. Colman

FOR depression, for a troubled mind, for ennui, for battle fatigue, for the tedium of convalescence: some creative activity that appeals to the patient — painting, gesso modeling, leather work, weaving, script-play production, or any one of a dozen arts and crafts.

Does it sound strange? It works. At Number One Conditioning Centre, Gordon Head, British Columbia, where the experiment has been carried on by Canadian Legion War Services Auxiliary Officer Anthony Walsh, discouraged men have taken a new lease on life, frustrated personalities have been set on the way to happy and useful maturity, warped minds have been set free and new nerve patterns traced in injured brains.

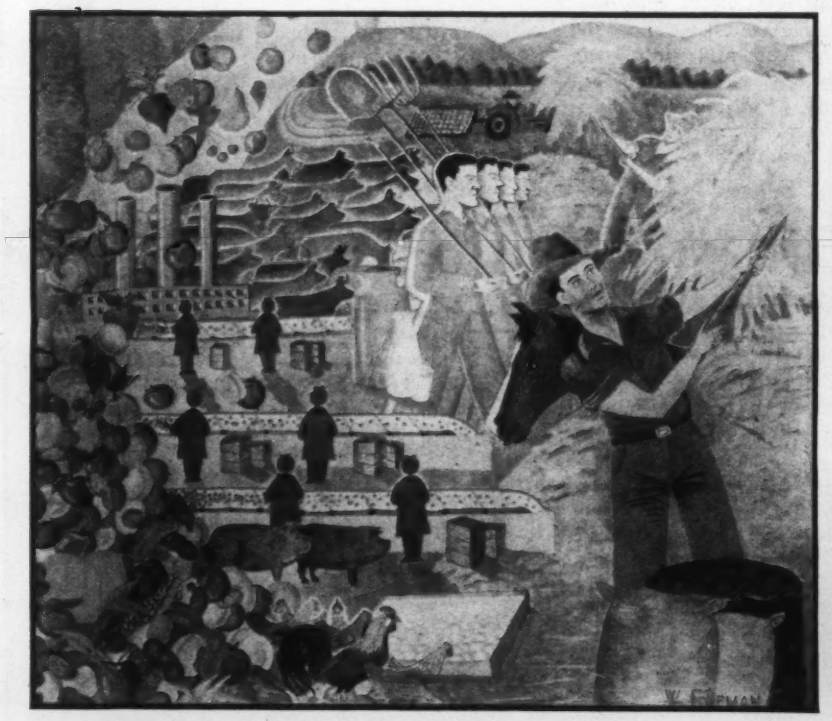
Like all fine things "creative recreation" began as a dream in one man's mind—in the mind of F. J. Townsend, a Vancouver school teacher and veteran of 1914-18, who in 1940 was engaged by the Canadian Legion to organize educational work for service personnel at army camps throughout Canada. As he travelled about the country Mr. Townsend was struck by the creative talents he observed in service men and women, talents that rarely had any outlet.

Mr. Townsend knew by experience the intense joy and satisfaction that such activity gives the artist and craftman. He coveted this highest pleasure for every man and woman in the services, dreamed of making it possible. When his organizing job was complete and he was placed in charge of the C.L.W.S. activities in British Columbia, he knew that the opportunity to make that dream begin to come true was his.

In charge of a Canadian Legion recreation hut at Alberni was the man he needed — Anthony Walsh. Mr. Walsh, before joining the C.L.W.S. had, in the world of art and education, an international reputation for his amazingly successful work in original drama and dance, in native art forms and in music with Indian children. At the Gordon Head Conditioning Centre Mr. Walsh was given a free hand.

BARE walls have always been a challenge to Anthony Walsh. Knowing the influence Diego Rivera's murals have had on the social and political life of Mexico, he badly wanted to see what effect murals based on contemporary Canadian life might have on the people who would see them daily. The walls of the recreation hut at Number One Conditioning Centre were bare: they are no longer so. They are covered wtih fine paintings which have earned the praise of distinguished artists and art critics.

The mural project got under way slowly. There were so many other things to do. The first man to whom Mr. Walsh broached the subject was tall, gray-faced Staff Sergeant Couling of Toronto, who was an ecclesiastical painter in civil life, a graduate of the Ontario College of Art. The sergeant was now in a body cast recovering from a broken back. This idea of painting a mural was the first really interesting thing that had come his way since his injury. He responded enthusiastically and men of like interests as they arrived were enlisted: Pte. Waldo Cameron of Toronto, and Sapper Austin Taylor of Winnipeg. Besides these trained artists two young men who had no art training and had never before attempted any art work were so enthralled by the exciting creation going on around them that, encouraged by the artists they too began to sketch out murals and succeeded in producing work that is vital, bold and convincing. These were Signalman Philip Bourdages of



This mural, "Agriculture," and "Fishing and Lumbering," shown right, were painted by men who had no previous art training or experience.

Both Pte. Will Foreman and Sglm. Philip Bourdages drew on their knowledge of these industries in their native provinces, B.C. and Quebec.

A Toronto man, Pte. Waldo Cameron, graduate of Toronto Technical School, executed this panel dealing with work of the Red Cross.

Gesso modeling is a form of creative recreation very popular with canvalescing soldiers.

A high degree of proficiency in this work was attained even by beginners, as these closeups clearly indicate.

Of "Creative Recreation" for Soldier Patients

Gaspé, Quebec, and Pte. Will Foreman of Penticton, B.C.

The first plan was to do a series of murals that would depict the experiences of a soldier from the beaches of Normandy, through hospitalization, reconditioning and back to civil life, with special emphasis upon the work of the Canadian Legion. Like most well laid plans for creative work this one underwent a number of changes while the work was on.

Sapper A. Taylor did a mural entitled "Barrack-Room Scene," a mature piece of work showing the varied activities to be seen any evening in barracks.

Pte. Waldo Cameron did three symbolic paintings — one dealing with the work of the Red Cross, one with "Sports" at the Centre, and the third with "Entertainment." These are all highly competent, and the mural "Entertainment" shows great imaginative power.

Signalman Bourdages portrayed the "Fishing and Lumbering Industries" as he had seen them in his native Quebec, and Pte. W. Foreman drew on his knowledge of the Okanagan for the colorful "Agriculture."

WHILE this activity was going on, a group of men, with some nursing sisters, were listening to the C. B. C. program "Citizens' Forum" and discussing the problems raised, every Tuesday evening. Among them were men from all parts of Canada, and gradually as their interest rose they came to feel that Canadian unity was the greatest postwar problem confronting us. They had ideas about Canadian unity, and ideals too. They felt these could, and should be expressed in a mural; and so the largest, and perhaps the most significant art project done at the Centre had its genesis.

Staff Sergeant Couling, the man who was in a body cast, undertook the painting, but every part of it was the subject of lively discussion and careful research by members of the group. "The Challenge of Canadian Unity" now hangs over the fireplace in the recreation hut at Number One Conditioning Centre, a challenge, not only to the men who see it daily, but to every Canadian.

When the murals were completed, Lawren Harris opened an art exhibit, and hundreds of people came to see it. Among official visitors were high ranking officers from Pacific Command, the Western Military Districts, Ottawa and other parts of Canada. Members of the B.C. Legislature came in a body.

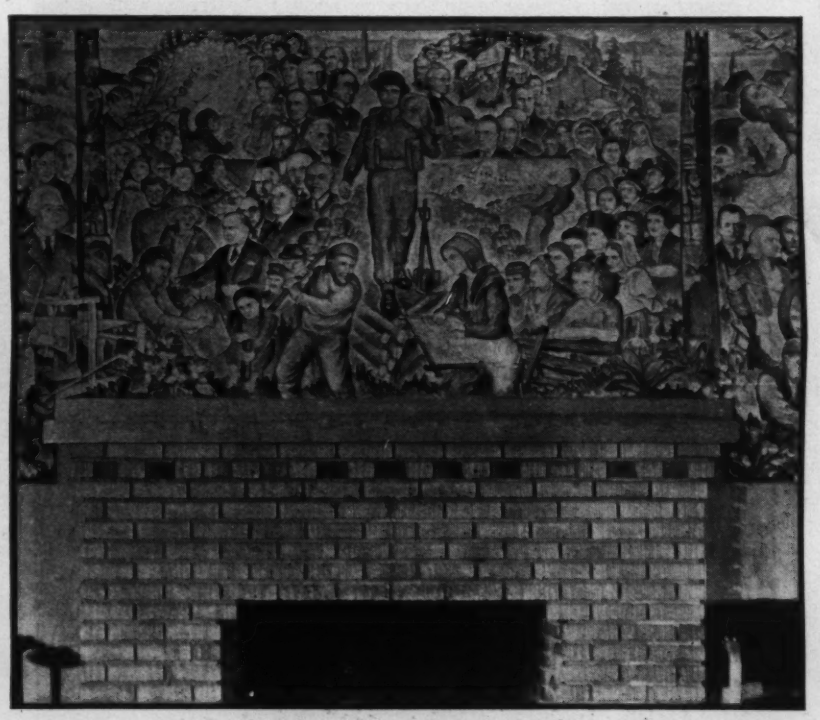
But this aspect of creative recreation touched comparatively few men, and Mr. Walsh felt that the next step must be to initiate other projects which would not be beyond the ability of those who had a keen interest but a lesser degree of artistic talent. He enlisted the assistance of the successful artists as demonstrators and group leaders and soon gesso modeling, weaving, leather work and other handicrafts flourished.

The men also made a beginning at dramatics. So far there has been only one production: a Canadian version of the musical "Oklahoma." The libretto was written by the men, the stage setting and costumes were designed and made by them; they provided the orchestra and read the parts.

The word "read" is used advisedly. Tedious rehearsals, long hours memorizing parts, would have overtired convalescents and defeated the object. So there were only a few rehearsals. Each actor was familiar with his part and had his script in hand to refer to if he forgot a cue or a speech. This gave the amateurs a confidence which enabled them to put over the production with swing and verve.

Pte. Waldo Cameron had fun painting his mural "Entertainment"; the onlooker gets as much pleasure in identifying the many types of recreation depicted in this highly detailed but well-organized work.

Cameron's "Sports" mural is developed in much the same manner. All his work shows vigorous, rhythmic and balanced composition.



Eminent contemporaries in many fields of endeavor can be seen in the mural, "Canadian Unity," by Staff Sgt. Couling, Toronto.

For patients with a keen interest but a lesser degree of artistic talent than mural painting calls for, creative recreation was found in handicrafts.

C.B.C.'s program, "Citizens' Forum," inspired this discussion group consisting of Nursing Sister F. Taylor, Maj. L. Smythe, Capt. H. Christie, Sgt. A. deBruyne, Pte. Stoneburg, Anthony Walsh (standing).

Solving Labor Impasse In U.S. Needs New Methods

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Surmounting other questions of public concern in the United States, Dr. Whitton suggests, is the extending problem of getting the country's production into gear again. From V-J Day to late autumn no major industrial dispute has been finally settled. To an autumn average of 350,000 workers out, the General Motors' strike adds 375,000 and the end is not yet. Rather, strike votes indicate an increase. Nearly 70 per cent of the disputes centre about higher wage demands, but, back of the whole situation, is a sense of the need of strengthening strategic positions now in view of the fear of 8 million unemployed by next spring.

Three measures before Congress, the Full Employment Bill, the Labor Standards Act amendment to "up" the minimum wage from 40 cents to 65 cents an hour, and the Fair Employment Practices bill, all reflect this uneasiness. The President's pronouncement, hopefully suggesting wage increases without lifting prices or catching the producer between fixed costs and static ceilings, has not increased confidence. Industrial reconversion, with all its adjustments, will have to be broken down into its particular areas and segments and dealt with as such.

LEASE-LEND, the atomic bomb, Jewish immigration to Palestine, leniency in Germany, tolerance in Japan, credits for Britain (without aiding her socialistic program)—all such warmly debated issues in the United States are receding before the grim and growing problem of getting the tremendous mechanism of the Republic's production into gear again.

The complicated challenge of foreign trade shades off before the stark fact that to the 400,000 workers on strike the greater part of the autumn, General Motors' 375,000 have been added. To the late fall not one settlement had been effected in any major industrial dispute from the date of the Japanese surrender The return of the soft coal miners to work represented a deferment rather than an ending of actual conflict. Now winter comes on with a half to three quarters of a million workers still out, while more strike votes have been taken or are in process. Fundamental forces are clashing and, because of the integration of set-up and control in organized labor, these are similarly aligned, if less evident, in the disturbed Canadian picture.

While the apparent issue, in nearly 70 per cent of the strike votes registered with the National Labor Board, is the higher wage demand, the ramifications are broader and deeper, intertwined not only in the whole price structure but in owner-manager-worker relations as well.

8 Million Unemployed?

The office of War Mobilization and Reconversion estimates that, by the spring of 1946, the tremendously expanded national production of the United States will drop practically by $1 in every $5, or, from $205 billions to $165 billions, with shrinkage all along the line, culminating in total loss of earnings for possibly 8 million workers. This is the immediate short range thrust, which Senator Murray's Full Employment Bill, now before Congress, is designed to counter. But, as the Washington *Post* has suggested, the Bill cannot really mean what it says: "All Americans able to work and seeking work have the right to useful, remunerative, regular and full-time employment," and that it is the policy of the U.S.A. "to assure — at all times— opportunities to enable all Americans who have finished their schooling and who do not have full-time house-keeping responsibilities freely to exercise this right." If this is to be a true and legal Bill of Rights, says the *Post*, then this would mean that a man (or even a woman, whose household duties do not take her full-time) wanting a job could "go to court and force the Government to provide him with one."

This looseness of thought and drafting is causing a dramatic fight on the measure. Strong opposition has also developed among representative employers' groups, who claim the bill would retard employment and decrease opportunities for jobs, through contraction of ventures or expansion by business and industry because "such a serious, solemn, inviolate promise could not be carried out unless the Government undertook to manage and control everything."

The basic purpose of the bill—to attempt and to plan for such maintenance of demand, goods and services as will prevent long or mass unemployment — commends itself to general support. But the way to implement the will of the nation appears to be as uncertain and beset with discouragement as here at home.

Emphasis in Planning

The major emphasis in U.S.A. planning is directed to maintenance of production and, definitely, to maintenance of wages and prices with allowance for a play, a lesser one, in costs. This, it is claimed, will keep the national income fluid and circulating with reasonably adequate minimum return in wages and prices for individual goods and skills, rather than by the Canadian device of continuing heavy taxation and redistribution of earned income in direct subsidies to primary producers, or in such fiscal-social over-all bonuses as children's cash grants. Thus, the near-unanimity with which taxes were reduced, or, on low income groups, eliminated, and hence the President's and Mr. Secretary Swellenbach's insistence on passage of the Fair Labor Standards Act amendment which would raise the basic minimum wage from 40 cents to 65 cents per hour with 75 cents as the ultimate level.

This bill would apply generally to other than agricultural labor, though including workers in "certain agricultural processing." Therefore, it is being contested, as likely to deflect desperately needed farm labor from "reconverting" from industrial production and also as tending to the concentration of prospective workers in and about industrial centres, precipitating costly works projects.

Parallel frictions in the gears are the resurgence of discriminations, set aside in war's pressure, recurring in its recession, or developing in the shifts of population—and of problems—as the labor tide flowed and ebbed. Designed to ease these tensions are the Fair Employment Practices bill and the creation, in nearly 300 major centres, of municipally operated Inter-racial Commissions or Bureaus. But the efforts of these agencies seem attended with but varying degrees of success.

The wage-price controversy centres about the pleasant concept of increasing wages without increasing prices and at no real cost to anyone, unless perhaps the producers, who maintain that even their deferred war profits are not sufficient to cushion them against extinction between the two stones of rising costs and static, if not indeed, falling prices. In August the President authorized voluntary wage increases, if these did not involve higher consumer prices. In October the War Labor Board followed suit by recognizing organized labor's right to reopen wage increase discussions, previously barred by war controls. It was then that the "open session" in industrial gunning really began.

Labor rests its case upon analyses issued by Government economists;

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These are cancer's danger signals

1—Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.

2—Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3—Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4—Loss of appetite or persistent unexplained indigestion.

5—Noticeable changes in the form, size or colour of a mole or wart.

6—Any persistent changes in the normal habits of elimination.

Here's hopeful news. These danger signals do *not* invariably mean that you have cancer. They are signs that something is wrong, that you should have an immediate examination by a competent doctor.

At one leading cancer clinic, 88 out of 100 women who came for examination because they recognized a warning sign proved *not* to have cancer. The important fact is *they were examined and relieved of worry*, while the few who had cancer increased their chances of a permanent cure.

There have been tremendous increases in medical knowledge and skill, and many improvements in diagnosis and technical care. But remember, medical science can cure cancer *only* if it is discovered early, before it has a chance to grow or spread.

No medicines can cure cancer. Beware of quacks and those who promise to cure cancer with drugs or other unproved methods.

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these findings indicate that, even were wage rates increased to retain hourly earnings, at the war level of April 1945, manufacturers would still net higher profits—perhaps over $6 billions — than in any preceding war period. The experts contend that the mounting costs, created by wage lifts, all along the line, would be offset by the decline in general and excess profit taxes, by wiping out over-time and up-grading and by increased productive power. These offsets, they estimate, would tolerate perhaps a 24 per cent increase.

Owners and producers reply that there is only a limited certain market at home, with profits a highly uncertain factor, as well as no assurance of stable costs, reversion from highly profitable war production (with speed, not cost, the element) to less remunerative civilian lines, with all the factors of new tooling, raw workers, lowered initial output, etc. So, they contend, wage increases must shortly mean price increases, and this fact means the cost of living spiral is coiling for its spring, starting the whole mad gyration of inflation in a world economy already threatened with disintegration.

Indecisive

In such contention the President's long-awaited pronouncement was regarded as far too indecisive (peculiar criticism in a nation whom only war's exigencies kept within the traces during F.D.R.'s very definite driving). But it did evoke certain satisfaction in its inkling of possible varying practices in varying industries and localities.

Public opinion has begun to realize that industrial policy cannot safely concern itself with the generality of terms of agreement made between a few powerful corporations of producers on the one hand, and organized labor on the other. Industry is not made of homogeneous lines and conditions: labor is not one organism of uniform beings, of standard pursuits and occupations. There are thousands of business and industrial concerns in Canada, tens of thousands in the United States, normally widely different, their operations varying broadly in profit and loss. There are millions of workers, men and women, youngsters, highly variable in character and output and in occupations and industries, markedly different. Part of our chaos has come from attempting to envisage and dispose of their problems in mass, as something subject to percentage, adjustments in hours or rates remuneration, and to balancing of price adjustments by similar general formulae.

The determined drive of the 48 States to recover their Employment Services, the insistence of certain Canadian provinces on their own labor codes—albeit agreeing on certain general principles nationally — are all part of this realistic facing of the fact that the smaller plant and community, the individual worker, the human equation must come into the picture to greater degree than the clashing of the mastodons allows.

Once again, the Torah, or Sacred Scroll, was unrolled and read as Jewish services were held in Berlin. This young American soldier, Pte. W. Nathan of New Jersey, took part.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Interim Grant to Britain Might Have Solved Exports Problem

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

BEFORE this article appears in print the Minister of Trade and Commerce will probably have made a statement in the House of Commons clarifying the problem of the exporter seeking to ship goods into Britain and other parts of the sterling area, but blocked by a failure to obtain an import permit. Since the lapse of Mutual Aid, British import policy has become highly austere and selective and this is beginning to show up seriously as an obstacle to our postwar export trade program.

It is a pity that the government did not choose to make such a statement sooner. Probably it has been waiting since September 2 in the hope that the talks at Washington would result in a satisfactory short-term solution of Britain's shortage of U.S. and Canadian dollar exchange. But three months have passed and at time of writing there is still no definite sign that a satisfactory agreement has been reached.

Meantime British refusal to grant permits to Canadian exporters of certain lines has caused considerable concern in commercial circles and the Department of Trade and Commerce has been getting anxious appeals for help.

Certain manufacturers have stated publicly that they are prepared to adopt what they think is the only sure way of obtaining a share of the British and Empire market, namely, erect plants in the United Kingdom. Others, which do not find this feasible, have temporarily given up hope of sales to the United Kingdom and are pointing out that this means unemployment in the Canadian export industries.

This is the first major threat to Canada's postwar trade program, under which a target of $1,750,000,000 exports of Canadian produce was set, a figure said to be the minimum at which we can hope to maintain full employment in Canada. The frustration of our exporters has led in some quarters to sharp criticism of British policy. Some critics contend that the refusal to take Canadian goods is a deliberate action on the part of a Socialist or "planned economy" government, which aims to make Britain as self-supporting as possible in order that there be a minimum interference of their plans in the form of fluctuations in international conditions.

Premier Attlee was asked two or three pointed questions on trade policy at his press conference at Ottawa last week. He made a specific denial that the British authorities had told Canadian exporters they must come over and build plants if they hope to obtain part of the British market (a statement which was challenged later in the week, on the ground that, whether the British authorities had said as much in so many words, their attitude left Canadian exporters no alternative), but that was the only specific and clear-cut part of his answers. For the rest he contented himself with a very cautious and not very newsworthy reply that Britain's dollar position was a difficult one, and that they were trying to do something about it by expansion of exports.

Yet in all fairness to Britain it must be added that an examination of its current and prospective supply of Canadian dollars (like that of virtually all forms of foreign exchange) shows a very tight situation. The figures are well known in official circles at Ottawa and it seems that much of the current criticism could have been forestalled by the publication of a few tables and a page or so of comment on them.

Bridge the Gap

Still more useful — though this is really second-guessing, because no one expected the Washington talks to drag on as long as they have—would have been, on September 2, an offer on the part of Canada to bridge over the gap which would yawn between Mutual Aid and the provision of some postwar credits, with a grant of Canadian dollars to permit our shipments to continue moving to Britain. If Mutual Aid was justifiable during the war—and there are very few Canadians who did not support it 100 per cent—an interim grant or gift to bridge over the immediate postwar period could have been defended almost as well.

It does not yet seem to have sunk in to the average reader's mind how difficult it is going to be for Britain to continue large-scale purchases from Canada after the war, unless some way opens up — not presently foreseen—by which she can obtain some kind of foreign exchange (Canadian dollars or something convertible into Canadian dollars) on a fairly generous scale.

Even before the war Britain was buying from two to three times from Canada what we were buying from Britain, and the balance of international payments between the two countries made a pattern like the following:

Current Transactions Between Canada and the United Kingdom
(Millions of Dollars)

	1937	1938
A Current Credits—with the United Kingdom		
Merchandise exports—after adjustment	385	337
Tourist and travel expenditure	11	8
Interest and dividends	2	2
Freight and shipping	38	34
All other current credits	8	8
Total Current Credits	444	389
B Current Debits—with the United Kingdom		
Merchandise imports—after adjustment	148	119
Tourist and travel expenditures	16	15
Interest and dividends	85	81
Freight and shipping	43	30
All other current debits	17	17
Total Current Debits	309	262

(Source: Dominion Bureau of Statistics)

It will be seen that in 1937 Britain had to find $135 millions in Canadian dollars elsewhere to balance the account, and in 1938, $127 millions. In order to balance the account without requiring Britain to obtain Canadian exchange elsewhere, we should have had to buy additional British goods or services to that amount each year.

But now the situation is much worse (or will be, as soon as our payments on behalf of our overseas forces end early next year). It is worse because the "B" items, or Current Debits shown above, have fallen, while Britain's needs of Canadian foods, building materials and other essential (item one in "A") have risen.

Not much, perhaps, can be learned about the situation from the transactions of 1945, because this is not a typical year, and war transactions cannot be completely segregated from civilian transfers. But there is enough to go on to show how Britain's problem has been gravely intensified.

Big Drop in 1945

Canadian civilian imports from Britain are running currently at a figure which will come to $108 millions for the year. The interest and dividend item (Canadian dollar payments for British investments here) will be about 25 millions down from the pre-war level, and shipping perhaps another ten millions lower. On these three items, which before the war constituted the chief direct sources of Canadian dollars for Britain, her 1945 receipts will be of the order of $200 millions (compared with $276 millions in 1937).

What will they be in 1946? Unless our purchases from Britain rise quickly and substantially (and there are grave obstacles, such as shortage of British goods, prices above Canadian ceilings, etc., to overcome) Britain's direct acquisition of Canadian dollars from sale of her goods and services to us will not be far above $200 millions.

On the other side of the balance sheet is the blunt fact that Britain needs from this country, in 1946, perhaps $500 millions in food alone. Under such circumstances how can Britain spare dollars to finance imports of Canadian manufactured goods and items which, in their own list of priorities, appear rather far down the scale?

On the most optimistic forecast it would seem that Britain will be short 300 millions in Canadian dollars in 1946, probably much more. It would be a service all around if the two Governments would publish a budget showing what the situation will be. Then, instead of engaging in exchanges of critical generalities back and forth, Canadian exporters and other interested parties will be able to look the problem square in the face and see what can be done about it.

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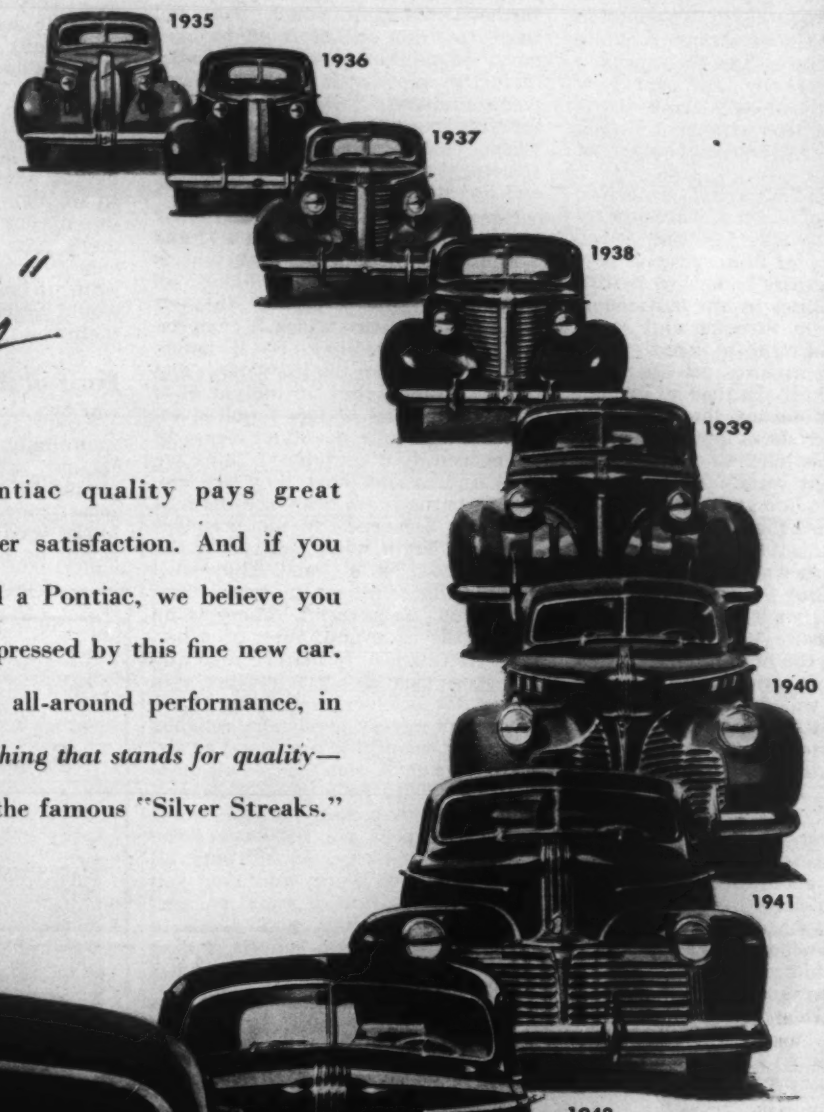

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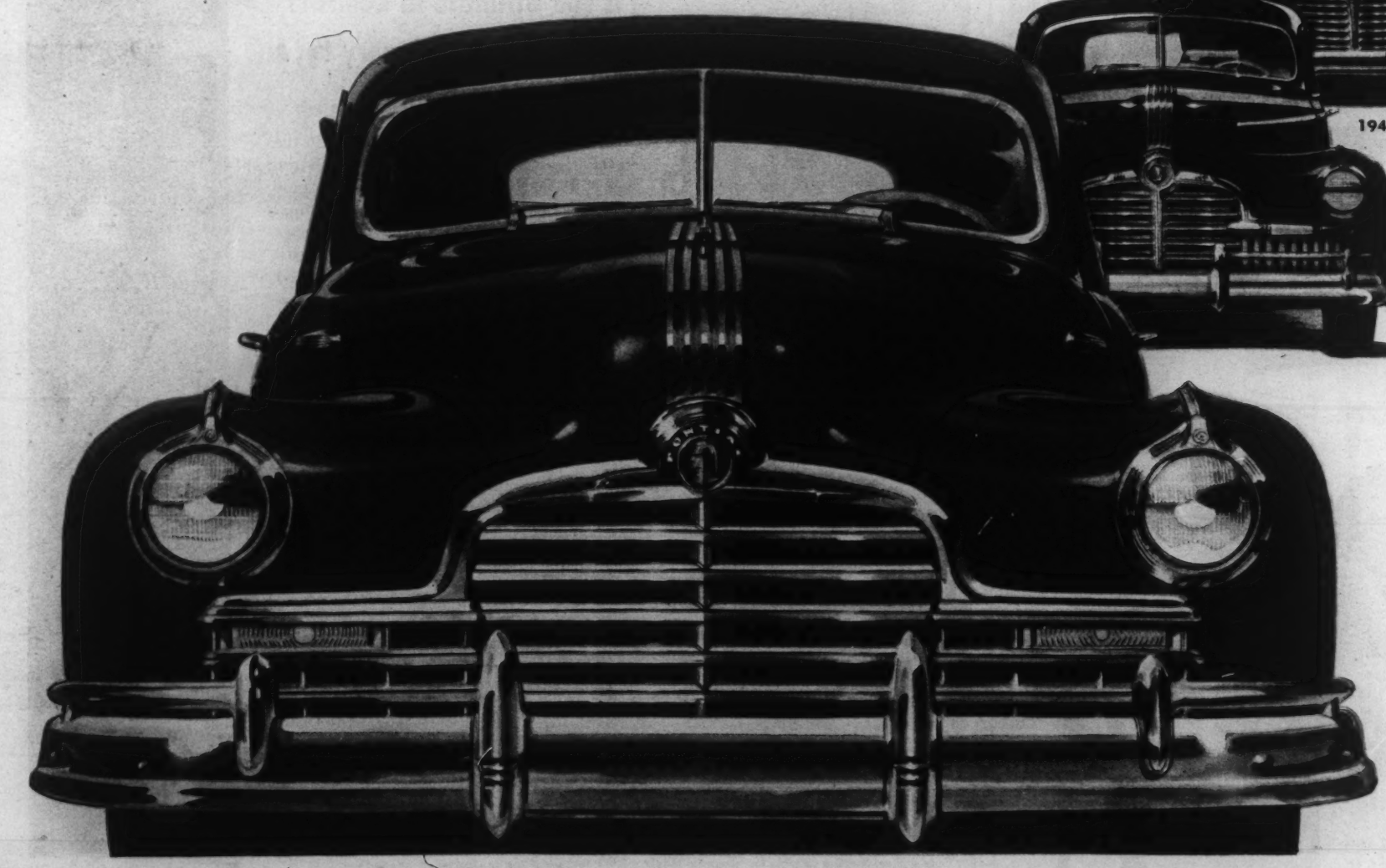

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Certain Uncertainties In The Speech of General Chisholm

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE famous speech of General Brock Chisholm in Washington —the 1945 William Alanson White Memorial Lecture—has been printed almost complete by *PM*, the New York progressivist daily, and is therefore available for comment which will have a reasonable chance of doing it justice.

Its subject is "maturity", conceived in the terms of a definition recently promulgated by Strecker and Appel, two University of Pennsylvania psychiatrists. Maturity is held to be collection of abilities in the individual; and (whether by Strecker and Appel or by General Chisholm is not entirely clear) these abilities are described as those which, if attained by enough people, "could ensure the continuity and continued development of the race along the lines of its inherent destiny without wars". This description is notable for what it assumes. It assumes that the human race has an inherent destiny which can be scientifically known—for if we do not know what that inherent destiny is we cannot tell what qualities are required to ensure its fulfilment. It assumes that the human race has an inherent destiny which excludes the possibility of war; it is, that is to say, a destiny of ultimate universal peace. These are interesting concepts, but I venture to doubt whether either of them is an ascertained scientific truth.

The Strecker-Appel list of qualities is also interesting. They include persistence, endurance, reliability, "the ability to size things up, to make one's own decisions", adaptability, capacity to cooperate and to compromise, flexibility. Further, the ability to make one's own decisions implies "a considerable amount of independence. A mature person is not dependent unless ill."

To this list however is appended a further statement which does not seem to arise out of it or to have much connection with it. "Basically, maturity represents a wholesome amalgamation of two things: 1, dissatisfaction with the status quo, which calls forth aggressive, constructive effort, and 2, social concern and devotion."

Now these authors are obviously very much in favor of maturity; and I cannot help thinking that that is the reason why they have added "social concern and devotion" to their list of the qualities which it comprises. They are talking, be it noted, about maturity in the individual; and the proposition that an individual is not mature until he has acquired social concern and devotion seems to me extremely disputable. I think we shall understand what they are getting at better if we bear in mind that they are debarred, by the premises that they begin with, from using the words "good" and "bad". They wish to substitute for these the terms "mature" and "immature". There is no such thing as a good man or a bad man, there are only mature men and immature men. But your mature man would not look very satisfying if you made him merely persistent, reliable, enduring, adaptable and good at sizing things up; a man may be all these things and still be a public nuisance, in fact a great many of the worst public nuisances are. So you add the quality of activity, which puts all these things to work, and then you add the motivation of social concern and devotion, which puts them to work for the general benefit, and at last you have got something which I admit is admirable—but is it maturity?

Strecker and Appel, I repeat, are talking about the individual. It is possible also to talk about the community as something which has maturity and immaturity, and this was the subject which was in the forefront of General Chisholm's mind; but all such talk is poetic and figurative and not scientific. Science knows the individual man; he is born, he has a childhood, a maturity and a senility, each with its proper qualities, he has a pretty definite life span, and he eventually dies. A community is a very different thing. It is not born, it does not pair with another community to propagate a third, it does not die, in any but a most figurative sense. What General Chisholm is concerned about is to get mature communities, for it is the actions of communities that produce wars. But having admitted that without saying so in plain words he darts back to the mature individual with the remark that a community containing enough mature persons "would not want to start wars themselves and would prevent other people starting them.".

Fruit of the Tree

Now it is not hard to admit that a community—a nation—containing enough active, independent-minded, persistent people possessing enough social concern and devotion *directed to the good of the whole human race* would be an extremely valuable element in international affairs, and that a lot of such nations might make war considerably less frequent. But the assumption that human beings *naturally* reach this state of maturity (including the social concern and devotion) unless prevented by definite forces is an exceedingly broad, and in my opinion an exceedingly unsafe, assumption; and it is one which General Chisholm makes in so many words.

"For the cause"—of the failure of human beings to reach this kind of maturity in large enough numbers in past eras—"we must seek some consistent thread running through the weave of all civilizations we have known and preventing the development all or almost all the people to a state of true maturity". And that thread General Chisholm finds in "morality, the concept of right and wrong, the poison long ago described and warned against as 'the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil'."

General Chisholm then goes on to commit the extraordinary error of concluding that this menace, this poison, of the knowledge of good and evil is something which is kept alive in the human mind only by the activities of those teachers, politicians, priests, newspapers "and others with a vested interest in controlling us" which from day to day uphold certain things as good and denounce certain other things as evil. He thinks that conscience, the feeling that there are things which ought to be done and other things which ought not to be done, is maintained solely by the efforts of "the elders, the shamans and the priests". But for them we should have as little of that sense as the newborn child, and the human race would be free to obey its only reasons for striving—which are "its reasoning power and its natural capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of its natural urges".

But these natural urges, properly matured, include, it must be remembered, social concern and devotion, which are essential elements of maturity. (They have to be, if maturity is going to do the things for the human race which General Chisholm insists upon.) And what are social concern and devotion, pray, but the operations of the conscience—an enlightened conscience, it is true, but is it not one of the dictates of conscience that man should seek as much light as possible before deciding what he ought to do and what he ought not to do? Why does General Chisholm in one paragraph seek to reduce us to a level with the animals, from whom we differ scarcely at all except in the possession of this sense of right and wrong which he wants to abolish, and in the next paragraph assume that when we "mature" we shall infallibly be guided by an acute

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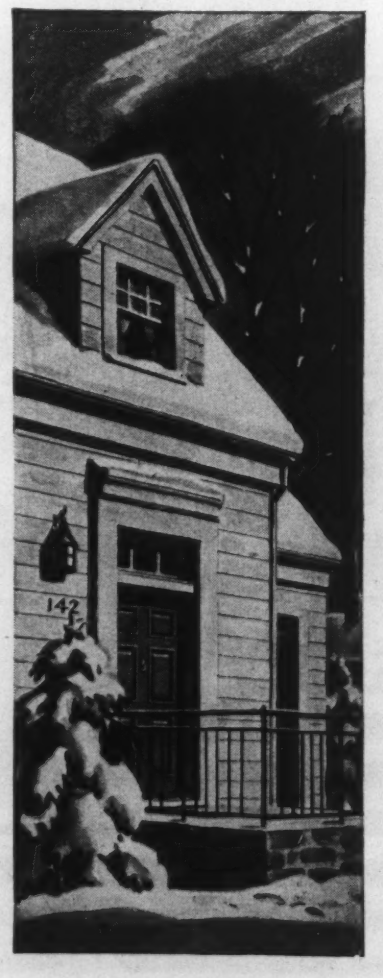

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sense of "social concern and devotion"?

And if his mature man is going to be guided by this sense of social concern and devotion, is nobody, not even General Chisholm, to give him any assistance in the difficult task of deciding what courses of conduct are indicated by this social concern, on penalty of being denounced as a shaman or a Sunday school teacher? Is every mature man to be so independent that he is obliged to build the entire structure of his duty to society by himself from his own plans and out of his own bricks? Are the Ten Commandments—which after all come out of the same Old Testament as the prohibition against eating the apple, and represent a considerably higher development in the conception of the Deity—of no use whatever in helping the socially concerned man to know whether he should steal or not?

Really a Nihilist?

There is one sentence which makes me wonder whether General Chisholm is really the complete moral nihilist that he sounds like, or whether he is merely in an extraordinarily muddled stage in his thinking, perhaps as a result of too much Strecker and Appel and too little scientific ethics. For he says that one of the belated objectives of psychotherapy is "the reinterpretation and eradication of the concept of right and wrong which has been the basis of child training". And right here I ask General Chisholm to make up his mind. He cannot have the concept of right and wrong both reinterpreted and eradicated, at the same time, and I ask him to tell me which it is that he wants. If he wants it eradicated, which is what he says throughout most of his article, that is simple and comprehensible, but I am against it. If he wants it reinterpreted, then I must ask him what, in Heaven's name, are all the shamans and priests and newspapers doing but reinterpreting, each in his own way, the concept of right and wrong, and haven't they as much right to do so as General Chisholm?

The other belated objective of psychotherapy is "the substitution of intelligent and rational thinking for faith". I am all for it, as far as it will go. But will rational thinking tell us much about the inherent destiny of the human race? Mine won't, but then I am not mature. Will rational thinking tell us, not merely that we ought to be concerned about society and the human race, but why we ought to be concerned about them when the satisfaction of our natural urges often seems to suggest that we shouldn't? And finally, will rational thinking provide us with any answers to our questions about death, the nature of human personality (and I don't mean behavior patterns), justice, suffering, and a score of other mysteries in which the animals and the infants whom General Chisholm wishes us to emulate are not interested but we inescapably are? And if it won't, what's the matter with a little faith, provided always that we are careful to remember that faith is not scientific knowledge and scientific knowledge is not faith?

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Frostfishing at Coney Island

By JOHN E. BIERCK

Courage, a rod, reel and a nickel are all you need for this sport . . . and the knowledge that it gives but a small return.

New York

FIRST you wriggle into two suits of heavy underwear. Then come trousers and a wool shirt, warm sox, shoes, galoshes, two sweaters to go over the shirt, and a thick coat to go over the sweaters. Lastly come fur-lined gloves and a hat, preferably with ear muffs.

Now, with your fishing rod in your left hand and a nickel for the subway in your right, you are equipped for the midwinter fishing at Coney Island.

Of course, you must have courage in your bones, too, for this is sport that exacts a hard price for a small return.

The catch is frostfish and whiting. These are fish of contrary habits which run in the Atlantic Ocean during the bitter weather between November and March, and always bite best at night.

Those that venture far enough inshore to skirmish with the fishermen rarely weigh over two pounds, and they are only tolerably good to eat.

To make this modest catch, the frostfishermen assemble on the Coney Island pier after sundown and stand for several numbing hours exposed to the cracking winter wind and swirling snowflakes that fill all the world between the black sky above and the heaving sea below. It's a wind that blinds the eyes.

The waves break over the pier and drench the anglers with spray that freezes as it falls.

Behind them, on the Boardwalk, the Island's amusement centers stand bleak and grey and tightly shuttered, waiting for the summer crowds.

These dismal aspects of frostfishing, however, do not discourage the anglers. Rather they serve as a challenge. The barker who sells clam bait each night at the head of the pier proclaims the glory of the struggle in an exquisite brand of Brooklynese.

"Ladies an' gents," he shouts. "Don't fail to get into this peerless exhibition of gen-u-ine American pioneer noive an' guts. Th' most astoundin' exhibition Coney Island has ta offer.

"Be one a th' dauntless pioneers who wrest wit' bare hands a square meal from th' moiciless forces a nature. Be a part a this exhibition of never-say-die pioneer spirit that laughed at terl an' sufferin' an' made our America what it is. An' all absolutely free, ladies an' gents, exceptin' the' price of a few clams."

Most of these stubborn fishermen come from Manhattan or Brooklyn, but occasionally a tourist will muffle himself up and take his place on the pier, right beside the regulars.

And scattered among the sportsmen are a few anglers with more practical ends in view. "I got five kids and they eat a lot," a husky widow explains. "So why should I pay store prices when I can come down here and catch a mess of fish for myself?"

The true frostfisherman, however, subjects himself to the punishment of Coney Island's winter wind and weather for the sheer love of fishing. Says one Compleat Angler, wrenching his blue lips into a cheerful smile:

"Of course I enjoy it. Fishing is to me what golf is to normal men."

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THE WAYS OF ENGLAND

HE LIKED London; but to be a stranger to it, even a familiar stranger, kept him alive to that same majestic and rather terrifying alchemy of English life, as slow and sure and relentless almost as the grinding of the mills of God.

That it had helped to save England after Dunkirk, and during the blitz autumn of 1940, George thought very probable. For then its virtue had shown like good bones under the flesh—especially its abiding combination of firmness and benignity, so that the same machine of government could jail a baronet for a rationing offence, and organize the distribution to small children of Mickey Mouse gas-masks. Nothing was too small, and no one too great, to be beyond the range of that cool-headed but never cold-hearted survey.—From "So Well Remembered" by James Hilton. (Macmillans.)

Brigadier W. Preston Gilbride, C.B.E., D.S.O.

Recently returned to Canada was Deputy Commander of the Canadian Army Pacific Force, and who has renewed his association with The Great-West Life Assurance Company and been appointed Manager of the Company's Toronto 1 Branch.

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"YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD PAL!"...

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Then Bill did a wise thing. He talked the problem over with his friend and neighbour, the Sun Life Agent. Through him he learned that the Sun Life of Canada could offer him an economical policy that would clear the entire mortgage off the books were he to die before his obligations were discharged.

Thanks to the Sun Life Agent, Bill now feels that he and his loved ones really *own* their home.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA

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BRANCH OFFICE AND AGENCY SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Volcanoes' Energy Source Thought to be the Same as Atomic Bomb

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

New York

VOLCANOES probably are manifestations of nature's method of releasing atomic energy. The source of energy for volcanoes has been a mystery.

The chemical processes that obviously were involved would not produce more than the smallest fraction of the energy required for their operation and the heat, owing to the weight of overlying rock layers, also was inadequate.

Atom splitting, of uranium and other heavy elements, produces energy in entirely adequate amounts, and the elements that would release this energy are present in more than adequate amounts to start and maintain volcanic action.

If this is the process by which volcanoes are created then these fire-spitting mountains take on a new aspect, for they are undoubtedly serving as safety valves for releasing in relatively small quantities atomic energy built up in the earth's crust which otherwise would accumulate in amounts that would let go with cataclysmic results if they accumulated without outlet for too long a period. A volcano is a slow-action, atomic-energy bomb exploding deep in the earth.

There are many varieties of volcanoes. The type with which we are most familiar is a cone-shaped mountain from the top of which issue great volumes of gases, ashes and fragments of incandescent rock and from which there flow streams of molten rock that spread over the surrounding country.

A large average volcano will discharge in the course of its active career about twenty-five cubic miles of material.

The great majority are very much smaller and emit less than one-tenth of this amount of material, while others like Stromboli, which have been active for thousands of years. discharge nearer 250 cubic miles of rock.

The melted rock discharged through the volcano vent exists as a pool deep in the earth for a long time before it breaks through to the surface. Some pools never reach the surface, but spread horizontally, forcing long tentacles of molten lava between flat strata of rock.

The pool of liquid rock under a volcano will have a diameter of several miles. The depth varies and may range from a fraction of a mile to several miles.

When Rocks Melt

Rock is warmer below the surface than where exposed to air. The temperature increases with depth at the rate of about one degree centigrade for every 100 feet of depth. Two miles down it is 100 degrees hotter than at the surface.

Rocks, under normal pressures, do not melt until temperatures ranging from 1,200 to 2,000 degrees are reached. Higher temperatures would be required under the tremendous pressures existing even one mile below the surface.

The weight of twenty-five cubic miles of granite rock is 625,000,000,000,000 pounds. A lot of heat is required to melt this amount of material. The 100-degree rise at a depth of two miles is far from adequate.

An increase of about 1,500 degrees above this point would be necessary. The amount of heat necessary to raise the temperature of the twenty-five cubic miles of rock 1,500 degrees is 84,000,000,000,000,000,000 calories.

If this amount of heat were to be supplied by coal or some other burnable chemical material, more than 100,000,000,000,000 pounds would be required. Nothing remotely approaching this quantity of heat-producing material has been found in connection with volcanic processes.

By splitting one pound of uranium 235 or 239 atoms a yield of 1,400,000,000,000 calories is obtained. In order to melt twenty-five cubic miles of rock the calories from 60,000,000 pounds of uranium would be required.

This is an enormous amount of uranium compared to the quantities produced in connection with making the atomic-energy bomb. In a geological sense it is, however, a very small amount.

The 60,000,000 pounds of uranium would have to be present in the 625,000,000,000,000 pounds of melted rock, or one part of uranium in 10,000,000 parts of rock.

Analyses show that uranium is present in granite rock to the extent of one part in 160,000, and thorium, which would be just as satisfactory as an atomic-energy source, is present to the extent of one part in 70,000.

There is present in rock, therefore, 100 times as much uranium as is required to melt the rock required to supply a volcano with ejectable lava and other material.

Uranium is very thinly dispersed through rock. A block of granite, far below the surface in which the atomic-energy release process has started has an advantage in that the neutrons from each exploding atom by which other atoms are exploded cannot escape from the mass, and extremely efficient chain reaction at a very slow rate is bound to take place.

The heat from the atom explosions cannot escape. It is trapped in the strata. Rocks transmit heat very slowly, and if the heat is produced more rapidly than it can be transmitted to surrounding rock strata a pool of molten rock will develop in the region where the uranium-splitting process has started.

The rock will increase in volume as it becomes heated. Some of its minerals will be broken down and reduced to gases, which will add greatly to the pressures caused by the volume increase resulting from heat explosion.

Surrounding rocks will be deformed. Cracks will develop in them, and through the cracks the molten rock will flow, melting further paths until the surface is reached and the expulsion of the liquid rock brings relief from pressure and probably breaks up the chain-reaction process.

CANADA UNLIMITED — *The Formative Years*

First train Montreal to Toronto—*By J. S. Hallam, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.*

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Screen And Cosmetic Industries Should Really Get Together

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT is only a question of time until those two great influences of American life — the cosmetics and screen industries — join forces and go forward together. As it is, they have everything in common — a single ideal, a vast general audience, and above all a common dramatic approach which may be summed up as Love Emergent, Love Frustrated, Love Triumphant.

Some closer understanding is necessary however. At present the Cosmetics Industry, though perfectly in step with the screen, tends to lag a pace or two behind. Let us examine for instance a piece of dialogue between a hero and a heroine of the Cosmetics Industry: She: "Darling, you know I adore you. I love your chuckle and the way you ask questions with your left eyebrow. There's only one little thing — has your scalp that fresh clean invigorating tingle that spells the difference between success and mediocrity in the business and social world? Did you use Gummo this morning or are you content to let your hair look like a piece of old cocoanut matting?"

He: (chuckling) "You must remember, my darling, that most of the Gummo is now being requisitioned for our armed forces. But I promise you that once enough is obtainable for civilian use I will revert to my daily Gummo schedule. My scalp will wake up screaming, my hair will be smooth, handsome and lustrous, and I will almost certainly go forward to the Assistant Managership of the Department."

THIS is good, of course, as far as it goes. But any competent screen writer looking it over would recognize that the situation is completely lacking in the element of Conflict. The following therefore is a tentative and enlarged outline of a similar situation handled by one of Hollywood's first-string authors:

Drexell and Crystal a young married couple, are seated at a breakfast table in the luxurious penthouse apartment which Drexell is able to provide, thanks to his position as junior accountant with a small, but progressive, trust and mortgage company. Something is wrong with Crystal, however. This is because something is wrong with Drexell. Though a clean, lithe American type he lacks that tingling outdoor quality so necessary to make an American wife happy. As a matter of fact Drexell gives off nothing more than a slight occupational odor of lubricant, acquired from working over his adding machine.

Crystal (suddenly): "Drex, my darling, there is something I must tell you."

Drexell (catching his breath and testing it closely): "It isn't — you don't mean —"

Crystal: "No darling, it isn't that. It's just that there is something I seem to miss in you, that tang of outdoors and heather, that bracing suggestion of early morning in northern woods—"

Drexell: "Funny your mentioning it. Because I was just going to bring up something myself. Don't you think that those tired, sagging facial lines of yours might be freshened and revitalized by a tingling astringent tonic? Matter of fact I've got the very thing right here—"

He gets up suddenly and pushing his half-grape-fruit right in her face walks rapidly out of the room.

This, as you can see, introduces the element of Conflict. When Drexell arrives home that evening Crystal is gone and there is a note waiting for him on her secretary. "My dearest Drex" it says, "I am gone and you must not try to find me. I love you as much as ever but the difference between us — so fundamental to the American way of life — is too wide ever to be bridged. It is useless to search for me." (signed) Crystal.

TEN years pass and Drexell has now become the King of men's toiletries in America. Remorse, a life emptied of personal happiness and a grim determination to save others from what he himself has suffered, have impelled him to the very top of the Industry. He now spends all his time in his research laboratories, inventing new soap sticks, aftershave lotions and masculine colognes, along with the brisk aggressive American names to go with them. Honors have come to him — he is now, for instance, International President of the After-Shave Club — but these mean little to him. He is irresistible to women, who shriek excitedly "Something beautiful is coming this way!" whenever he appears, preceded by an invigorating odor of heather and Russian saddlesoap.

But Drexell ignores them. Perhaps he is thinking of his lost Crystal. Perhaps he is estimating the advertising appropriation for his Holiday Gift Kit, "The Tang Dynasty" — "Water Jump" a man's cologne in a stone jar, "Roll in the Hay" a breezy, aggressive after-shave lotion and "Hya Babe!" an aerated shave-stick with a challenging outdoor tang. (The latter, in solid gold containers, $1,525.00, without shave-stick.)

In any case he pays no attention to them.

MEANWHILE Crystal has been searching for Drexell. She has searched in all his old haunts, for it has never occurred to her that the fabulous head of Tang Toiletries for Men is the man she so impetuously, and, alas, so foolishly deserted years before. Now she has only her broken heart to fill her days — her broken heart and Lester Woolley, a wealthy bachelor who has long been urging her to forget Drexell and marry him.

On this particular evening Lester has called to take her to the opening night of a brilliant musical comedy.

"My Heavens, Lester, you smell as if you had been rolling in old leaves!" she says a little impatiently. She is fond of Lester but there is some lack in him that leaves her frustrated and unhappy.

At that Lester bursts into tears. "It isn't my fault," he sobs, "I tried but they wouldn't give me 'Honk!' "

"Honk?" Crystal echoes.

"The Trail-Hitter's Cologne Water," Lester explains, still sobbing, "The open road. The breeze singing against your face. The faint smell of motor oil and crushed leather. Issued in limited quantities to a select clientele. "He stares at her desolately. "The Selection Committee turned me down!"

"Maybe they'll let your name up next year." says Crystal.

"I won't wait till next year! I'll get it now, and I'll get him too!" Lester cries fingering the small black object inside his dinner jacket.

"Get who?" asks Crystal.

"The King of Tang Men's Toiletries!" cries Lester, "The Head of the Industry, whoever he is."

Crystal studies him coldly. "God, you look terrible!" she says, "Why don't you run into my dressing-room and put on some Aftermath Astringent. You'll adore its tingling magic and fresh clean after-feel".

With an effort Lester recovers his masculine dignity. "I won't need to trouble you." he says, "I brought my own along."

In the theatre the curtain has just gone up on the big final number. (To round out the customary two-and-a-quarter hours, this number should be included in the picture.) Suddenly Lester and Crystal turn simultaneously to each other. "What is that?" cries Crystal.

"Honk!" says Lester.

"It's Drexell!" Crystal cries. "I'd know that wonderful invigorating smell of lubricating oil anywhere!"

They turn simultaneously. Lester's hand is reaching inside his dinner-jacket but Crystal is too swift for him. Love lends her strength for there only two rows behind sits Drexell. On the stage the chorus continues to gyrate regardless of the muffled explosion and the sound of Lester's corpse falling in the aisle. We too can ignore it, seeing only Drexell and Crystal reunited after all these empty years and somehow reaching across two rows of orchestra seats to clasp each other forever.

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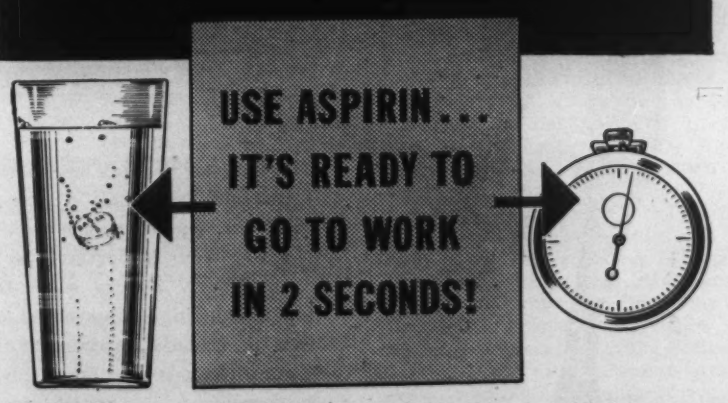

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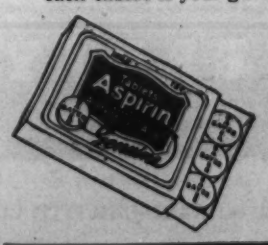

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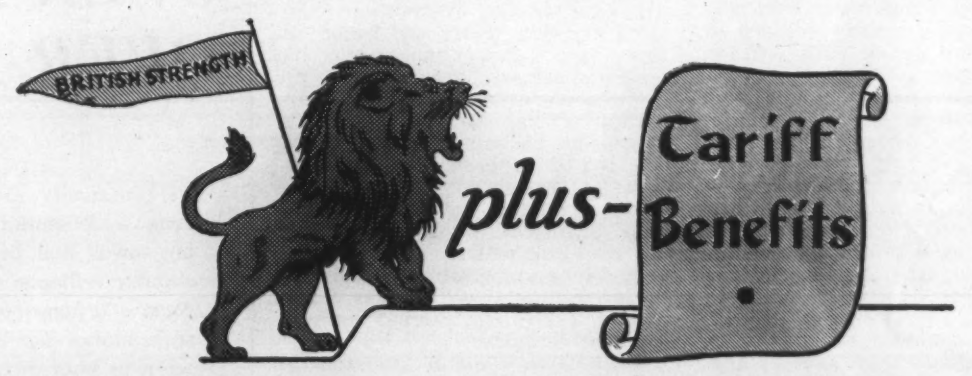

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THE WORLD TODAY

Nuremberg Charges Based on Law or on Humanity's Conscience?

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

A NUMBER of writers on the Nuremberg Trial have shown some sensitivity over the fact that, when it is boiled down, this is only a case of the winners condemning the losers. First of all, they say, the prosecution is *ex-postfacto*, which is a brief legal way of saying that the defendants are accused of breaking laws which were not properly established when their acts of supposed violation were committed.

Secondly, the tribunal has only the authority of the victorious coalition behind it, and is not the World Court which is planned under the authority of all of the United Nations.

Anyone hoping to see established from this trial the great precedent that war-making is illegal in itself must take these points seriously. A discussion of them was in fact only eliminated from an earlier article in this series by shortage of space. Yet I believe that two points of even greater weight can be set against them. One is that new laws are constantly being developed in every field of human activity. And the other, and decisive, point is that the conscience of humanity is definitely behind the accusation made against these men, so patently its enemies.

Humanity has reached the point where it believes, with deepest intensity, that war so wantonly launched and so brutally prosecuted is indeed a crime against the laws of civilization, even though these laws may not have been formally codified in 1939, and may not be fully codified for many years yet.

The document which upholds this case above all others is, I believe, Hitler's talk to Goering and the leading German generals a few days before the launching of the Polish campaign in 1939. In this he implicitly recognizes, time after time, that he is breaking the accepted code of humanity. Saying that he has ordered his S.S. "Death's Head" units to "kill without pity or mercy all men, women and children of the Polish race or language", he excuses this only by the question: "Who still talks nowadays of the extermination of the Armenians?"

To still the conscience of his hearers he exhorted them to "think of ourselves as masters and consider these people (i.e. the Poles, the Russians, and apparently the Japanese) at best as lacquered half-monkeys who need to feel the knout." Summing up his venture, he declared that "our strength is in our quickness and our brutality. Ghengis Khan had millions of women and children killed by his own will and with a gay heart. History sees in him only a great state-builder."

Concerning his proposed trick of starting the war by the provocation of a few companies of German soldiers dressed in Polish uniforms, he said: "Whether the world believes this does not mean a damn to me. The world believes only in success...The victor will not be asked later on whether he told the truth or not. In starting and making war, not the right (you see, he admits such a principle) is what matters, but victory... What the weak Western European civilization thinks of me does not matter."

Enough to Convict

Their efforts at Munich had only made Chamberlain and Daladier appear as "miserable worms" in his sight, and if Chamberlain came to him again he would "kick him in the belly before the photographers."

The official recorder notes that after the closing exhortation to go forth and win "glory and honor" on this basis, Goering "jumped on the table and danced like a savage", while a few doubtful ones remained silent.

That official German document alone, plus his orders for the brutal bombing of Rotterdam and the straffing of civilians on the roads and in the fields in Poland and France, ought to be sufficient to convict Goering, the No. 1 defendant. And it ought to go a long way towards establishing the accusation that this was a war of pure aggression, carried out by a common conspiracy.

But it is only one of thousands of documents which have been, or will be, tabled at Nuremberg. On one day alone last week, 100,000 words of evidence were dumped on the court table by the American prosecutor, so as to force a day's recess to digest it. Here is a warning of a real danger: that the trial will drag on and on, like that of the Belsen criminals, and lose a good deal of its moral effect.

The procedure of the Belsen Trial, too, has been argued at length, particularly in British periodicals. There have been some who defended the slow process of justice as "in the British tradition", "bringing out all the facts", and giving even such depraved defendants "a fair trial.." But one who had argued thus made the trip to Lueneberg to see for himself. Here is what he reported in a recent number of the *Spectator* (an admirable British weekly with a pitifully small circulation in Canada compared to American journals of comparable quality).

"After five weeks I thought perhaps that the full degradation and guilt of their sins might have dawned on them. Instead I found an air almost of hilarity, with mutual smiles at the slightest provocation, and often suppressed laughter led by Irma Grese. Hitherto I have not been able to agree with many of the arguments condemning the length of time which these trials are taking, but I cannot now resist reaching the most gloomy conclusions, if such is the effect on those standing trial." And, he might have added, on world opinion.

If the Nuremberg Trial should try to sift out every last bit of evidence and should drag on for two or three months, surely a great deal of its moral effect will be lost. Justice obvious to all should in this case be not incompatible with a reasonable speed.

In the Palestine question the agreement by which the British Government has drawn the U.S. Government into a joint commission to investigate how many Jewish refugees in Europe want to go to Palestine, what the absorptive capacity of Palestine is, and what other openings might be found for the unfortunates, has been rejected violently by Zionist opinion everywhere. It has also been made the excuse for new assaults by Jewish extremists upon the British authorities in Palestine.

Jews United

I know from Jewish acquaintances how heart-rent they are by the plight of their surviving co-religionists in Europe. "They are suspended between life and death. Hitler might almost better have finished the job," one of them cried to me. One of the highest officials of the Jewish community assures me that no less than 90 per cent of the Jews in Canada, and 80 per cent of those in the States, now support the plan for a Jewish Commonwealth in Palestine.

But the burning questions which they ask one do not help much to settle the question of *how* they are to bring the hundreds of thousands of unhappy Jewish survivors in Europe into Palestine against Arab opposition, and secure and maintain a Jewish majority there. "Haven't these people suffered enough? How many more millions have to be massacred before they gain the right to a small place of their own? Haven't the Arabs plenty of other countries of their own? Aren't we willing to buy all the land we need? Besides, we make the land bloom, and they only neglect it."

Unfortunately the Palestinian Arabs have no other country, and their 1300-year tenure of Palestine gives them a better claim to ownership than most peoples in the world possess. What possible inherent right can the Jews claim to the securing of a majority rule of their own here? And the answer to the statement that the Jews would cultivate Palestine better than the Arabs is surely that the Italians could have said as much about Ethiopia, to support their conquest of that country.

With the opposition which has automatically arisen among the Arabs after every large increase in Jewish immigration, and with the Arabs after every large increase in clear that an immediate instalment of 100,000 Jews, and ultimately over a half-million of them, can only be introduced into Palestine behind a strong armed force.

Britain cannot and will not, inflame the whole Arab and Moslem world by any such policy. And who

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believes that the United States would undertake such a fight? The question remains tragic but apparently insoluble along the lines on which the Zionists have set their hearts. Certainly guerrilla warfare by their extremists against the mandatory power will help their cause no whit, while opening up the appalling prospect of spreading violence which might in the end bring disaster on the present Jewish colony in Palestine.

Persian Background

The situation in Persia has developed considerably during the past week. A "National Congress" has been held in the Russian-occupied zone in the north to demand "autonomy." Government police and gendarmerie have been turned back by the Soviets when they were sent north to quell the disorders. And Britain and the United States have protested the breach of agreements under which Persia was jointly occupied and under which it was to be duly evacuated.

One needs to go back a bit, to pick up the threads of this old story. Throughout the latter half of the 19th century Persia was an area of active rivalry between British and Russian imperialisms, with the Russians pressing down towards a warm water outlet on the Persian Gulf, and the British warding off what they considered to be a threat to India. In 1885 the two almost came to war over the Pandjeh incident.

After their defeat in the east by Japan in 1905 the Russians, however, sought an accommodation. Thus in 1907 an agreement was reached whereby the two parties declared their mutual respect of the independence of Persia, but proceeded to divide the country into spheres of influence in which either could seek economic concessions. During the Great War these zones were occupied, setting the pattern for the second occupation of 1941.

But if Persia, astride the ancient crossroads of the world, was bound to be strategically important (and the interests of the three remaining world powers meet today in this region), it became even more important when rich oil strikes were made there.

New Oil Rush

The present rivalry grew out of a new oil rush, just a year ago. The occupying powers, seeing the deadline of their evacuation nearing, sought to take advantage of their position to secure new concessions from the Teheran Government. In September 1944 an American oil delegation arrived in Persia, with the Soviets and British not far behind.

The Persian Government naturally tried to delay a decision until the occupation forces had been withdrawn and it had more liberty of action. On October 30 it announced that no new concessions would be granted until after the withdrawal. The Americans and British accepted this decision, but the Soviets reacted sharply against it. The full weight of the Moscow press and radio was thrown against the "reactionary" Teheran Government, and Soviet troops were moved into Teheran from outside, to support "popular" demonstrations against the government's action.

The conclusions which the Soviets drew from this failure can be seen clearly in recent events. The *Tudeh* or Popular Masses Party which they supported then has been renamed the Democratic Party, and its program in the Russian-occupied zone in the north has been modified from one of outright separation to "autonomy" under Persian national sovereignty. It will run its own affairs in the north, and send delegates to the central government in Teheran.

There is a striking similarity here to the solution sought by the Chinese Communists, whereby they propose to maintain an autonomous government in their zone, also (by coincidence?) contiguous with the Soviet frontier. There can be little doubt but that both of these Soviet-sponsored parties would promptly grant Russia the desired economic concessions, in the industry of North China and Manchuria, and the oil of North Persia, while also organizing themselves, with the necessary assistance, as buffer territories of the Soviet Union.

A further factor in the Persian situation is that Soviet penetration here can be calculated to strengthen the position of the U.S.S.R. in the coming negotiations with Turkey for secession of the two provinces of Kars and Ardahan, adjoining Batum, and for control of the Dardanelles. And, by chain reaction, any weakening of Turkey's position would make Soviet influence felt that much more in Syria and Iraq.

In meeting this penetration, Britain and the United States have a solid basis of argument that the Anglo-Soviet-Persian Treaty of 1942 and the Teheran Declaration of 1943 are being broken. These promised "the maintenance of the independent sovereignty and territorial integrity" of Persia, guaranteed the right of the Teheran Government to move its troops and gendarmerie freely about the country, and promised not to interfere in internal affairs.

What Soviets Want

The turning back of the Teheran troops by the Soviets last week—and Mr. Eden declared that this was not the first time this had happened—was a clear breach of that agreement. It was also an admission that the movement for "autonomy" was not strong enough by itself to make headway without Soviet support, and the suppression of central government control.

There is a danger of becoming bogged down in such situations by words and quotations from treaties. Stripping these away it appears that what the Soviets want is, first, strategic cover for their own Baku oil fields, based on the suspicion—wholly unjustified, as we believe—that we may attack them. Secondly, they want the additional oil reserves of North Persia, which they appear to have been exploring diligently during the occupation.

It is their third possible aim which causes the real difficulty and suspicion. Is this only the opening move in a program of unlimited national expansion and ideological penetration in this direction—where so much dry tinder is lying about in the Middle East, North Africa and India—a program which will go just as far as we permit it?

This is the uncertainty which moves Bevin to call for "cards up on the table" and Attlee to ask for a plain statement of Russia's aims before the atomic bomb is shared with her. Considering the secretiveness of the Russian, persistent through centuries, it is highly improbable that any such plain statement will be forthcoming.

Two Worlds Shaping Up

The alternative is a continued jockeying for position, on the basis of power politics, until the remaining three world powers fill out the vacuums and soft spots left by the collapse of German, Italian and Japanese power and the weakening of the French, Dutch and Chinese.

It is to gain the maximum advantage in this readjustment that the Soviets fulminate furiously against all suggestions of a Western bloc which they apparently suspect would extend beyond Holland, Belgium and France to include Britain and, ultimately, the United States. But if two worlds are shaping up instead of the one we had hoped for, that is by their insistence in screening off their daily life and imperialist policy behind an iron curtain of censorship and secrecy, while maintaining active fifth columns abroad.

• •

READY FOR HIM

Dr. Morris Fishbein was a member of the prevue audience that was thrilled by "The Lost Week-end." On the way out, he said it reminded him of the story of a saloon-keeper who had just unlocked his premises for the day's business when a pink elephant and purple rhinoceros mooched up to the bar. "I'm sorry, boys," said the bartender. "He hasn't come in yet."

Bennett Cerf in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Informational Bulletin

August Porcupine
Gold Mines Limited

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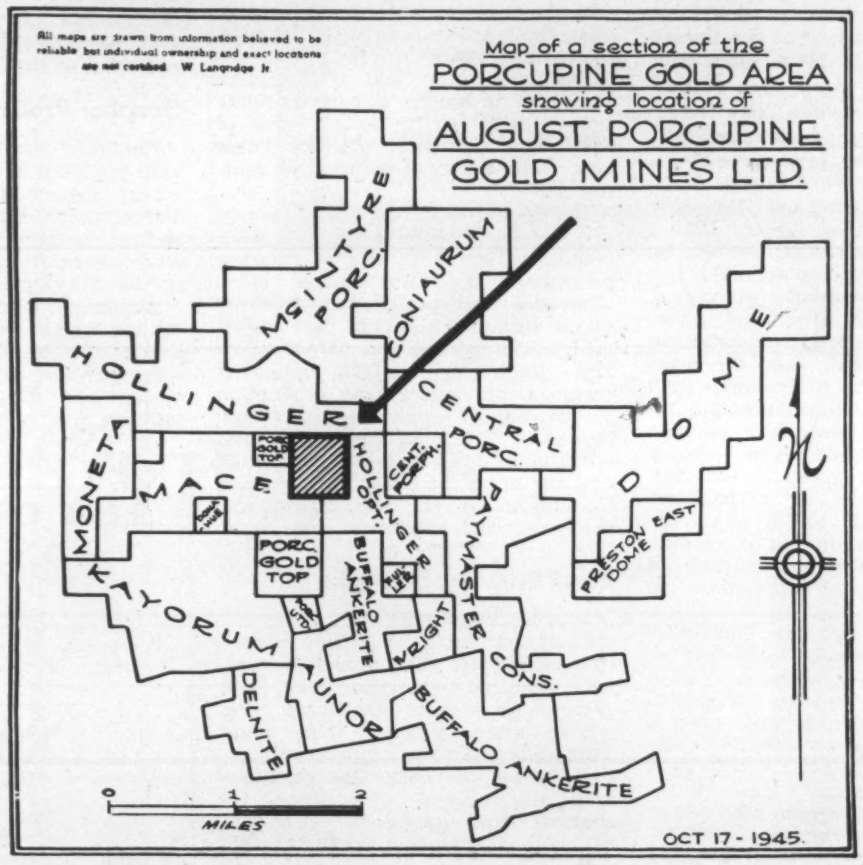

FINANCES: The following shares are underwritten or optioned at the scale shown below:
500,000 at 25c — 200,000 at 30c — 200,000 at 40c — 100,000 at 50c

The following is a copy of the report of Mr. J. L. Jowsey, M.E.:

PROPERTY & LOCATION: The property consists of four claims located in the Township of Tisdale in the Province of Ontario, being about one-half mile south of the Town of Schumacher and easily accessible by motor road from that town. The four claims contain about 160 acres and are as follows:

SE ¼ of S ½ Lot 9, Concession 2
SW ¼ of S ½ Lot 8, Concession 2
NE ¼ of N ½ Lot 9, Concession 1
NW ¼ of N ½ Lot 8, Concession 1

The property is surrounded by Hollinger on the north, Mace to the west, and Porcupine Tisdale to the south and east.

GEOLOGY: At the south end of the property a rather massive spheralitic flow appears, while the remainder of the outcrops are sheared carbonated andesite, some sections being highly schisted and mineralized. These shears strike north 65 degrees west and dip from 70 to 80 degrees to the north. There are numerous parallel quartz veins varying in width from six inches to three feet. These veins are cut by narrow stringers which cut the formation at right angles. The main quartz veins appear to dip to the south at a steep angle. The Alma vein, located in the northwest corner of the property, is the most continuous vein and free gold was seen in several places along its length.

DEVELOPMENT: Considerable work has been done on the property in the past. Old trenches and pits are very numerous. Thirteen drill holes have been put down. An inclined shaft was sunk on the Alma vein and a small amount of drifting done on the 300-foot level. The dip of this vein should carry it north to the Hollinger line at a depth of about 500 feet, but, due to the excellent mineralization and visible gold, it is well worth further development. Information on the drilling is very scarce, but good values were reported in holes 5 and 8, which seem to line up very well with the strike of the shearing. These two holes should be checked by further drilling and the area between them probed for the continuancy of this zone. This zone should not reach the north boundary until a depth of 2700 feet is reached.

CONCLUSIONS: Your property is well located in the centre of the Porcupine Mining Camp. It contains many strong, well mineralized shear zones with an east-west strike and dipping steeply to the north. There are a large number of quartz veins in these shears. Free gold was seen in several places along the Alma vein, and good values were reported in holes 5 and 8.

In view of the foregoing it is recommended that further drilling be done, with particular attention being paid to the zone indicated by drill holes 5 and 8.

*A map showing property location on scale of 1 inch equals 2,000 feet and a surface plan on scale of 1 inch equals 100 feet accompany this report.

Respectfully submitted,
Nov. 6, 1945. (Sgd.) J. L. JOWSEY, M.E.

**This map is available for inspection at Company's offices.*

TRANSFER AGENTS: Guaranty Trust Company of Canada,
70 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

August Porcupine Gold Mines Limited

J. G. McCHESNEY,
President and Mine Manager.

Head Office: 70 Albert St., Toronto, Ontario.
Field Office: Box 813, Schumacher, Ontario.

November 8, 1945.

Adequate Farm Prices A Postwar Necessity

By REX FROST

Past experience proves Canadian industry has had to help the lame dog of agriculture over the taxation stile. In 1932, only 32 farmers in the great agricultural Province of Saskatchewan paid income tax. In 1933, 29; in 1934, 38. Canada's vital agricultural trade abroad may need substantial support in the days ahead.

In another survey of the taxation scene, Rex Frost sees the need for closer recognition of the relationship between city and farm worker—and between all citizens and the Government.

IN the early years of the 18th century, Jonathan Swift, famed Irish satirist penned these words; ". . . . that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together." When, ironically enough, in 1928 the beneficence of the Creator and the diligent application of 20th century principles of agricultural science combined to produce the largest wheat crop in Canadian history, it proved the herald of sweeping economic depression the world over.

In 1934, of 203,957 individual Canadian citizens who paid income tax, only 262 were farmers. That same year, when income tax collections from companies and private residents totalled $56,569,537 the country wide, only $41,480 was paid by farmers or farm organizations. Professional businessmen, merchants, manufacturers, industrial and other city employees, themselves harassed by depression conditions, carried practically the whole weight of this branch of the tax burden. Farmers, earning insufficient to pay their share of the taxes, were also unable to purchase the manufactured products of industry . . . prompting a major cause of unemployment.

What were the circumstances which brought about this dislocation? From what past experience can we draw to guard against its repetition?

In the closing years of World War One, farm prices were slightly higher than the relative figures in the manufacturing sphere. The two years of demobilization and reconversion 1919-1920 produced a corresponding upturn both in the dollar value of farm and industrial prices. There was close parity-reciprocal purchasing power.

But in 1921-1922, the major period of postwar readjustment to peace conditions, agricultural prices took a precipitous 50 percent decline. Manufactured and partly manufactured goods slumped also, but less vigorously. The setback was only temporary. Beginning in 1923, industrial employment, wages and production moved steadily upwards. Agriculture lagged at first, but under the joint stimulus of rejuvenated export trade and the entry of nearly one million immigrants in six years, farm prices recovered their parity.

Brief Burst of Sunlight

In 1928 the fertile soil of the Dominion gave forth 566 million bushels of wheat, more than it had ever before produced in any one year. Our farmers grew more oats, more buckwheat, more potatoes than usual. There was abundance of everything—more than we could eat ourselves and sell abroad. Nor was the characteristic uniquely Canadian. Other food-producing countries that same year enjoyed much about the same condition of superfluity.

It proved a brief burst of sunlight however, and in 1929 Depression clouded the horizon. Analysts largely concur that over-speculation and unbalanced expansion of industry were primary reasons for the debacle. Surpluses in Canadian and world agriculture were equally a contributing factor. In some countries there were hungry mouths and eager but impoverished hands wanting agricultural and industrial commodities. No international organization existed to help intending customers buy, or to regulate the ruinously competitive traffic.

Canadian wheat prices by 1933 had dropped to their lowest level in 20th century records. Wheat, a fundamental factor in world trading, had long represented the largest single item of our export trade. Government officials applied artificial marketing stimulants endeavoring to sell our grain surplus abroad.

In August of that year, representatives were sent to London, where in conference with officials of other wheat exporting and importing countries, a formula was sought to save farm producers from bankruptcy. It provided only temporary relief.

During the depression, there was a significant difference between experiences in the two main branches of our national economy. In industry, production declined. Lack of employment was a more serious factor in the workers' plight than the rate of pay. In agriculture, production was maintained but earnings sagged drastically.

Surplus Production

Canadian farmers in prosperous 1929 produced 304.5 million bushels of wheat, marketed for $319.7 millions. Three years later they grew 443 million bushels. All the grain was worth, even if indeed they could sell it, was $154.7 millions.

Similarly with potatoes, a 39.9 million hundredweight crop in 1929 sold for $63.3 millions, while in 1931 a bumper 52.3 million hundredweight output had a value of only $22.3 millions.

Moreover this continuity of surplus production tended further to deflate farm prices. During the major part of the depression these averaged fifty per cent below parity with manufactured articles. Furthermore, from 1934 to 1941 farm prices only gained equilibrium for a brief eleven month period — December 1936 to October 1937. The rest of the time they were considerably lower.

It is apparent that during the decade preceding the outbreak of World War 2, the farming communities of Canada, because of the disadvantage of price and earnings, were never financially capable of bearing their fair share of the taxation burden.

During the actual war period both industry and agriculture figuratively learned to grow two, and sometimes three blades of grass where but one grew before. Industrial production virtually trebled from 1939's $3.46 billions to a point over the $9 billion mark. Industrial wages doubled. Exports expanded three times beyond prewar levels. Farm production practically doubled, and in individual cases, such as bacon, nearly trebled.

Substantially the most important factor in the balancing of the national economy, farm and industrial prices today enjoy a close parity. Export trade, abundant under war conditions, has restored full employment

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levels to industry and adequate prices to agriculture.

How can it be kept that way? That is the problem. Canada's greatest export difficulty, judging from past experience, has been the liquidation of wheat surpluses. Wheat might be termed the basis of the world economy. Its demand is relatively inelastic. Its supply by producing countries, extremely elastic. The financial voice of yesteryears tells us that when the world wheat granary overflows, the resulting decline in prices is followed by collapse in other agricultural products. Under such conditions, only international marketing cooperation can save the situation. No permanent world body has previously functioned to achieve such an objective. One has now been created — the Food and Agriculture Organization to which 37 nations subscribed their signatures at Quebec City.

Scientific Planning

Designed primarily with the inspirational motif of accepting an humanitarian responsibility for the adequate nutrition of today's underfed peoples, the Food and Agriculture Organization aims to help plan and regulate world agricultural production and distribution. It believes that many former surpluses can be avoided by scientific planning. When they do occur, appropriate steps will be taken to prevent repetition of the chaotic world markets which existed during the 1930's.

One of the major problems upon which this international body will advise governments, is the ability of producers to supply, and facility of producers to pay. This may involve the generous use of international money and credit, and upon occasion call for export subsidies. Which raises an important point for the taxpayer.

During the war the Federal government has paid several forms of agricultural subsidy. In some cases they were granted to support the price structure, in others, to encourage top ranking quality goods suitable for export — to help finance the movement of feed grain from western Canada — and the rehabilitation of the Prairie farmlands.

A total of $14 millions was paid by the Federal government to hog producers, supplemented by an additional Provincial premium for quality. The fruit industry was supported by $13 millions — dairy production to the extent of $86 millions. Prairie farm rehabilitation ran to nearly $146 millions. Federal Farm grants charged to the general taxpayer averaged $53 millions a year during the six year war period. Last year they topped $104.5 millions.

Wartime Need

All told, the subsidies represented an essential wartime need. If in peace it were deemed necessary to adopt this means of balancing or bolstering the internal and export structure for the ultimate benefit of the Canadian community as a whole, such appropriations could conceivably become major budget items.

During the next few years, probabilities are that Canadian taxation will be three or four times heavier than required by the average $457 million budget of the early 1930's. A price failure in agriculture within the near future could therefore throw a very much more pressing tax burden upon city and town dwellers than formerly. Obviously today the critical need exists for keener understanding and cooperation by townsfolk in affairs agricultural.

Particularly is this emphasized by the knowledge that in these early postwar months, economic spectres of yesteryears are again rattling their chains. The skeleton of unbalanced economy lurks in the closet. In the industrial orbit appreciable wage increases, forced by labor, threaten to boost the cost of manufactured goods. To the contrary, the better interests of agriculture, bound up as they are with the British market, are securely linked to a maintenance of the present price structure. Export markets are still the criterion of Canada's prosperity — volume of production still the arbiter of rural income.

If labor persists in the demand for sharply higher wages, believing it can improve its position by so doing, the Canadian Government, aiming to keep parity between levels of manufactured and agricultural products, can hardly refuse to allow the Canadian farmer to take advantage of higher American markets by lifting the embargo on export of cattle to the United States. At Buffalo, for example, in early November Canadians could have got $5 per cwt. more for their beef cattle than in Toronto. Release of the restriction, however, would immediately be followed by higher meat prices in Canada, and likely by a breakdown of the basic structure of control against inflation.

More vitally however such action would influence the British export position. Canadian meat prices to Britain can hardly be raised. If any attempt were made to boost the price substantially, Denmark, who has been trying to horn in on Canada's bacon market in Britain, likely would capture the business. To hold it, the Government would have to pay export subsidies to the Canadian producer. So the city worker, apart from having to pay higher prices for the foodstuffs he eats at home, would also have to absorb through his tax bill, necessary agricultural subsidies to support the overseas trade, without which Canadian agriculture cannot profitably survive.

No one denies the worker or the farmer the right to higher standards of earning and of living, but this objective must be approached progressively. The danger to avoid is any violent change based on selfish motives on the part of any one section of the community, or arbitrary action which could have far reaching economic repercussion upon the nation as a whole.

In the grand analysis, Canada and the world of tomorrow will prove no more prosperous than city and rural folk, working unselfishly, reciprocally and vigorously with their government, can help make it today.

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FOLKLORE ITEM

AMERICAN mythology, which assumes the same set of values employed by its elder but no more pagan brethren, records with solemnity that bartenders and saloonkeepers are philosophers. That people so constantly exposed to such large-scale hardship should become wise and tolerant is obvious. Whether they do or do not makes little difference to folklore; to the common man the theory proves the fact.

Thos. Sugrue in The *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Ontario's Politicos Are Trying For New Deal

By D. P. O'HEARN

The Ontario political scene is waking up, Mr. O'Hearn reports, after the stunning election of last June.

The C.C.F. have completed a stormy convention which saw Mr. Jolliffe receive much criticism for his election leadership.

The Liberals in Toronto are trying to decide whether they should bury their old organization, while the provincial command is engaged on a sincere hunt for a new leader.

POLITICAL life became more interesting in Ontario last week.

The new deal which was ordered (oh so strongly!) in C.C.F. and Liberal ranks by the June elections got underway in both parties at once. The C.C.F., in a stormy three-day convention, for the first time took a good look at its remains. The Toronto Liberals, in dispute over whether the party should revive a corpse or try to give birth, began to brawl in public, the first sign of fight that the party has shown in Toronto for years.

The C.C.F. still doesn't like to let the rest of the world know that it squabbles, and the most significant, and undoubtedly entertaining, sessions of its deliberations were held behind closed doors. These were the sessions which discussed Mr. Jolliffe's unhappy Gestapo campaign of last June. Enough of what went on seeped through the doors, however, to make it known that Mr. Jolliffe had a rough time.

The question that aroused most public interest before the convention was whether the C.C.F. would carry on with Jolliffe as leader after the campaign which he so obviously bungled. Exactly how much division this aroused in the secret party deliberations is not known but the temper of the body of the convention at its open sessions left no doubt that there was wide dissension at the recent conduct of party affairs. Mr. Jolliffe was retained in office and there was a show of unanimity at his choice, but one suspects that the unanimity was on agreement that he was the only leader available who was at all suitable rather than any great confidence in his ability.

The only other aspirant in the running was Lewis Duncan, Toronto's Peck's Bad Boy of municipal politics, and he was a little too new to the party, and probably a little too eccentric, for the rank and file. Mr. Duncan made his bid early in the deliberations and when it became obvious that he was not in general favor retired to the role of elder statesman, passing benign benediction on the proceedings and moving various and sundry telegrams of congratulations.

Jolliffe Reprimanded

It became clear at the convention that Mr. Jolliffe's June Gestapo foray was pretty well a one-man expedition, and that he had committed the C.C.F. to its cops and robbers campaign without calling for advice from the party's councils. Resolutions at the convention reprimanded him for this, and demanded that in future provincial officers not introduce any momentous question for public discussion without previous discussion with the provincial council also that in contesting elections they stick to the platform and policy laid down by the annual convention. The convention in addition suggested that C.C.F. speakers stay clear from personal attacks and personal views, and it questioned the wisdom "of allowing a vote to force an election at the time most desired by the Drew government."

The tone at the convention when it did open its doors was refreshing There was wide criticism, of the "democratic" sort that the C. C. F. so often proudly claims but so seldom puts on public display. The party's activities in labor came in for quite a barrage, the quite evident feeling being that it was losing ground to the L.P.P. One startling indictment, which was presented in resolution and was brought before the convention by more than one speaker on the floor, was that many C.C.F. trade unionists themselves wouldn't join unions.

Generally speaking it wouldn't seem that any great rebirth can be looked to from the Ontario C.C.F. from this particular convention. The party is still saddled with the same leadership which is its weakest point. But there was some significance in the generally critical tone of the delegates and if it continues this could be the first sign of a healthy growth.

Re the leadership, it wouldn't surprise at all if Mr. Jolliffe eventually did become a good leader. His big faults are still that he is didactic and is quite lacking in color. But in the two years since he first went to Queen's Park he has much improved. He has become more human, and in his last session as opposition leader in the Legislature he was a very noticeably better parliamentarian. Most notably he had become more tolerant.

The professorial end of the Ontario party managed to hang on to its key role. Professor Grube continues as President for the coming year. (As a purely personal note, we believe the Professor would be more effective if he didn't insist on calling everybody "comrade.")

The Liberals, or rather that very sad group, the Toronto Liberals, took a faltering step which has some promise of being the first move in the complete provincial reorganization of the party which has been called for since Mr. Hepburn first started to break it into pieces. The trouble at the moment, however, is that the party can't decide whether it should start entirely anew, or should try and breathe some life into the present nearly senile organization.

A couple of Windsor boys, Dave Croll who is the lone Toronto Liberal at Ottawa and Hon. Paul Martin, are leading a rebel wing within the old organization which is calling for a fresh start. They are concentrating their first efforts on the Toronto area as the nearly-dead heart of the provincial organization.

Croll as Savior

The Croll idea is that the Toronto Central Liberal Association, the Roebuck organization which in recent years has exercised a Tammany hold over Toronto Liberals, should be done away with entirely. He has therefore set up a Toronto and Yorks Liberal Association with the public resolve to take over from the old central. And with W. A. Gunn, a defeated candidate in the June elections as organizer, has been meeting with some success in organizational meetings. Nearly five hundred party followers turned out to hear Croll and Martin speak at the first meeting of the new group in St. Paul's, Toronto's largest riding.

The old central association group of course, don't like it. They say that they still have the national endorsation, though they don't say very specifically just "how" they have it, and they have promised some reorganization in their own ranks. To the independent eye, however, they will soon meet the same death physically which they have now enjoyed spiritually for some time.

Mr. Croll isn't going to be able to revamp the Toronto set-up overnight, if at all. All the major wheelhorses are turning to his organization and he mustn't be particularly glad to see them come. Getting rid of them is bound to be a long process, if possible at all, and so long as they dominate there can't be anything very fresh about the party (you have to know a Toronto wheel-horse to fully appreciate this). However this new move is at least a step in the right direction. And Croll is one man who might be able to carry it farther.

In the Province outside Toronto the outlook for Liberalism is much more heartening. The party at last is really seriously looking for a leader and there seems a better than even chance that this time it will come up with something more than a stop-gap. A special survey committee of the provincial organization

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has been set up to thoroughly explore the field and by preference to dig up some new leadership blood. And if anything was ever needed the Ontario Liberals need a leader with a fresh outlook.

Farquahar Oliver, the house leader in the Legislature, is not being seriously considered. Among those that are, are Walter Thomson who was defeated for the job a few years ago, Harry Hamilton, president of the provincial association, and others of the old guard. But there is a definite feeling in provincial ranks that someone entirely new should get the job and there seems a good possibility that it will win out. The most likely name being talked-up in this connection is William Benidickson, new Liberal M.P. for Kenora-Rainy River. Mr. Benidickson is a young lawyer and former R.C.A.F. Wing Commander and seems to hold a lot of promise.

Final decision will probably not be made until next Easter when the provincial Liberals have their convention.

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No Iron Heel For Conquered Jap

By GEORGE RYAN

When the occupation troops first arrived in Japan the population was in a sullen and dangerous mood, but when the Japanese found things were not going to be nearly as bad as they had expected, they became remarkably docile and helpful.

MY OUTSTANDING impression after seven topsy-turvy weeks in Tokyo is that the Japs are pleasantly surprised.

Although they are under the conqueror's heel—and no two ways about it—it is not an iron heel. And the Japs have themselves, not MacArthur or any of the occupation troops individually, to thank for it.

You see, Suzuki San (Japan's Mr. Jones), for reasons best known to himself, surrendered with such complete whole-heartedness that, far from making himself objectionable or showing any signs of hostility at any time, he has gone to the other extreme.

If you ask your way, Suzuki San will not be content with trying to give directions. He will ride in your jeep with you to the place you want, and then cheerfully set out to walk several blocks—or several miles—back to where you picked him up.

And yet Suzuki San when we first arrived was in a dangerous mood. He was sullen, and you could see hatred smouldering in his eyes.

Fearful at First

Possibly that was because he was frightened. He and his womenfolk had been given a strong propaganda injection and were expecting anything from beatings to theft, murder and rape on a grand scale by the occupation forces.

In fact, thousands of women fled before the landings from our initial area of occupation in and around Yokosuka and Yokohama. Those who remained dressed themselves as unattractively as possible in ugly Japanese slacks or siren suits which had not apparently been washed in years.

Since then the population of Tokyo itself has increased by more than half a million. And the women, far from being frightened, try to flirt with any G.I. they see.

Money is desperately hard to come by. So the Japs are taking in washing, for washing is one way to earn money.

Throughout Tokyo, in the back alleys, along the main roads, or in the middle of ash heaps, wherever, in fact, there are pools of water caused by broken mains, you will see women and children squatting on their haunches washing khaki clothes, without the benefit of soap, because there just isn't any in Japan.

One of the great mysteries of Tokyo is where its 3,000,000 people are living. The trains and trams are always crowded with silent men, women and children, most of them in threadbare and much-patched clothing.

They appear as if from nowhere out of the vast waste of ash and rubble, wait quietly at the tram stops, travel a mile or two, and get out in the midst of another waste of ashes. Then they disappear, clumping up the streets on the miniature wooden platforms they use for shoes.

It takes time for the eye to identify in the rubble the tiny rusted, corrugated iron shack of a single room with earth floor which represents home.

Some of these wretched hovels have walls of paper and thin boards. They are scarcely waist high for the white man, but that is the way Japan's poor are living in the capital—like rabbits in a warren, with small hope of anything better to come for a long, long time.

The docile patience needed for train travel is beyond imagining.

The Jap arrives at the station hours ahead of departure time and then, a few hours later, risks death to push a way into the foul-smelling, filthy carriages. There he goes on standing.

A heavy percentage of farmers' crops is regularly seized by the Government to make the food go round.

Certainly the farmers are paid, but they would rather have their crops. You can buy much more by barter than with money. Indeed, the farmers who are otherwise poor, just about own most of Japan's clothing. They took it during the war in exchange for food—Western-style suits, beautiful kimonos, silks.

Clothes for Food

They have so much, and the city people have so little to offer them in return, that they are glutted with luxuries.

It is hard to tell what the Japanese really think of the occupation.

Many make such outrageous statements with polite sucking intakes of breath and careful bows that you can be forgiven for thinking they have mis-interpreted freedom of speech, and think it means the people are free to lie their heads off.

But there are some things we do know; the Japanese as a nation were forcibly impressed by the Super-Forts.

They are glad that the war is over, but largely, I think, because they believe that Japan is on the threshold of an even brighter future, and that all that is necessary is to be good and obey General MacArthur in everything. Then, sooner or later, they will be repaid.

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GIVE ECONOMICAL NATION-WIDE COVERAGE

Keep Jap Canadians' Faith in Democracy

By DOROTHY ANNE MACDONALD

If the Government is to carry out the policy announced in Parliament on August 4, 1944, towards persons of the Japanese race resident in Canada it must: (1) allow those who are loyal to remain in Canada and (2) remove the restrictions on their effective settlement here.

Under pressure 10,000 signed for "voluntary repatriation" to Japan. In spite of the discrimination practised against them in Canada, most of those who signed wish to remain as Canadian citizens.

MORE than 10,000 persons of Japanese race in Canada are facing expulsion, although according to an announcement last week by Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labor, those who reconsidered before September 2, their decision for "voluntary repatriation" to Japan, will be permitted to stay. Of the 10,347 originally intended to be sent from Canada, 3,463 are dependent children of those who signed, and have never had an opportunity to express their own views on the matter.

On August 4, 1944, in the House of Commons, Mr. Mackenzie King said: "It is a fact that no person of Japanese race born in Canada has been charged with any act of sabotage or disloyalty during the years of the war." Since this loyalty has been confirmed by the R.C.M.P. and the head of the provincial police in British Columbia, why are we expelling them? And why do we offer those who remain little security for the future?

Desirable Settlers

The secretary of the White Canada Association, one of the strongest critics of the Japanese, has said: "The Japanese from every point of view but race are good citizens and desirable settlers." If we discriminate against loyal Canadians simply because of their racial extraction, are we living up to the United Nations Charter standing for human rights "without distinction to race?"

The story of the Japanese in Canada will perhaps help us to understand how this discrimination from certain quarters came about. The Japanese, encouraged by industrialists and others who wanted them as a source of cheap labor, began coming to Canada around 1900. Protests against the importation of "contract labor" resulted in restrictions being imposed in 1908 and made more stringent in 1923. Then in 1928 the Canadian Government made a so-called "gentlemen's agreement" with the Japanese Government limiting the annual Japanese immigration to 150.

The Japanese settled mainly around Vancouver. At the outbreak of this war 22,274 had settled in British Columbia as compared with 950 in other parts of Canada. They made up some three per cent of British Columbia's total population.

Since for the most part they came to Canada as unskilled laborers, many settled in the basic industries requiring little training: fishing, logging and coal-mining. Their inexperience and lack of English tended to keep them on a lower wage scale than the white workers.

Gradually the majority who had taken work in these industries were forced into other industries. In the case of fishing this was done by the Federal Government's action in reducing the percentage of their fishing licenses in B.C.

Many of the Japanese were driven out of the lumbering industry in 1925. Before the Minimum Wage Law of that year was passed the white workers received about a 25 per cent higher rate of pay than the Oriental worker following the same occupation.

Minimum Wage Act

The Minimum Wage Act forced the employer to pay all his employees the same rate of 40 cents per hour. Many employers objected and as a result the Minimum Wage Law was modified so that 25 per cent might get 25 cents an hour. This 25 per cent took care of some of the Japanese Canadians but the majority were forced into other occupations.

In the early twenties provincial mining regulations, making it necessary for a miner to have experience in mining and a knowledge of English, drove those employed in the mines into other occupations.

Forced out of fishing, mining and lumbering, they went into commercial activities in the cities or farming. As a result they expanded rapidly in these occupations.

Many Japanese Canadians went on the farms; most as farm laborers, but a few as farm owners. Those who were employed by the white farmers were expected to work at a lower wage than white help. Those who owned their own farms were often resented by the white farmers.

The Japanese Canadian was accustomed to hard work, long hours and very few comforts. He could produce vegetables and fruits and sell them at a low price. In many cases the white farmers could not meet these prices and retain their standard of living. As in lumbering, fishing and mining too many people were engaged in these industries under the prevailing economic conditions, and resentment always found an easy outlet against the Japanese.

The great majority of Japanese in agriculture were located in the two fertile valleys on the mainland of the Fraser and Okanagan. Before the war the total assessed value of land held in B.C. rural divisions by those of the Japanese race was $436,409 and by others $59,644,274.

Many who did not take up farming went into commercial activities. It is important to remember that one-third of the Japanese in Canada before the war were residents of the

They look like so-many oversize pies, these six-foot leaves of the giant water lily, which grows in the hot-houses of England's famous Kew Gardens.

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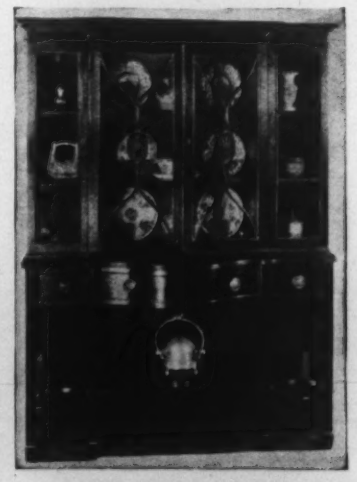

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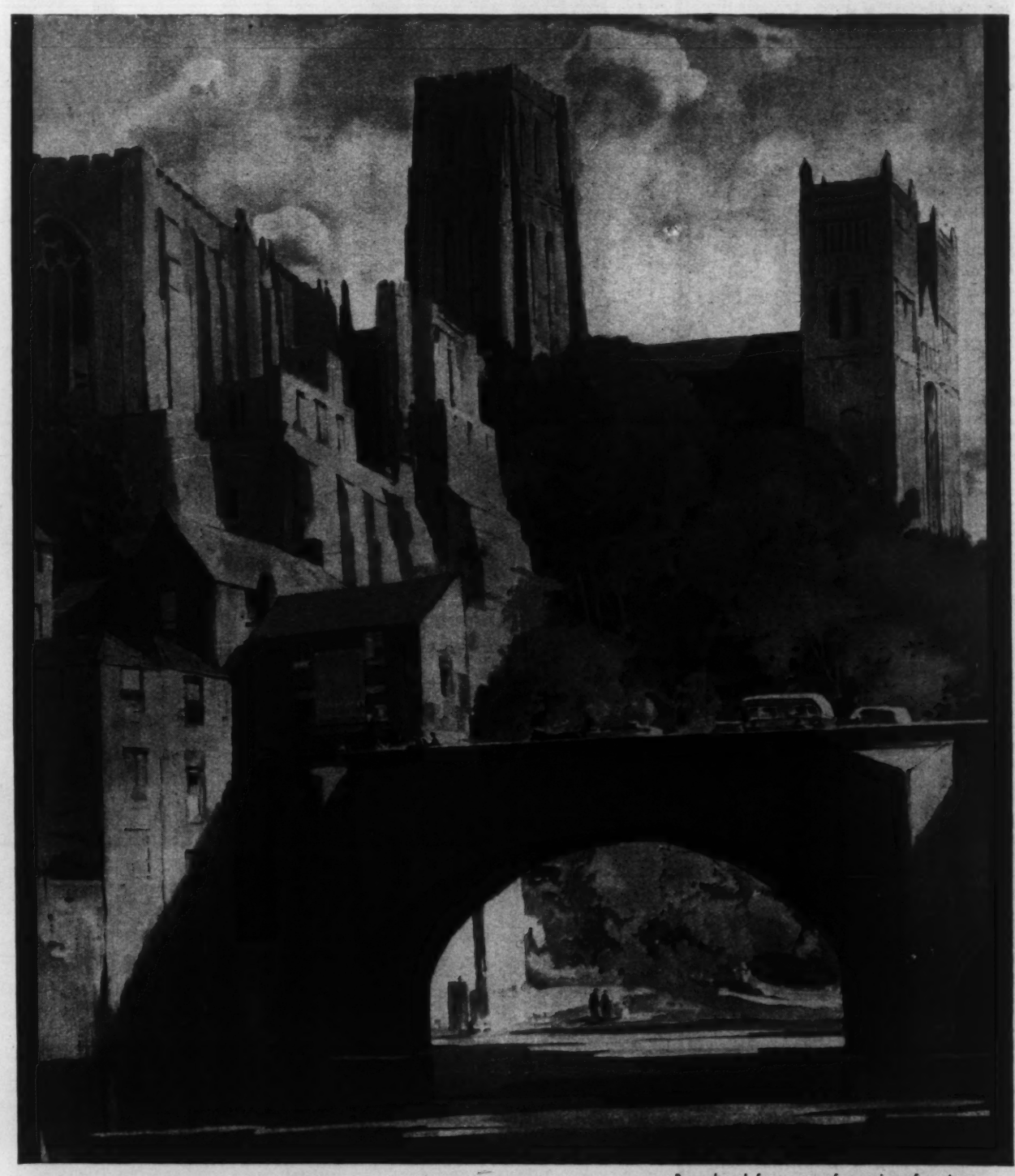

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QUALITY AND TRADITION

city of Vancouver. The professions Japanese Canadians in British Columbia could follow were limited because they were denied the vote. This restriction barred them from professions such as law and pharmacy where eligibility to vote is a requirement. They were not allowed to work in provincial, municipal services or public works.

As a result they concentrated in certain commercial activities. While there was one licence for every ten Japanese in the city, there was only one for every twenty-one non-Orientals. As dressmakers and fish dealers, the Japanese shared the total number of licences about equally with whites, and as proprietors of baths, cleaners, groceries and tobacco stores they were serious competitors.

Many whites consider the remarkable economic expansion of the Japanese as a legitimate cause of their antagonism towards them. It should be remembered that this expansion is part of the development of any immigrant group and that it is in the case of the Japanese more noticeable only because they were concentrated in one area.

As a group they are noted for thrift, cleanliness and honesty. They are conspicuously industrious and intelligent. Very few Japanese Canadians went on relief during the depression. One was in jail at the time of the 1931 census.

Hundreds of Japanese Canadians volunteered for the Army in 1939 but only a handful were accepted. After Pearl Harbor the Government thought it wise for security reasons to remove these people from the coast. The British Columbia Security Commission was set up to do the job of evacuation.

East of the Rockies

Eight thousand of the 24,000 formerly in B.C. eventually moved east of the Rockies. Some 3,500 were directed in family groups to sugar-beet fields on the prairies. A number of young men were sent to sugar beet camps or bush camps, and a few business men and skilled workers to Ontario cities. Some women went to domestic and nursery service and others found employment in steel plants, foundries, chemical works, and radio factories.

Most of the Japanese Canadians evacuated from their homes were sent to relocation centres set up in the interior of B.C. After evacuation all Japanese property left at the coast was sold, in many cases below the assessed value. Elsewhere they were forbidden to buy or rent any property without the permission of the Minister of Justice. (Later this was amended to allow leases for less than one year.) This permit was rarely granted. They were forbidden to cross a provincial boundary without a special permit.

Then on August 4, 1944, Mr. King announced the policy of his Government toward the Japanese Canadians resident in Canada. He indicated that no further immigration of Japanese would be allowed, that those found to be disloyal would be deported and those found to be loyal would have a choice of either settling throughout Canada or going to Japan voluntarily.

Not only have Japanese Canadians remained loyal but when a certain number was requested during 1944-45 for the armed forces that number was immediately obtained. Today Japanese Canadians are with the occupational forces in Burma, India, French Indo-China and Singapore.

Voluntary Repatriation

In February 1945, the Government began to carry out the plans announced in Parliament by introducing a "voluntary repatriation" plan for all persons of Japanese ancestry in Canada. If they refused to sign the petition the Government told them they must either re-establish themselves east of the Rockies or place themselves in a position where the Government could accuse them of not carrying out its policy of dispersal. Many in the relocation camps signed because they did not want to go to a strange and hostile neighborhood in eastern Canada. Many in the sugar-beet fields signed because they felt their position comparable to serfdom. They were frustrated and unhappy. For the most part the few who signed in the east did so to prevent the break-up of their families. Their parents or families had signed in the west.

Now these people are about to be sent to Japan. The Government has requested General MacArthur to arrange for shipping space. General MacArthur has informed the Government he is prepared to receive them as soon as Shipping Space is available. Very few will go willingly. In the Tashme (B.C.) repatriation camp alone 70 per cent of the Japanese have reversed their decision and wish to remain in Canada. To those born here, Japan is a strange, alien country. In spite of their bitter experience in Canada, most of them hope to remain here. But it does not seem that they will be given this opportunity.

Making Expulsion Legal

In fact the Government is attempting to legalize the expulsion of persons of Japanese race by introducing a clause in the proposed "National Emergency Powers Act" at this session. This clause giving the cabinet emergency powers over "entry into Canada, exclusion and deportation and revocation of nationality" would permit the expulsion of persons without the matter receiving the considered attention of Parliament. This bill has had its first reading in Parliament. If passed it will give to the Canadian Cabinet peacetime powers unprecedented in British Constitutional history.

If the Government wishes to follow the policy of August, 1944, it must take action to prevent the expulsion of those loyal Japanese Canadians, who signed under stress and now wish to stay. It must remove the restrictions on those who remain, so that they will be able in the words of the Prime Minister, "to pursue the settled lives to which they are entitled."

Experts who came to England from Holland in 1940 have established in London the manufacture and export of gem diamonds. Exports already exceed 1¼ million pounds. Many of these polishers and cutters were refugees from Antwerp; others are ex-Service men who have proved highly skillful after most rapid tuition.

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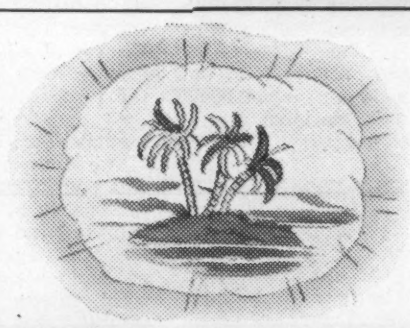

"LOOK, Abdullah .... palm trees and water!"

Hopes that vanish like the mirages of the desert are cruel experiences.

In everyday life, too, there are many people whose visions of a bright and happy future for themselves and families disappear into thin air. Yet it would have been so easy to have made their dreams come true!

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Rest of Canada Must Understand Quebec

By CONSTANCE GARNEAU

The Statute of Westminster made Canada a nation on December 11, 1931. But statutes alone do not make nationhood.

In this article one of the leading women thinkers of the Province of Quebec expresses the view that Canada has not yet attained national unity, and can hardly do so until there is a larger measure of economic equality between the French and English portions of the country.

THE 11th of December is the anniversary of a great date in the history of Canada. The Statute of Westminster was promulgated on the 11th of December, 1931, and the sovereignty of Canada was thereby officially recognized.

It seems significant of the spirit of Canada that nowhere in it is this anniversary observed. We apparently feel no particular pride in it; there are even some who rather regret it, while innumerable others are either ignorant of the existence of the Statute or unaware that through it we attained in theory the status of nationhood.

I say in theory, because I do not believe that Canada can as yet boast of a national spirit, national aspirations, or national unity.

Don't Know Our Country

We all know very little about one another and about this great country of ours. It is so vast that it is given to very few of us ever to see the whole of it. Certain parts of it always retain an alien character in the minds of Canadians of other parts. To many, Quebec and its people seem a foreign land with strange customs and a foreign language. To some of us in Quebec, leaving our province is similar to leaving our country.

What is the reason for this state of things? Some say it is the fault of the French, that they have refused to adapt themselves to English-speaking Canada, have isolated themselves behind the barricade of their language, have failed to "advance" with the rest of the country.

In Quebec, the complaint is that the English-speaking Canadians refuse to understand us and to cooperate with us; we say that they are prejudiced against us, that they consider us backward and ignorant because they make no effort to know us and our culture.

In my opinion both sides are right in certain respects, and both are wrong in others.

The French people of Canada are an inherently good people. They have high moral standards, they are honest, industrious, thrifty and kind. They are a proud people, they are not servile. They respond to courtesy and politeness, but they dislike arrogance and superiority.

Sensible, Happy

They are an intelligent people, they have logical sensible minds. They are also a happy people. According to North American standards, they seem to lack ambition. I think, rather, that rural Quebec at least is perhaps used to things as they are and has no idea of what they could be. Progress has indeed come slowly to my province. It is true that we have erected a barrier between us and the outside world. But this wall was built around us in self-defence.

After the cession of 1763 the French of what then became Lower Canada were forced into vigilance for the protection of the rights guaranteed to them by treaty, and this vigilance has never been relaxed.

The foundation of the barricade was laid. Trade and commerce were necessarily in the hands of the English, and the French population was left with agriculture and whatever professions and trades could be exercised among themselves, and, incidentally, this situation still exists.

At that moment the French clergy became of great assistance to the people. In remote parishes, the curé became the consultant on all matters; he advised and guided. He settled disputes, which the farmers rarely took to English courts of law. He became the leader of these forsaken people and they looked to the curé for help in everything. The French priest of the eighteenth century was a highly educated person and there is no doubt that the clergy played a very important part in the survival of French Canada.

Soon after the cession, the colonies to the south rebelled against English control, and a little later revolution broke out in France. It is easy to understand that the clerical authorities of French Canada should feel it a blessing that this group of French descent was isolated from its mother country and not open to influence by the ideas of the times. To this day, the spirit of modern France is not welcome in French-Canadian institutions of learning, though it must be remembered that outside of these academic establishments modern French literature and modern French thought have never been ignored in Quebec.

Here is the basis for the idea of Quebec as backward and isolated. But if by backward is meant ignorant and lacking in culture, a terrible mistake is made. The culture of the educated French-Canadian is highly respectable. In the Classical College a young man receives the type of education that sons of gentlemen received in France before the Revolution—Greek, Latin, philosophy and sciences, learned with the object of enjoying a cultured life or of entering the liberal professions or the Church. Education was not conceived as an instrument for earning a living. There have been some modifications, some modernization, of this system of education, but fundamentally it remains the same. It is more preoccupied with intellectual and spiritual matters than with a vulgar bread-and-butter economy.

But this is the twentieth century. The industrial revolution, coming late to Quebec, has hit us with a bang, and the impracticality of our educational system has made life hard for us. If we were a wealthy people it would be almost an ideal education, but as things are, it is a luxury and one which we cannot afford.

But if the French-Canadian feels some resentment, as he does, about this state of affairs, it must not be imagined that he feels inferior. On the contrary, he feels his own education to be the better one, and this increases his resentment. He also suffers from a grave misconception in regard to his English-speaking compatriots. Many educated French Canadians are convinced that English-Canadian and American universities are fine buildings but not institutions of learning, and they view without admiration the existence of academic establishments which grant a Ph.D. in plumbing.

A startlingly large number of children fail to take the full course in the public schools, which are free up to the 8th Grade and extend up to the 11th Grade with a 12th Grade in certain schools. The reason for this is that industry, which is not in the main under French ownership, maintains a very low wage scale in the province of Quebec. In the Price Spreads Investigation a witness testified that having started at a wage rate of $5 a week, after twenty-five years he was being paid $13 to $14 a week and had a family of fourteen children. In such a family the children of fifteen and upwards cannot possibly be kept at school; they must

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go to work at an early age, and thus a pool of cheap labor is maintained and keeps down the wage of the adults. The people of Quebec know that wages are higher in the rest of Canada, and they feel that they are being exploited; and this is the one great reason why a wall exists between Quebec and the rest of Canada. Economic equality would do more for national unity than any amount of fine talk about how nice we are and how nice you are and let's be friends.

Our education is good, even if it could be more practical. But if the people are too poor to attend our schools, they are not doing them much good. If our whole educational structure leans more towards humanities than modern technical trends, it is in a great part due to the influence of the Church, which has controlled education in Quebec since the French régime. Our highly educated clergy is naturally more concerned with souls than with bodies. With minds than with hungry mouths. If they have willingly given up the comforts of a mortal life the better to earn heaven, it stands to reason that their whole philosophy is affected by this fact.

Thus the French-Canadian is educated and trained by a body of men and women to whom the struggle for life is of secondary importance. Much time is given to the study of religion which is the chief subject on every curriculum. The priests and nuns are good honest people. They live in poverty, and although they have no worries about their own food, shelter and clothing, they own nothing. They live in institutions that sometimes become wealthy, but that is easy to understand. They exist in a perfect communistic state. They pool everything and they spend practically nothing on themselves. They have no personal expenses whatever, and they don't pay taxes.

It is these people who study and formulate the curricula of our schools. We the parents, the citizens, the taxpayers have little to say if anything at all. These men and women, whose contact with the world of economic struggle is merely theoretical, guide our children and teach them. They are kind, they are charitable, but their whole outlook on life is spiritual and unreal, and their influence in a world of cold realities has made it difficult for the people.

But one cannot make a general comment that is ever true. In this case, in particular. The clergy in French Canada has taken certain initiatives lately which are excellent. A School of Social Sciences in Quebec, under the direction of Father Levesque, a Dominican, is giving excellent results. It is letting in light and air, and is not afraid of outside contacts. A business college for girls in Montreal, conducted by the nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame, is by far the best in the province.

In the field of social work also reforms are being instituted along lines of modern sociology. Father Guillemette in Montreal, another Dominican, is building up a system of social welfare that will make great changes for the betterment of the province.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Reports

ITS BUSINESS FOR THE PAST YEAR

12 MONTHS TO OCTOBER 31, 1945

RESOURCES

Cash in its Vaults and Money on Deposit with Bank of Canada		$161,907,891.42
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks. *Payable in cash on presentation.*		62,756,780.86
Money on Deposit with Other Banks. *Available on demand or at short notice.*		61,306,469.56
Government and Other Bonds and Debentures. *Not exceeding market value. The greater portion consists of Dominion Government and high-grade Provincial and Municipal securities which mature at early dates.*		1,117,604,002.86
Stocks. *Industrial and other stocks. Not exceeding market value.*		333,993.69
Call Loans		60,417,105.51
In Canada	$17,968,798.99	
Elsewhere	42,448,306.52	
Payable on demand and secured by bonds, stocks and other negotiable collateral of greater value than the loans.		
TOTAL OF *QUICKLY* AVAILABLE RESOURCES *(equal to 89.44% of all Liabilities to the Public)*		$1,464,326,243.90
Loans to Provincial and Municipal Governments including School Districts		6,846,556.91
Commercial and Other Loans		213,417,784.24
In Canada	$202,078,098.20	
Elsewhere	11,339,686.04	
To manufacturers, farmers, merchants and others, on conditions consistent with sound banking.		
Bank Premises. *Two properties only are carried in the names of holding companies; the stock and bonds of these companies are entirely owned by the Bank. All other of the Bank's premises are included under this heading, and are carried at what is considered a very conservative valuation.*		10,571,610.18
Real Estate and Mortgages on Real Estate Sold by the Bank. *Acquired in the course of the Bank's business and in process of being realized upon.*		860,134.16
Customers' Liability under Acceptances and Letters of Credit. *Represents liabilities of customers on account of Letters of Credit issued and Drafts accepted by the Bank for their account.*		16,895,827.58
Other Assets not included in the foregoing (but including refundable portion of Dominion Government taxes $1,054,611.19)		3,016,163.52
Making Total Resources of		$1,715,934,320.49

LIABILITIES

Due to the Public

Deposits		$1,613,428,705.56
In Canada	$1,395,656,175.26	
Elsewhere	217,772,530.30	
Payable on demand or after notice.		
Notes of the Bank in Circulation. *Payable on demand.*		6,619,026.50
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding. *Financial responsibilities undertaken on behalf of customers (see off-setting amount in "Resources").*		16,895,827.58
Other Liabilities. *Items not included under the foregoing headings.*		248,826.41
Total Liabilities to the Public		$1,637,192,386.05
To meet which the Bank has resources as indicated above amounting to		$1,715,934,320.49

Leaving an excess of Resources over Liabilities, which represents the Shareholders' interest, over which Liabilities to the Public take precedence.

Capital	$36,000,000.00	
Reserve Fund, Profit & Loss Account and Reserves for Dividends	42,741,934.44	$ 78,741,934.44

* * *

PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended October 31st, 1945, after making appropriations to Contingent Reserve Fund, out of which full provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts has been made, and after making provision of $579,840.48 for depreciation of Bank Premises, Furniture and Equipment	$5,719,681.58
Estimated Income and Excess Profits Taxes (of which $174,455.23 would be refundable under the provisions of the Excess Profits Tax Act)	2,785,000.00
	$2,934,681.58
Dividends paid or payable to Shareholders	2,160,000.00
	$ 774,681.58
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, October 31st, 1944	2,413,821.32
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	$3,188,502.90

This year the Profit and Loss Account has been made up in a somewhat different form from that of previous years, inasmuch as the amount for depreciation of Bank Premises has been shown as a deduction from profits before the amount provided for taxes. Thus, while net profits after taxes this year amount to $2,934,681.58, the corresponding figure last year, after allowing for $500,000 written off Bank Premises, would have been $2,694,300.19 (subject to tax adjustments).

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British Economy Likely To Elect Middle Road

By DAVID FARRAR

Today, in many countries, the big question is: according to what rules shall commerce and industry be conducted in future? The "planners" and "expansionists" have quite different answers.

This well-known English writer points out that while the expansionists or individual enterprisers are definitely in the ascendancy in the United States and Canada, the situation is different in Britain. There opinion is less divided on party lines. Supporters of the Socialist Government are not all planners, and there are powerful exceptions to the rule that the Tories are all expansionists. Britain will inevitably be influenced by events in Europe, where the trend is toward a planned economy, but competition for world markets will tend to counteract this tendency.

London.

EACH nation today seeks to determine the nature of its peacetime economy. It is the hour of the fresh start. And in every country there prevails the same conflict of principle.

According to what rules shall commerce and industry in future be conducted? From the expansionists and planners the world over come quite different answers.

These two schools of thought may often overlap. There are expansionists with leanings towards planning, and planners who give support to expansionist doctrines. But just the same the cleavage is deep and fundamental.

Plan and Super-Plan

For the planners, to whatever nation they belong, envisage the future development of industry in accordance with preconceived arrangements carefully devised and strictly adhered to.

They discount the value of flexibility. They demand that every aspect of the national economy shall be made rigidly interdependent. For every industry a plan, and above all a super-plan into which the lesser plans must fit like the pieces in a jigsaw puzzle.

Corollary to such ideas is an immense increase in Government control. Where there is not State ownership there will be at least close State supervision. Private enterprise may continue to exist, but only in the role of

"A creature that moves
In predestined grooves
Not even a bus, but a tram."

The expansionists on the other hand maintain the opposed belief that individual enterprise and free competition are the only way fully to develop national and world resources. They would abolish the State's encroachments into industry's affairs, restoring flexibility to the industrial system.

End Monopolies

And at the same time they would purge the capitalist system of monopolies and cartels, which in the past have brought us many of the restrictive evils which planning equally would entail.

One last difference between the planners and the expansionists must be stated. The former have as their goal the regulation of national production on the assumption that demand must condition supply. The latter would stimulate production by every means, holding to the faith that supply will create demand.

How do these rival doctrines stand throughout the world?

In the United States the expansionists hold undisputed sway. "Off with controls and away with cartels," is the general slogan, to which Democrats and Republicans alike subscribe.

To challenge the supremacy of individual enterprise is to commit political suicide. The need to give industry a free hand to produce as much as it can is everywhere acknowledged.

There are planners among the Americans. But if they are to get a hearing for their plans they must perforce pose as devotees of expansionism. The situation is much the same in Canada, though the socialists are more strongly organized there.

There are expansionists among the Russians. But equally they must pretend to complete devotion to the system of a planned economy. There are many examples to show that the rigidity of the Russian economic system is growing less.

But planning is still the gospel, in which it is heresy not to believe.

Quite different is the position in Britain. Here there is neither unanimity, nor even any complete division of opinion on party lines.

It is wrong to suppose that all the supporters of the Socialist Government are to be reckoned among the planners. For many trade unionists are in the expansionist camp.

A large section of the trade union movement look askance at the prospect of increasing Government interference in industry. They would much prefer to continue the existing system of direct dealings between employers and men.

These trade union leaders believe that everything that their men require can be exacted from the employers, on the basis of demands for payment of wages as high as the trade can afford.

Fear Government

But it is their fear that if the system of negotiation between employers and trade unions is tampered with or impaired by Government interference, then the men will throw off the restraint exercised by their trade union leaders and develop instead a system of pressure directed against the Government which will become indistinguishable from political blackmail.

A test case dividing planners and expansionists is the proposal to put a ceiling alike on prices and wages. **The expansionists oppose this proposal. And its opponents include** many trade union leaders.

In general the Tories are the party of the expansionists.

But there are powerful exceptions in their ranks. To judge from the White Paper on Employment which he sponsored when he was Minister of Reconstruction, Lord Woolton is among the planners. But how far he was influenced at that time by the desire to seek agreement with Socialist colleagues on the Reconstruction Committee is yet to be decided.

A more undoubted planner is Sir John Anderson. As the ablest civil servant of his generation, his inclinations are inevitably bureaucratic. He is essentially a man of plans and committees.

On the opposing side must be ranged Mr. Bracken and Mr. Assheton, two of the sturdiest exponents of expansionism. Mr. Bracken believes profoundly in the ability of industry to manage its own affairs.

Mr. Assheton is a newcomer among the Tory leaders. But he, too, is free from any suspicion of semi-Socialist leanings. He is uncompromising in his opposition to extensions of State control.

The expansionists are likely to prevail in the Tory Party. But their prospects of persuading the whole country to their views seem at first glance much less bright.

The whole trend in Europe today is by the left to a planned economy. In no country can there be found conditions or moods in which expansionism can be expected to flourish. And Britain must inevitably be influenced by European events.

But there is another influence which may far outweigh events in Europe.

The strongest industrial country in the world lies across the Atlantic. And it may be that the United States will assume a leadership in the export markets of the world and develop an economic power which will bring the influence of all the planners to nought. For the Americans are expansionists to a man.

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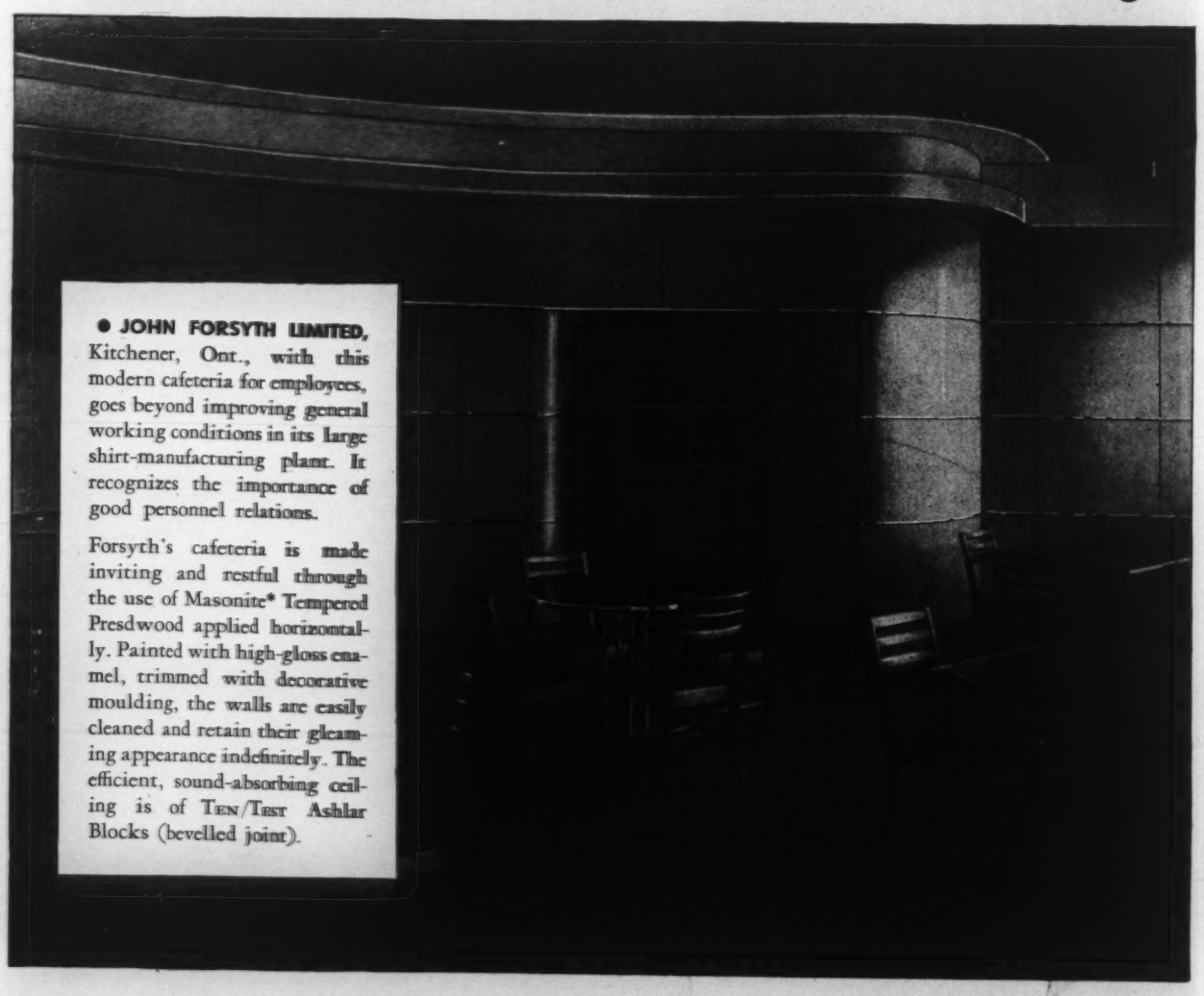

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Flag of Nova Scotia Dates Back to 1625

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUNN

Probably quite a few Canadians are unaware that Nova Scotia has a flag of its own and a Coat of Arms granted by Charles I in 1625, which latter was reinstated in 1929 by King George V, the Arms granted to the province after Confederation being at the same time revoked.

SIR William Alexander founded Nova Scotia more than three hundred years ago. In 1621, King James VI of Scotland, who was also James I of England, granted to Sir William Alexander (of Menstrie near Stirling) all the lands lying between New England and Newfoundland for the formation of a colony. This colony was given the name of New Scotland, or, in its Latin form, Nova Scotia. Arms were granted to the new Province in 1625, and when the degree of Baronet of Scotland was instituted by Charles I, successor to James I, in that year, the Baronets were given the privilege of bearing the Arms of Nova Scotia in their armorial shields. The Baronets of Nova Scotia numbered 110. When Canadians come into full citizenship, they will have a National flag of their own, just as Nova Scotia has a flag. It will be a proud day for Canadians. School textbooks will then contain, in all probability, much of the factual information herein given.

The Nova Scotia Arms consist of the National Arms of Scotland, interchanged—that is to say, with the colors reversed; the Scottish Arms being a blue field with a white St. Andrew's cross thereon, while the Nova Scotia Arms have a white or silver (argent) field with a blue (azure) cross. In the centre of this appear the Royal Arms of Scotland, the Royal Lion "rampant", red on a gold ground, arranged as an Inescutcheon.

The complete Armorial Achievement consists of the "Arms" (shield), surmounted by a helmet and "mantling" (the blue and silver scroll emanating from the helmet), above which is the "Crest" (spray of laurel and thistle issuing from two hands joined) resting on the "Crest Wreath" (the twist of blue and silver); at the sides are the "Supporters" (the Unicorn and the Indian). The whole is mounted on a base representing a cliff, on which sprays of the floral emblems of Nova Scotia and Scotland, the Mayflower and the Thistle grow intertwined. The Indian is of the conventional design used in heraldry and not intended to represent a Micmac Indian as he appeared at the time Nova Scotia was colonized by the Scots. The motto: "Munit Haec et Altera Vincit" may be translated —"This one protects and the other conquers", but the precise meaning is difficult to determine.

Cross and Lion

The Nova Scotia flag consists of a blue cross of St. Andrew upon a white field, with the Royal Lion of Scotland mounted thereon. First used many years before Confederation by a firm of Halifax merchants, its use became quite common; and in the days of "wooden ships and iron men", when ships of Nova Scotia sailed the seven seas, this flag flew at the masthead to indicate the land of ownership.

These ancient arms of Nova Scotia are unknown to many people of Canada including many in Nova Scotia, notwithstanding the fact that they are, "not only the oldest but the grandest of all the Arms borne by the British Dominions beyond the Seas."

When Arms were granted to the Provinces after Confederation "for the greater honor and distinction of the said Provinces", Nova Scotia was presented with a design of three thistles and a salmon, a combination which will not stand comparison with the unique union of the Royal and National Arms of Scotland granted as a signal mark of Royal favor by King Charles. However the old Arms, never fell entirely into disuse. They could be seen etched upon doors of Province House, and in various other places.

Finally, a petition was made for their restoration, and on the 19th of January, 1929, a Royal Warrant of His Majesty King George V was issued, revoking the modern Arms and ordering that the ancient and honorable Arms granted by King Charles I be "borne for the said Province of Nova Scotia upon Seals, Shields, Banners or otherwise according to the "Laws of Arms". Today the Nova Scotian flag may be see flying over the historic Province House and elsewhere in Canada.

• •

ACADEMIC ARISTOCRACY

THE institution of the doctor of philosophy degree, as at present constituted in the majority of our universities, lies heavy like a hand of doom. If I write feelingly about the institution, I write with knowledge. In sixteen years of serving three of our great universities as publisher of their scholarships, I have read countless Ph.D. dissertations from virtually every institution offering the degree. With some exceptions, most of the dissertations represented a tragic waste. The student had been cheated when he thought he had reached the highest attainment in American intellectual life. He had been taught to be cautious when he should have had the courage of youth. He had become confused through veneration of false academic gods when he should have been clear. He had spent his time on minutiae while Rome burned. He had been conditioned to become an observer when he should have begun to understand that thought may be translated into action. Most tragic of all, because he possessed something rare, not shared by the common man, he felt superior and aloof from them. He had joined a world of his own, divorced from the people, the academic world.

For the good of the people of America, for the good of the people of the world, the institution of the doctorate should either be abolished by our universities or it should be reformed so that it will reunite the people and the scholars, to the end that the true product of scholarship can be shared by all the people, not by the learned alone.

Joseph A. Brandt in
The *Saturday Review of Literature*

Amateurs Are Back On Canada's Airwaves

By ERIC R. ADAMS

Canada's amateur radio operators did a grand job during the war and have more than earned the right to get back on the air in pursuit of their hobby, a privilege recently granted by the Government.

Amateur stations have been given channels in the little known super high frequency ranges. What they will discover when suitable equipment becomes available is anyone's guess but they were amateurs who, after the last war, discovered that "useless" short wave lengths were valuable beyond description. Will history repeat itself?

"THE lid is off!" That's the word that spread through the ranks of some 4,000 Canadian amateur radio station operators when Department of Transport officials recently lifted a war-imposed ban on private transmitting. For six years, two months and ten days these stations had been silent, yet during that time glorious pages had been added to the history of Canadian amateur radio.

Britain drew many of its first radar men from the ranks of Canadian amateurs, the Army took others, some became WOGS, WEMS, WAGS or signals officers, amateurs went to sea with the Navy or Merchant Marine and those who were left did vital jobs in vital industries. They worked and died at the thing they loved best and through it all were held together by a great spirit of oneness for which their hobby is famous. Now the fight is finished and the day they dreamed about has come. They can go back on the air and look ahead to a bright future.

Before the war the future wasn't so bright. Radio enterprises of every sort were crying for frequencies, more space on channels already desperately crowded. Gloomily, amateurs looked at one another and some predicted the day when commercial interests would drive them from the air altogether.

Different Now

But it's a different story now. "They are *not* expendible" is the official verdict. The wonderful job done by amateurs during the war has made them more valuable than ever before and it is no secret that military authorities, here and elsewhere, would vigorously protest any effort to do away with them.

"Amateur radio is too valuable. It is a pool from which instantly available, highly-trained radio help can be drawn," is the official attitude. "Amateur radio has never stood higher in the eyes of those who count."

Licenses to operate amateur stations in Canada cost $2.50 a year. Applicants must be able to send and receive code at 10 words a minute, must pass a technical examination and have proper knowledge of radio regulations.

Successful applicants get Government-assigned call-signs prefixed by "VE" (allotted for Canada's use by international agreement) and followed by a number and two or three letters. The number designates the district in which the station is located and for this purpose Canada is divided into five sections. Canada's first district covers Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. "VE2" stations are located in Quebec while Ontario amateurs are allotted call-signs beginning with "VE3". The fourth district covers Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and a "VE5" call-sign indicates British Columbia or Yukon and Northwest Territories. Pre-war records reveal that Ontario has more amateur stations than any other province while British Columbia ranks second.

An amateur radio station doesn't have to cost a lot of money. A low-power transmitter can be built for as little as twenty dollars or so and a receiving set for a similar amount. On the other hand, a really high-class job capable of operating on various amateur wavelengths and delivering the maximum legal output of 500 watts could cost a few hundred dollars and a good receiver to go along with it would run a couple of hundred more. In other words, you can spend as much or as little as you like.

Contrary to popular opinion, power has very little to do with the distance that signals from a radio station can be heard. Time of day and frequency are far more vital and under good conditions signals from a 10-watt transmitter might be heard 12,000 miles away.

During the war, German clandestine radio stations, operated by secret agents with very scanty radio knowledge, sent messages back to Berlin from points five to ten thousand miles away, yet many of these transmitters, when apprehended, were found to have an output of 25 watts or less. Patience, a suitable aerial and wise choice of operating frequencies did the trick.

Unlike commercial stations, amateurs are not assigned one or two specific frequencies, but are permitted to operate anywhere within certain "bands" of frequencies set aside for amateur use. These bands have been selected from typical portions of the radio spectrum so that amateurs have at their disposal wavelengths to take care of any job at any hour of the day or night, conditions being satisfactory.

Serious Offence

Operation outside of amateur bands is a serious offence and when it occurs is usually accidental. Government monitors, or amateurs themselves, soon tag offenders and a warning notice is sent, or the station is temporarily suspended.

So far, certain pre-war amateur bands have not been returned since war service and other special stations still find it necessary to use them. However, Reconstruction Minister Howe says every effort is being made to clear these channels for their rightful owners and this means that amateurs will end up with more frequencies than before the war because vast new super high frequency channels have already been provided.

These new high frequencies are definitely the news of the moment in amateur radio circles. Just what they're good for and exactly what can be done with them isn't altogether known and this being the case there is no better way of finding out than by turning them over to the amateurs. In radio's infancy regular short wave channels were considered useless until amateurs proved such frequencies were valuable beyond description. Maybe history will repeat itself, but only time will tell.

In fact, Ontario amateurs warn against expecting fast results: "These new super high channels are so vastly different to wavelengths formerly used by amateurs that it is beyond the scope of the layman to even visualize the problems involved," they explain.

Equipment is one of the big troubles. Ordinary radio apparatus

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is practically useless at frequencies above 30 megacycles and, when it is realized that these new channels go as high as 22,000 megacycles, even the casual observer should be impressed by the job ahead. Special tubes and parts are needed and until the amateur can get these he can't do much with his new territory. Cost will also be a difficult factor at the start. Not until some items can be mass-produced will they be available at prices most amateur operators can afford to pay.

A bright spot is provided by radar men, many of whom plan to get their amateur licenses. They're expected to do big things with some of these new super high amateur bands because similar frequencies are old stuff as far as they're concerned, since radar utilizes frequencies as high as 1,000 megacycles. Most amateurs have never worked on anything higher than 60 megacycles and even these are much in the minority, so it looks as if radar-inspired newcomers may have it all over veterans.

But don't think the old-timer isn't interested. Radio Inspector Sam Ellis of Toronto says that immediately after his department gave the "go ahead" signal, amateurs under his jurisdiction phoned him at the rate of 50 a day to get former licenses made valid.

Speedy Return

One Toronto amateur, VE3AZI, went on the air at one minute after midnight on November 14, thus becoming one of the first Canadian amateurs to return to the air. He says he heard five other stations, all local, because the band on which he was operating is unsuited to distant transmissions after dark. Other Canadian amateur stations were likely operating but the unsuitable frequency would make it impossible to hear them in Toronto. When daylight came stations in Spain, Alberta, British Columbia, Honolulu, Irish Free State, Brazil and the western U.S. were heard, so it is apparent that amateurs everywhere are wasting no time in returning to the air.

Officials of the Canadian Amateur Radio Operators' Association . . . better known to its members as "The VE-Ops" . . . already report a membership of over one thousand, or 25 per cent of Canada's pre-war amateur fraternity, a startling figure considering that some amateurs have not returned to Canada yet, while others have lost interest in their hobby and quite a few are too tied up with personal affairs to worry about amateur radio for the time being.

The VE-Ops is a non-profit organization operated by and for the Canadian radio amateur. It serves to draw together Canadian operators and an attractive club publication, issued as regularly as possible, informs amateurs what fellow operators in neighboring provinces are doing. During the war, the association sent its paper free to all its members in the Forces and it is continuing to do this for the next six months. S. B. Trainer, Jr., operator of amateur radio station VE3GT, and vice-president of this association says that membership is increasing steadily and the official prediction is that Canada's amateurs will reach the 16,000 mark in the course of the next three to five years . . . in other words, there'll be four times as many amateurs as now.

A similar increase is expected in the United States where amateurs currently number about 60,000. So if something interesting doesn't happen on those new frequencies it won't be because enough people aren't trying.

• •

Tokyo Is Trying Hard to be Gay

By ARTHUR LA BERN

MY last look at Tokyo was by the headlights of an Army truck, as we bounced along to Atsugi air strip to catch the airplane for Manila.

I had no regrets in leaving Japan's capital. Tokyo is not likely to haunt one with pleasant memories, for it is just a charred skeleton of its former self.

But one can still trace the pattern of its wide, tree-lined boulevards, and in the last few days the city was trying to revive some sort of gaiety. Japanese ballet and opera companies were reviving the "Blue Danube" and "Madame Butterfly" in large, dusty, windowless theatres.

At reopened movie theatres, Japanese, carrying bundles, begin queueing before 8 a.m., and new beer halls invite Allied troops to "come in and drink." But a few days after their opening military police put up notices: "Off limit to Allied military personnel."

Three months after VJ Day Tokyo's civic authorities are doing nothing to raise the people's living conditions. I asked why demobilized troops were not put on building temporary houses, and was told there were no building materials. I pointed out there was plenty of timber in Japan; they said they had no nails to hammer the planks together.

The Japanese are never at a loss to excuse their own deficiencies. They accept MacArthur's blueprints for democracy with a bow; but meanwhile in bread and butter fundamentals — or perhaps I should say rice-and-roof fundamentals — Japan remains in the doldrums, and is likely to remain there some time.

MacArthur is faced with the task of holding democracy without foundations. Most countries achieve democracy; the Japs are having it thrust upon them.

Desolation

The overall picture of Tokyo today is still desolation and squalor. The Jap attempts to clear up bomb damage are farcical. I watched a gang of laborers with tinny shovels and wickerwork baskets trying to clear up debris from a 10-storey building, with one creaking bullock cart to load the debris.

The only service which seems to work with any sort of efficiency is the electric railways. There are very few trains, and they are all packed tighter than cattle trucks, with passengers clinging outside and on the couplings between the coaches; but the trains do run to time.

There are still typhus germs in the water, and it is still allowed to gush freely from broken pipes all over the city.

Meanwhile the Government have made a grant to geisha house owners amounting to millions of yen for rehabilitation of their establishments.

The same lack of efficiency and initiative was characteristic of their home front during the war; fire raids which destroyed whole towns would not have been nearly so effective if the Japs had had a fire force in any way comparable to our N.F.S.

The only thing flourishing in Japan today is the souvenir trade.

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BOOKS ON WORLD AFFAIRS

Vansittart's Plan for Germany Is Milder Than Morgenthau's

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

BONES OF CONTENTION, by Lord Vansittart. (Ryerson, $3.25).

THE JAPANESE NATION, by John F. Embree. (Oxford, $3.75).

THE HOUSE OF EUROPE, by Paul Scott Mowrer. (Thomas Allen, $4.75).

YEARS OF VICTORY, 1802-1812, by Arthur Bryant. (Collins, $4.00).

HISTORY IN THE WRITING, by Time - Life - Fortune Correspondents. (Collins, $3.75).

ONE of the people I was anxious to meet on my last trip to Britain was Lord Vansittart. It was easily done. He invited me over to his club, where we had a long conversation. A trim, youngish figure for his 62 years, he hasn't a trace of pomposity, and was one of the friendliest persons I met in London. I extracted from him a good deal of background information on his long struggle to convince the British people of the true nature of Germany.

It must be admitted that Vansittart has fought one of the outstanding literary battles of the war. Attacked ferociously by well-meaning but less well-informed people on the Left and the Right, he stuck tenaciously to the fight. By the time this last book was off the presses a winter of V-bombing and the revelations of Belsen and Buchenwald had finally proven his point.

Yet it is a strange fact that all through this wholly German-inspired war, through the Blitz and the Blockade, and the horrible episode of the extermination of the Jewish community of Europe, Vansittart had to fight an uphill battle to convince his people that the Germans were essentially brutal and — workers, Junkers and Churchmen—were overwhelmingly united behind Hitler's program of domination. That does not bode well for British understanding or tenacity in seeing through a firm peace. It looks as though Vansittart, already eager to speak and write on some other topic than Germany, still has a long task ahead of him.

The heart of this book, which is in plainer language, with fewer literary allusions and quotations than his earlier "Lessons of My Life", is Vansittart's own peace plan for Germany. And, as he says, this is based, not on arm-chair theorizing but on forty years of working experience in European Affairs, and eight years as head of the Foreign Office.

No sounder or more humane plan which, while making Germany safe for us to live with, would still give her a chance for her own development, has come to my attention. It may be a surprise to those who misconceive Vansittart to be a ranting German-baiter to hear that his plan is far milder than Morgenthau's.

One cannot do justice to its carefully-elaborated terms by trying to summarize them in a paragraph or two. But here are a few of the more significant points. He is very strong on a proper punishment of the war criminals, but would have left this mainly in the hands of our European allies who suffered directly under the Germans. The folly of the prolonged defence of the Belsen criminals by British jurists amply bears out Vansittart on this point.

He is also firm on restitution, by German labor in repairing the demolitions they carried out so freely in other countries, and by the return of looted machinery. One very sensible method of controlling Germany in the future is his proposal for completely removing her machine tool industry and also all plants for making explosives.

Vansittart has many other suggestions for industrial control, and would also ration to Germany such key imports as copper, nickel, chrome, tungsten and wolfram, all increasingly important as alloy materials in jet planes and V-bombs. And, along with more and more writers on Germany, Vansittart puts great stress on an efficient intelligence service to watch over clandestine war research and development of secret weapons. He gives long and detailed consideration to the possibility of decentralizing Germany.

There is much, much more in this closely-packed little book, such as a discussion of the Free German Committee just disbanded in Moscow; of the future of Austria; his own story of the Munich Crisis; the new morality needed, in which all powers will observe the same rules of conduct towards each other, regardless of size; and a sympathetic analysis of France's corruption and reform. Those who still have, as Vansittart has, a feeling for Europe, unhappy, wasted and perhaps doomed to decline though it is, will want to read this book.

Europe 1910-1933

If they are drawn more by nostalgia than by hope and plans for the future, they will prefer Paul Scott Mowrer's "House of Europe." This is the elder brother of Edgar Ansell Mowrer, (who, when Goebbels told him the Fuehrer didn't like his book "Germany Puts The Clock Back", replied, "That's funny, I didn't like his either"). Brother Paul was more diplomatic, in fact took to the role occasionally attained by London *Times* correspondents, and currently by R. H. Markham of the *Christian Science Monitor*, in the Balkans, of an important diplomatic-political figure, far more than a mere newsgatherer.

I was attracted in one of Mowrer's early pages by something I had just read in Vansittart: his first contact with someone who doubted that progress was automatic and assured in these times. Vansittart had been brought up on "this myth of Victorian optimism," that it was man's destiny to go forward whatever he does or does not do. But he discovered, early in life, that man is, on the contrary "a crab-like animal; that is, he can more easily go back than go forward. And long before 1914 it became apparent to me that he was in fact going to go back rather than forward." This discovery shocked Vansittart equally with Mowrer.

One could readily prove that Europe has been going, rather, rushing backward, ever since the period covered in Mowrer's book, 1910-33. But what strikes one most strongly in

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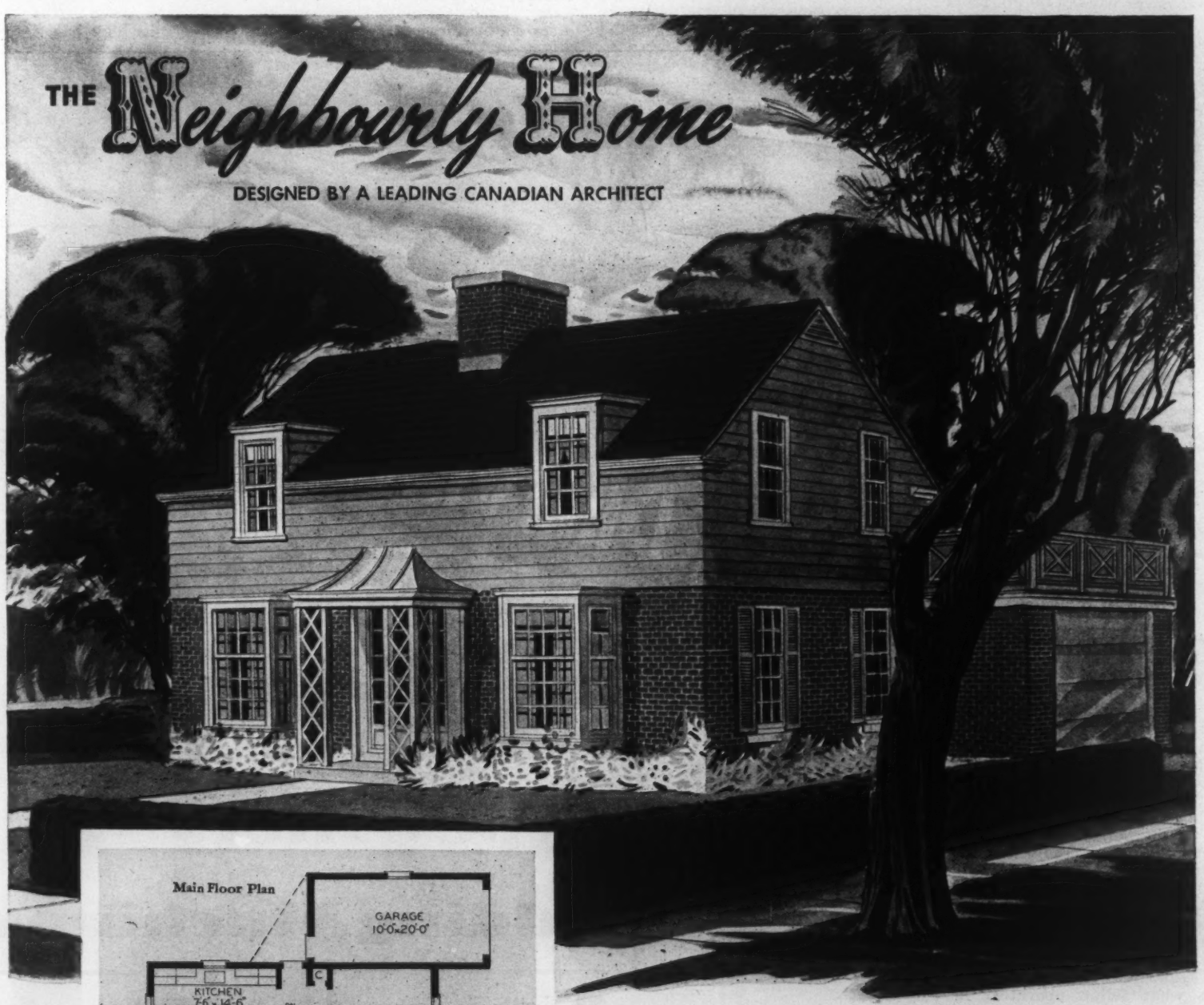

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reading this tale of a generation ago is how many things the human animal is engaged in doing over, again and again. *Plus ça change plus c'est le même chose,* one mutters as one reads these pages of reminiscence.

Many reviews of Mowrer's book have treated it as a nostalgic personal account which gave the writer more pleasure in setting it down than it would be likely to give the reader. But here is also an excellent and readable account of how the peace-making failed last time. And if, in his account Mowrer is completely pro-French and rather anti-British, it must be admitted that time has proven that Clemenceau and Poincaré were right about how to handle the Germans, while British policy proved disastrously wrong.

In asserting flatly that Britain's aim, at the time of the Ruhr dispute, was "to humiliate and ruin France," Mowrer is certainly giving his sympathies too free a rein. Another defect which appears in the book is a certain display of ego. "I sat in Paris, as chief of the foreign service (of the Chicago *Daily News*), coordinating, analyzing, planning, directing." And from time to time he "summons" his brother Edgar to meet him. Yet Paul Scott Mowrer was an important journalist, and built up a famous string of *Daily News* correspondents in Europe. One he missed taking on was "a girl named Dorothy Thompson" who came in search of a job one day, "more attractive, quicker-witted and stronger-willed than the normal run."

Always in search of the permanent principles in politics, and carrying a copy of Plutarch or Demosthenes in his pocket, Mowrer had come by 1933 (which is as far as his story goes) to the conclusion that the only principle that had governed the high policy of nations through the ages was the balance of power.

He tried hard to win over his American readers from their fixed idea that a balance of power policy was just choosing sides for the next war. His researches "showed it to be, on the contrary, a natural reaction, universally applicable, the oldest known principle of politics, the only one possible in a free society of nations, and the guardian of their liberties. Indeed, short of world rule by one dominant power or of complete world federation, neither of which seemed imminent, there was not even an alternative. . ."

"I defined it as the right and duty of other states to combine against any state or group which, by its aggressive diplomatic, economic or military activity, was disturbing the relative distribution of power, or was becoming so big and strong that it threatened to dominate the rest." What is the "Western bloc" idea in Europe, or the close Anglo-American cooperation but an instinctive operation of that old principle? *Plus ça change* . . . indeed.

Scrap-Book of the War

"History in the Writing" is a selection of what are supposed to be the most interesting or valuable of thousands of dispatches sent in by *Time Life* and *Fortune* correspondents during the war. Many have never been published before, but used by the head office as background information. Interesting they doubtless are —or were. Whether they make a book, in this autumn of 1945, is another question. It might be called a sort of Luce-leaf scrap-book of the war.

It may be, as the title implies, that the book contains the raw materials of history. Arthur Bryant's story on the other hand, is the finished product, a history of the struggle to contain Napoleon's colossal ambition, military genius and organizing power. "Years of Victory" treats the period 1802-12; the earlier "Years of Endurance" covered the period 1793-1802.

Napoleon Against Europe

This is solid, full-scale history which will tempt many to read again, and beguile many others for the first time—the fascinating story of Napoleon against Europe. Unquestionably Arthur Bryant had in mind drawing out much that would be of value in the new contest, Hitler against Europe. Though the book, of course, spares us any direct comparison between the great Corsican and the nondescript Austrian.

"Sub-human in his maniacal egoism" might apply to either. But only Napoleon could be referred to as "superhuman in his powers." Compare Napoleon's letters, dealing capably with every subject under the sun, with Hitler's "Mein Kampf," for self-revelation.

But this is no psychological study of hero or tyrant. It is history, a story of battles and of personalities, of generals and politicians, or coalitions made and broken, of planning and of accidents. It is Napoleonic history written for once from London, not Paris. And it is not so much the catalogue of Napoleon's victories, as the story of the struggle against him.

Naturally, British politicians occupy more space than henchmen of Napoleon in this story; and under Arthur Bryant's talented pen, Pitt, Fox and Castlereagh spring full to life. And over against Napoleon's land power, the victorious sea power of the British receives its due.

Plus ça change. . . Here we have the same impatience over the opening of a British "second front"; the delays of the parliamentary system; the deal which Russia made with Napoleon at Tilsit, so similar to that made with Hitler in 1939; the tremendous British exertion in that hour of danger, which got an expedition off to Copenhagen on ten days' notice, to seize the Danish Fleet just as Napoleon reached out his hand for it; and, of course, the ruinous plunge into the spaces of Russia—though that lies beyond this volume.

Reading this well-told story over again, one wonders whether it is such persistent factors as the geography of Europe and national character which make people do things over again, as they were done before, or whether it is because they are so addicted by reading history?

Ideas of Our Time

A book, small yet encyclopaedic in its range, with a lengthy and well-organized bibliography, is "Backgrounds of Conflict." This is a well-conceived effort to analyze the systems of our recent enemies, Germany, Italy and Japan; of Soviet Russia, "the great Transition"; of France's "Painful Intermezzo"; and of Great Britain and the United States, "The Evolution of Democracy." It is a study of the ideas of our time, where they came from, how the different nations are indoctrinated in them, and where they are leading. It is fairly obviously designed as a college textbook.

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ART AND ARTISTS

Fritz Brandtner Trod Hard Path To Artistic Independence

By PAUL DUVAL

NORTHWESTERN Europe has contributed a number of interesting talents to the resources of Canadian art. In the eighteenth century, there was the visit of the Alsace-born Louis de Heer; in 1840, Cornelius Krieghoff arrived and painted here for four decades; in 1860, a more minor figure, the Prussian Otto Jacobi, visited Canada. In recent years, there have been the sculptor, Emanuel Hahn, and the painter, Fritz Brandtner.

These latter two men represent the vital creative element of the Teutonic psyche: Hahn, its academic aspects, Brandtner, its "revolutionary" side. For Fritz Brandtner has found himself described as a rebel many times in his life as an artist, and his vividly colored and powerfully organized canvases have been deplored almost as consistently as his fellow-German Hahn's realistic creations have been eulogized.

Fritz Brandtner—who is today one of Canada's most able artists—has thrived on opposition. Physically large and burly, emotionally as liable to petty hurts as a bulldozer, he has won his way into the respect of fellow-artists of varying schools of artistic thought, and his paintings have been acquired in numbers by the Dominion's important art galleries. As vigorous in actuality as his canvases are in conception, he merely laughs good humoredly when a French Canadian critic discusses the "headaches of Fritz Brandtner" or a Winnipeg critic calls his work "madness". . .

Fritz Brandtner was born in the Free City of Danzig 49 years ago. His family were of Salzburg stock and young Fritz did not always see eye to eye with his young Prussian playmates, and while they played at games of war and deplored his lack of martial enthusiasm, he wandered, as is so often the habit of artists in formative years, through his native, fairy-like city of Danzig. Danzig, before World War II, was a maze of multi-colored, copper and tile triangular roofs and spires, which rose one above the other to form a mosaic-like pile, through which the dark, sun-barred streets meandered with less order than beauty. Beautiful, the city certainly was to the eyes of the young boy who was later to become a painter, with its red official buildings, the pink and blue plaster walls of stores and medieval houses, the pastel murals painted on hundreds of façades, the yellow sand dunes and blue sea, and the black tar fishing houses with beds of sunflowers about them. From the Baltic city of his birth, Fritz Brandtner absorbed color wherever he wandered—riotous hues and muted combinations which were to re-appear years later in his paintings of Canadian scenes and abstract compositions.

Studied in Galleries

No organized tuition marked the art training of Fritz Brandtner as a boy. But he went to the Danzig Civic Gallery—one of the finest smaller galleries in the world—and there studied old masters and the canvases of the modernists, Hofer and Beckman, Modigliani and Picasso, Grotz and Feininger. There he also viewed his first Canadian West Coast totem poles, and mused about the country of their origin. He longed to see the country which gave birth to these grotesque and powerful carvings and masks, and pictured it as a land of fantasy and primitive rites.

In the second year of the first World War, Fritz, the Salzburger, was taken from school and placed in the uniform of the German army. Shortly after his arrival on the Western Front, he became a prisoner, and spent the years from 1916 to 1920 in a French prisoner-of-war camp. During these years, he painted, whenever opportunity offered, and discovered that the young men of France, Belgium and England whom he chanced to encounter were not surprisingly different from himself. Today, partly through those wartime meetings, the Canadian Fritz Brandtner is as tolerant as he is dynamic, and as liberal as a Prussian Junker is illiberal.

During the bitter vice- and inflation-ridden years which followed the War in Germany, the young Fritz Brandtner survived by selling, doing window-dressing, and designing commercial ads. He spent a few short months studying under Professor Pfuhle at the Danzig Academy, but for the most part studied and painted on his own: drawing in the streets, hiring his own models, working at his art every evening he could spare from his commercial work. Brandtner is grateful for his lack of early formal training; he believes that it saved him from picking up stylistic "tricks" which, once ingrained in youth, hamper an artist's freedom—and any artist who has had to rid himself of such meaningless mannerisms or has struggled against acquiring them at school can sympathize with that belief.

From 1924 to 1926, Fritz Brandtner instructed at the life classes in the Architectural Department of the University of Danzig, a job which permitted him greater freedom to paint. But while Brandtner was winning his freedom to create, much more embracing human freedoms were being gradually snuffed out in nation after nation across Europe. The tension which preceded the first Great War was once again mounting, and Fritz Brandtner, remembering that war and its aftermath, wanted to get away from the beautiful but unhappy continent of his birth. He wanted to go to the "land of the totem poles". And since, in 1928, Canada was encouraging immigration and the C.P.R. had exhibition booths set up for the purpose throughout Danzig, Brandt-

Fritz Brandtner, one of Canada's most able artists, who came to this country in 1928 from Danzig, settled in Winnipeg, and eventually opened a studio in Montreal. His vividly colored and powerfully organized canvases have won him a reputation for originality.

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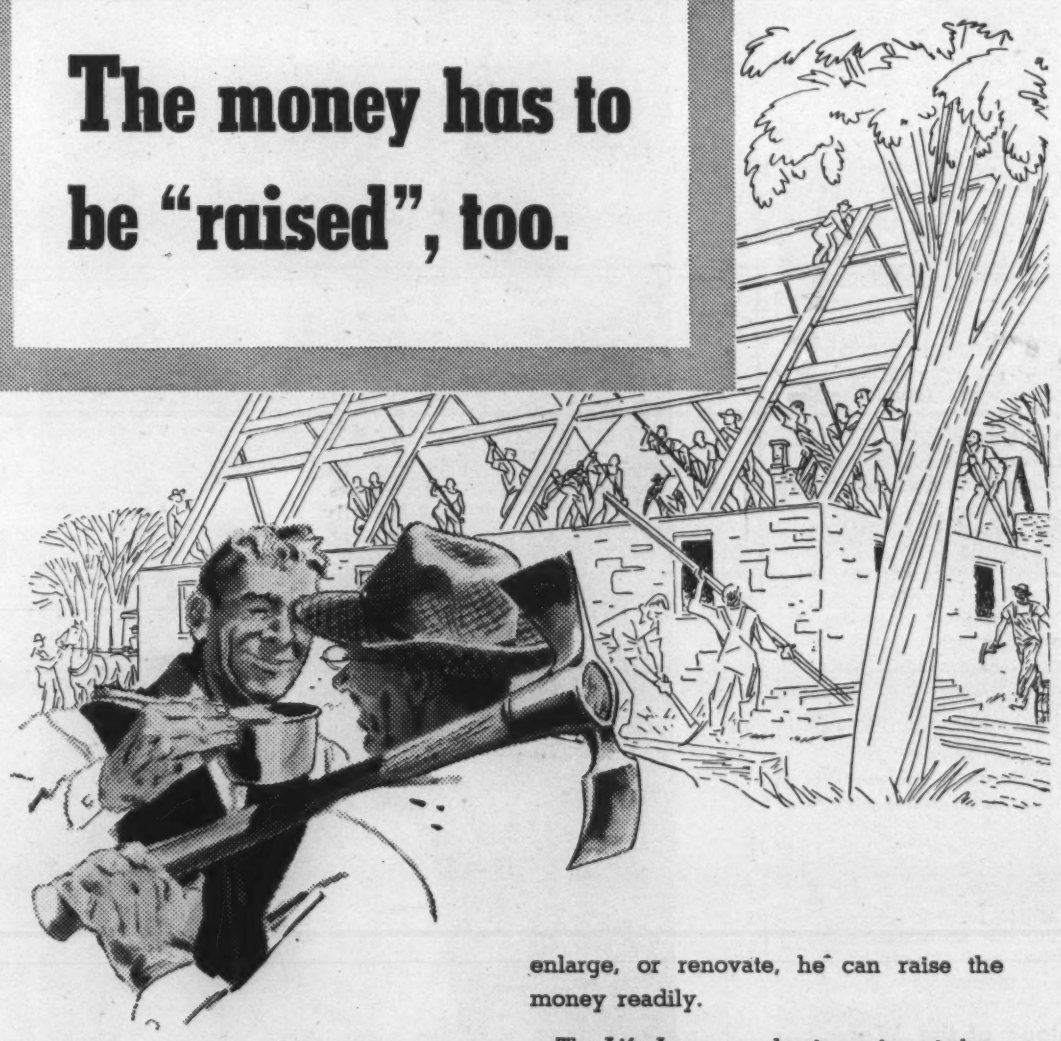

WHEN there's a barn to be raised a man's neighbors . . . sometimes a whole community . . . often pitch in and help him do the heavy end of the work.

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ner did not find his ambition difficult to realize. He knew, too, by this time, that Canada was more than a land of ceremonial dances and tomahawks.

When he disembarked at Halifax, the young German immigrant had nothing but a one-way rail fare to Winnipeg. It was a bad time to bring immigrants out; the bottom had only just fallen out of the stock market; money was scarce; jobs were scarcer. Fritz didn't speak English well, and the strangeness of new people and a new land were confusing in themselves. Even more confusing was his reception: "Go back home", they said, "we have enough unemployed here". But Fritz couldn't go home if he wanted to. So within three days he landed himself a job in a time when "there were no jobs". It was work painting the walls of houses instead of canvases, but it was work, and he continued at it happily enough for the next year.

In his second year in the Manitoba capital, Fritz was employed by a photo-engraving company as a commercial designer and letterer. This gave him an opportunity to resume his creative painting, and as the years went by he got more opportunities to exercise his gifts in doing murals and stage sets for local firms and societies. When he left Winnipeg for Montreal in 1936 he was in a position to hold a one-man exhibit of 150 paintings at the Winnipeg School of Art. In his eight years of Canada Fritz Brandtner had thus, through many kinds of work, succeeded in laying the foundation for his creative life in this country. By this time, too, he had learned to appreciate and interpret the peculiarities of the Canadian earth, and had received enough recognition to leave his imprint upon several younger painters.

Montreal Studio

In Montreal, Brandtner's creative gifts have blossomed forth. From his Beaver Hill Square studio comes forth a prodigious variety of paintings, drawings and designs for murals, trade-marks, posters, metalwork and carving. But, though a prolific producer, he wisely does not neglect to return repeatedly to natural forms for his inspiration. Throughout his studio residence, are scattered petrified limbs and twigs picked up from the shores of Laurential lakes; these he tints, patterns with color, and uses as suggestions for abstract patterns or other compositions. Brandtner has painted throughout Canada from the West Coast to the St. Lawrence (one of his favorite sketching subjects is Montreal harbor) but now most of his landscape work is done around Sixteen-Island Lake in the Laurentians.

Fritz Brandtner rarely paints a large canvas from nature, but prefers to work his paintings up from numerous sketch notes done in pencil, pen, or colored inks. These sketches, shoved into folios, now run literally into thousands—notes made at meetings, on the street, in taverns, landscape sketches done from train windows or on hikes in the Quebec hillside. Creating from these sketches and natural petrified wood shapes, he produces the multi-sized and many mooded canvases which have won him national recognition. Evidence of this recognition is the fact that Brandtner is now Vice-President of the important Canadian Group of Painters and of the Canadian Watercolor Society.

Classes for Children

His branching out into the field of art education has been a natural outgrowth of this artist's own life credo that art is not for museums and wealthy private collectors, alone, but should be a vital part of the life of every community. In Montreal, he has conducted, with outstanding success, classes for the children of the well-to-do in private schools and for children of the poverty-stricken in public centres and hospitals. At Montreal's Iverley Settlement, Brandtner's young pupils constructed animated maps, built models of the Montreal Harbor and painted yards of mural designs. In the Children's Memorial Hospital crippled children forgot their pains and handicaps in the joy of creating designs..."Dr. Brandtner", as the affectionate hospital children learned to call him, has many admirers indeed among the youth of Montreal for he brought a new brightness and a sense of self-reliance into lives marked conspicuously by monotony and frustration.

"I am not trying to turn out experts", says Fritz Brandtner of his child art classes, "but to make these children enthusiasts in living...By expressing themselves in some creative way, they gain a knowledge of higher values which will make life more pleasant and more successful for them".

To the spiritual poverty of Germany between the wars, Canada today owes the presence of an artist whose creations and teaching have helped to make our nation a gayer and more stimulating place.

"Islands' Lake," a drawing in brush, pencil and pen by Fritz Brandtner, illustrates this artist's facile sketching. Many of his larger canvases are worked up from numerous on-the-spot sketch notes, though, of course, this particular drawing is a highly-integrated composition.

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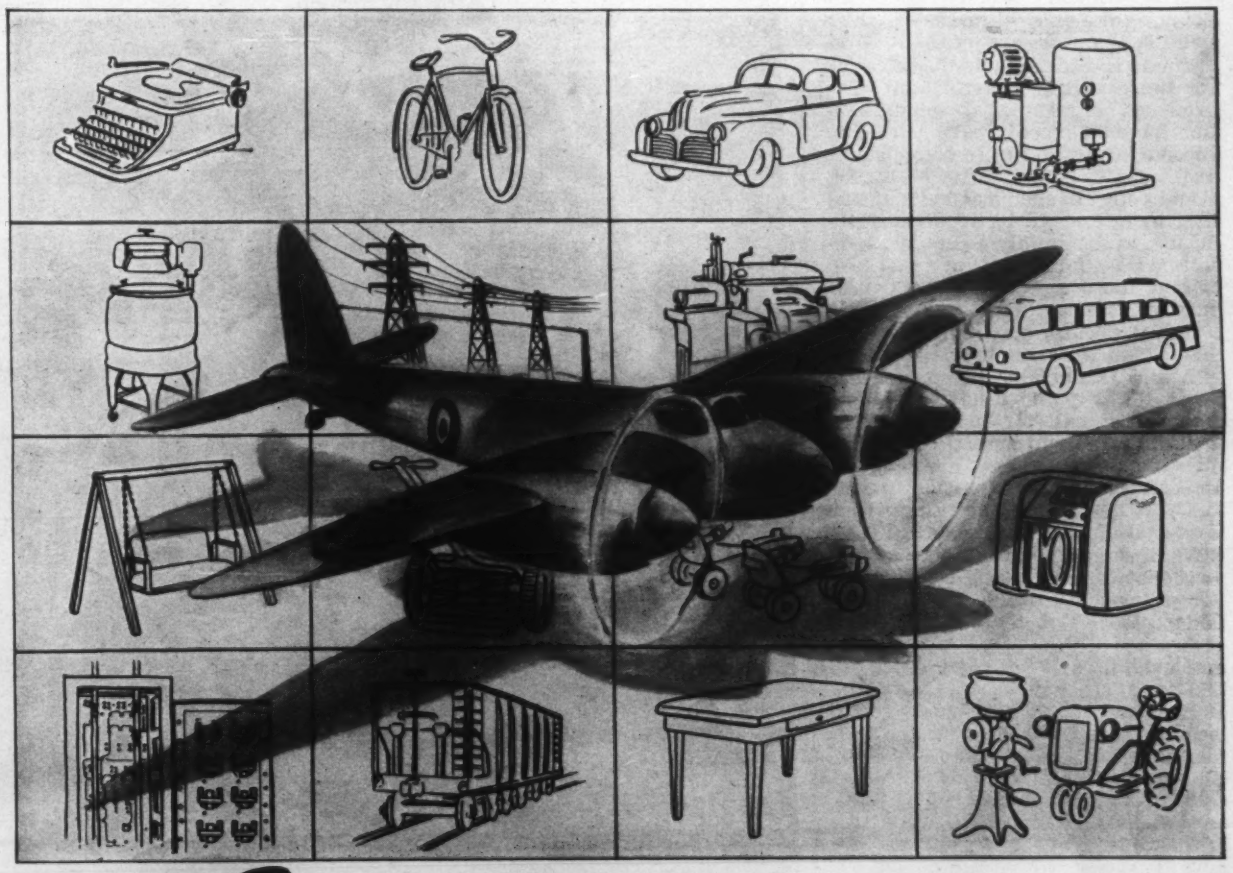

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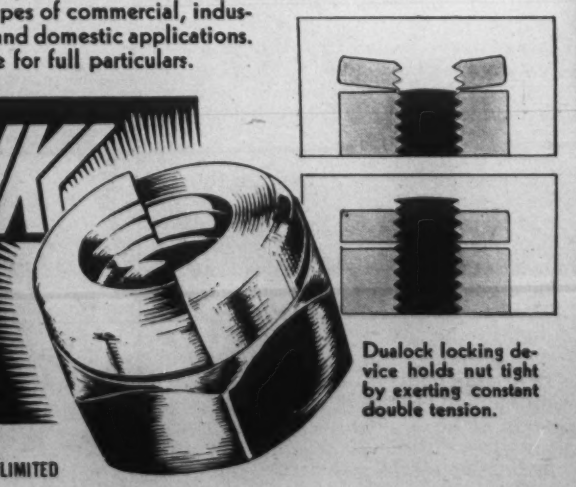

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THE LONDON LETTER

Municipal Elections Prove That Swing to the Left Goes On

By P. O'D.

PEOPLE who hoped that the Socialist flood had reached its high-water mark and might be beginning to recede, have found little encouragement in the recent municipal elections, which have been held throughout the country. Nearly everywhere the Socialists have made large gains, and now control hundreds of municipalities where previously the administration, whatever it was, was certainly not Socialist. The swing to the Left has gone on.

One very large factor in the Socialist victory has been the excellence of their organization. They were out to win, and they planned for it as a party while generally their opponents went comfortably along on the old individual lines.

It used to be thought that national politics should be kept out of municipal affairs, and that Conservatism and Socialism and Liberalism have very little to do with the question of whether or not Puddlecombe or Hogs Norton should have the town pump repaired or some new tiles put in the roof of the town hall. The Socialists do not take this attitude. To them politics, like war, are total.

There is considerable justification for the Socialist point of view. The problems of municipal administration have in recent years tended to become larger and more complicated, and more intimately affected by national policy in such matters as housing, roads, and the distribution of industry, to name only a few. As a result local authorities have come to depend more and more on Government assistance.

Canny electors may well have felt that, when it comes to getting such assistance, a Socialist administration would be in a much better position than a Tory one, for instance. There is also a quite widespread conviction that the Socialists are more active and enterprising than their opponents and will get more done. There is a good deal of truth in this too.

Whatever the reasons, there can be no doubt of the Socialist success. Something not unlike a landslide has taken place. Not that this is altogether a bad thing. Such a shake-up may even do a lot of good. After all the Socialists have been in control of the London County Council for a long time, and no one can say that they have made a bad job of it. There is little reason for believing that they will not do well elsewhere—at least as well as their opponent would do in their place.

At the same time, and admitting all this, there is some cause to regret the rapid progress of the process of centralization that is going on. The little community is losing its freedom and identity, and becoming a mere cog in the vast national machine. There may be gains in efficiency, but something old and friendly and genuinely native is being lost. Individualism seems everywhere to be fighting a losing battle in this modern world.

Henry Ford's Farms

As a relief from the floods of talk and writing that continue to pour out on the subject of British agriculture—never was there a country where so many argued so much about so few—it is a relief to turn to an actual and successful experiment. Mr. Henry Ford (yes, the Mr. Ford), while travelling across England some 15 years or so ago, was struck by the dilapidated air of a good many of the farms he passed. English farming just then was at a very low ebb, like most other industries in that time of depression. In fact it seemed to Mr. Ford to be a good deal lower than it ought to be.

The great thing about Mr. Ford is that he is not content merely to form an opinion. Right or wrong, he acts on it. So he decided to go in for farming—yes, in England! He or his agents bought 2,000 acres, put the buildings in proper condition, and set about clearing and preparing the land. As a recent report on these Fordson Estates, as they are called, makes clear, the experiment has been a complete success. And the most notable thing about it is that it has also been a success for the men engaged on it.

The basic principle of the scheme is that the farms comprising the Estates are charged 4 per cent on the capital invested. There are also taxes and maintenance charges to be met. After this everything goes to the employees.

In addition to handsome increases on their basic weekly wages, the workers now have some £50,000 invested to their credit in the form of compulsory savings, and another £11,000 as voluntary savings. There doesn't seem to be much wrong with this plan, whatever the sentimentalists of the back-to-the-land movement may think of it. But then, of course, Mr. Ford has what it takes. He can afford to do things in this large and handsome way.

Lots of Coal—Tomorrow

When the State decided to take over the coal-royalties of the country, a commission was appointed to deal with the business of compensation to the private owners of such rights. This has now been completed, according to the report of the commission which has just been issued. And so a long step has been taken towards nationalizing the operation of the mines, though this was not contemplated at the time the Coal Act of 1938 was passed.

Even the Canadian reader may feel some interest in the broader figures of this report as showing what the coal-royalties of this country were considered to be worth, and how they were owned. The total price fixed by the Coal Act was just over £66,500,000, and compensation has been paid to some 11,000 claimants. Of these 8,500—to stick to round figures—received less than £1,000 each, and some 1,300 received up to £5,000 or thereabout.

This might seem like a pretty fair general distribution, but actually more than half the total sum went to 114 claimants, of whom 4 received more than £1,000,000 each, 6 over £500,000, and 28 over £250,000. A small group of people were thus very fortunately endowed in this matter of coal ownership, but as the two largest of these claimants were the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Commissioners of Crown Lands, it really isn't so bad as it may sound—to proletarian ears, at any rate.

Now, I suppose, the Government will set about the much more serious business of taking over the whole industry, lock, stock, and barrel. And then of course everything will be a lovely bright pink. The miners will sing at their work, coal will cost much less, and there will be abundance of it for everybody. But just now—well, just now we are being told to get along with even less coal than we had during the war. There will be jam tomorrow, my dears, but no jam today.

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German Nation Must Be Brought Back to God

By GIFFARD EVANS

The things done in the German horror camps during the war show "what happens when a people cast God out of their national life and lose their national soul." The same thing can happen to any nation that denies God.

And if Germany is not to repeat these horrors, the German people must be brought back to God. Defeat alone will not do this, nor hatred nor vengeance.

AS MEMBERS of a world growing up to manhood responsibility we need to share with one another conclusions we come to which have been wrought out of the fire in our own souls. Have you seen the films of horror recently shown at the request of General Eisenhower? I have.

The story had been told over the radio, it had been printed in many journals, about the suffering and injustice and the fancied extent of it, so I was somewhat prepared for what I saw. But it did not come in the category of anything I had ever experienced before. There are no words that describe what was on those films. And there was no former emotion ever felt that could respond to what was portrayed there. Horror, loathing, rage — these were trivial and inadequate, not touching the fringe. They were submerged in an emotion, nameless and never felt before. A feeling that could not be uttered. What is this thing — I asked myself. Why did the perpetrators of this direful death first slowly starve and torture those they meant to kill or burn? It did not add up; it was utterly purposeless.

It was done on such a vast, nation-wide scale, it was not the criminal madness of a few. It was not an act carried out in fear of these poor creatures doing harm to the world conquerors. It was not even revenge — comparatively few of the millions done to death had ever committed any act against the Germans. It was just a decision of the state which had decreed that races or individuals opposing it should be wiped from off the earth. Surely that was horrible enough, but this was something even worse. The thousands who participated in the carrying out of that decree went on a sort of orgy of brutality and bestiality, a spree of hellish gratification in exercising their power to torture defenceless human beings.

We have to face the fact that these things have gone on for nearly six years, that they were spread all over Germany, that they were not hidden from the nation. Doubtless, thousands of Germans were revolted by it, and would have interfered, if they had dared — these Germans are our hope for the future — but the fact is that the majority of that nation shrugged their shoulders, and let it pass.

When God is Cast Out

I came back to my question — what is this thing? And then it swept over me. This is what happens when a people cast God out of their national life and lose their national soul. This is what happens when hell empties itself into the souls of men. I had never believed in hell before. I had thought it quaint to read in the New Testament of a person possessed of a devil. Here I saw a nation possessed of the devil. It is the most sobering thought you can think.

Now rises the question, on all sides, "What are we to do about it?" The first answer is, "Let us be warned, and return to God — in whatever way we like, but let us return as individuals and as a nation". For this thing can happen to any nation that denies God. Let us not make the mistake of saying, "The Germans — or the Japs — are like that", and think we have explained it. The truth is that the Teutonic race is from the same root-stock as ourselves — do we not find a real sense of kinship with decent Germans?

We have to widen our thinking to the world scale in these days. This hellish thing could happen to any people that denies God and worships Baal and Mars. As a nation gives God sway in its soul it has infinite capacity to create heaven, and so a nation that gives the evil one sway in its soul has infinite capacity to create hell.

So our second answer is that we, the so-called Christian nations, must put all the concerted effort of which we are capable into winning the German nation back to God. They surrendered because they saw they were licked, not because they had had a change of heart, Like the individual, only by a change of heart will they repent and find God. How shall we win them to this? Some will say, "Make it a soft peace — that is true forgiveness". But it is not as easy as that. Jesus Christ prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do", for those who nailed him to the Cross on the order of their superiors. But no such prayer is recorded for Pontius Pilate or Caiaphas. He promised to be in paradise with the repentant thief, but we read of no such promise for the thief who, even in death, mocked him.

Equally useless as, and more dangerous than, the soft-peace promoters are those who clamor for revenge, for retaliation in kind. Gaze at those horror films and you know in your own soul that no revenge in kind could be brought about without our, too, descending into the depths of hell. We might go only as visitors, but we would be chained there, never to return to the Light. Also, in gazing at those filmed scenes you will know in your own soul that no act of revenge could blot out any of that crime. It will never be wiped out from the face of the earth. It was like the anguish of God's own Son.

Stern Justice

The first step is not revenge but justice, stern and unremitting. The language of justice (the law of life that foul deeds have consequent punishment) is a forgotten language in Germany. They must be taught that language again, before they can be taught the language of love. Justice will teach them that crime against their neighbors does not pay. That will lead them to better attitudes, a longing to be clean again, to be able to walk with uplifted heads among the nations. Then they will be ready to receive forgiveness from God and man.

But justice will not do its part in making a new world if it is enveloped in hatred. Let us see to it that our souls are clear of that — or we shall be like unto these evildoers themselves. Let us be very sure that we hate the sin, but strive to see the sinners — and those innocent ones dragged down with them — with the eyes of God. That alone will prepare us for the forgiveness that has to come for the healing of the nations.

We are growing to think in world terms now. We cannot escape the fact that the world is a family of nations. Germany is one of the family, whether we like it or not. Like other black sheep in family circles, there is a family responsibility to woo and win them back into the fold — even to be realistic in seeing where our own sins may have contributed to their ruin. All sin is of the same essence; the difference is in the degree to which we yield. We must remember that, as we view this crowning revelation of the total degradation of a nation's soul.

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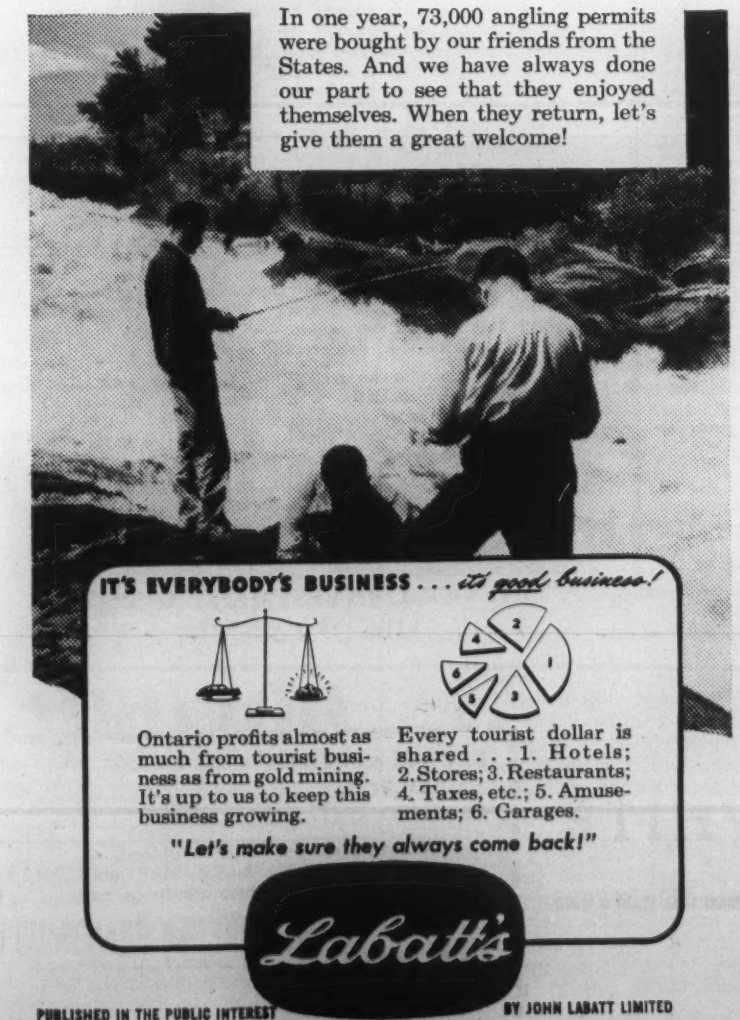

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"Devil Has the Moon" Moaned the Hindus

By CHRISTINE WESTON

This article will help you to understand India's four great problems—race, religion, prejudice and superstition. Perhaps only in India a man could be cast out by his friends because, when sick, a priest had mistakenly pronounced him dead.

IT was a summer evening and the cool air which at this hour sweeps down from the Himalayas smelled pleasant to Mr. Sanderson, the Eurasian tutor, when he stepped from his room on to the gravel terrace before the house and gazed down at the lake, which lay pale and unruffled between dark green hills.

The nasal song of a Pahari on the road that skirted the lake was borne to Mr. Sanderson's ears, adding to his sense of well-being. He had just finished dining with the family, his employers: now they had dispersed to their rooms and he was free for the first time today.

Free, but rather lonely. The Strongs were kind to him, he was well treated and well paid, but they were English and he was Eurasian, and neither he nor they could ever quite forget it.

When not under the eyes of their parents, his pupils, Hilda, aged eleven, and Richard, aged eight, often took cruel advantage of him. They had early discovered his extreme sensitivity.

Mr. Sanderson was 20 years old, and he would have liked to behave toward the children as an older brother, but they would not accept him. Mr. Strong was a retired tea planter. When he had engaged Mr. Sanderson as a tutor for the children he had said, "For God's sake din some education into them."

Mr. Sanderson had applied himself to his duties with enthusiasm; after six months the results of his perseverance were beginning to appear.

One morning Hilda, bored with syntax, had said, "Ram Lal is dying. He is dying of pneumonia down there in the room above his shop." Ram Lal was the merchant from whom the Strongs bought their groceries.

"All his relations have arrived." said Richard. "Listen! you can hear them howling like jackals. In the morning Ram Lal will be dead."

"They'll have to cremate him," said Hilda. "Then we can watch it from the path behind the house."

"You have such grisly ideas," Richard complained sanctimoniously. "Hasn't she, Mr. Sanderson?"

"Grisly, Richard, grisly! And now let us please continue."

Became an Outcast

Ram Lal did not die. Instead, he committed the sacrilege of recovering after the family priest had declared him dead, and thereby became an outcast. His business suffered because now only the lowest castes and the few Europeans in the place would deal with him.

The tormented man sometimes trudged up the hill to the Strongs to seek advice. Mr. Strong advised him to become a Christian, and when he recoiled from the idea Mr. Sanderson suggested that he embrace Islam. "Obviously," said the Eurasian, "you might as well become something, since your own people won't have you, now that you're supposed to be dead."

Ram Lal beat his forehead with his hands. "I should have died!" he moaned. "Yes it would have been better for everyone if I had died."

Discussing the situation later with his pupils, Mr. Sanderson had shrugged and smiled. "Such superstition!" he said.

"What is superstition?" asked Richard. The tutor explained as well as he could, and then glancing at their faces, he added, "I think one might say that prejudice is a kind of superstition also,"

"What's prejudice?"

"Oh, it might mean a number of things, like believing that one person is better than another person." He would have enlarged on the subject, but decided not to when he saw the faint smile that passed between Hilda and Richard.

But on this cool summer evening, as he strolled on the terrace, Mr. Sanderson was conscious of a rare peace of mind.

Eclipse of the Moon

The children had been unusually well behaved all day, Mrs. Strong had congratulated him on his success with them, and Mr. Strong had given him a raise in pay. True, no one had invited him to come in for a chat or a smoke before going to bed, but then, perhaps, he was foolish to expect it. One cannot have everything, he reminded himself philosophically.

At that moment Mr. Sanderson remembered that to-night was the night of the moon's eclipse, and that he had promised the children to remind them of it.

Earlier he had explained the phenomenon to them and they had been greatly excited, bombarding him with questions, flattering him with their earnest attention.

So he had taken his time explaining the causes of the moon's eclipse.

Mr. Sanderson could hear Ram Lal arguing with his wife down in the bazaar, but he could not make out the words. There was a clatter of brass pots being washed and put away after the evening meal, and the crying of Ram Lal's youngest grandchild.

The air thickened with darkness, and the moths began to flutter among the citron trees, and Mr. Sanderson observed suddenly the emerging brow of the full moon. He threw aside the stub of his cigarette and called to the children, "Hilda! Richard!"

They appeared on the balcony of the house. "What is it, Sandy?"

He was always secretly pleased when they addressed him by this diminutive.

"The eclipse," he told them. "You'll see it in a few minutes. Come down here with me."

They joined him and all three stared at the moon's increasing radiance as it rose above the dark spur of the hill. Mr. and Mrs. Strong appeared on the balcony. "I hope you remeber what Mr. Sanderson told you about the eclipse," said Mr. Strong to the children. "I bet you don't!"

"Of course they do," said Mr. Sanderson. He put his hands on their shoulders as they stood on either side of him. "Don't you. Hilda, Richard?"

They answered in unison, "It is caused by the shadow of the earth falling on the moon's surface."

"Hurray!" cried Mr. Strong, and Mrs. Strong said, "Congratulations, Mr. Sanderson!"

The valley filled with darkness. Only the lake retained light, catching it from the sky. Then the rising moon cleared the shoulder of the hill and the children stared in amazement at its face, scarred and red and unrecognizable, with what looked like an immense birthmark spreading slowly across it.

A malign glance seemed to hold the world transfixed; then from the bazaar below the hill, pandemonium broke loose, a terrific banging of pots and pans, howls, whistles, screams, and the piercing adjuration of a single voice. *"Chhor do! Chhor do! Chhor do!"*

"Why are they saying that? What do they mean?" asked Hilda.

Mr. Sanderson laughed. "They think that the devil has hold of the moon and they're shouting to him to let go. Listen!"

"Chhor do! Chhor do! Chhor do!"

Shrieks and groans accompanied the shouting, and a noise of drums and the bleating of trumpets. From the balcony came the laughter of Mrs. Strong. "Oh, the idiots!" she said. "They really believe it!"

"But is it true?" demanded Richard. "Has the devil really got hold of the moon?"

"Richard!" exclaimed Mr. Sanderson, aghast, "After what I was telling you only this afternoon!"

The boy stirred uneasily, his eyes fixed on the blemish, his ears filled with the hubbub of the mob down in the bazaar, where every voice was hurling imprecations at the sky and every pot and pan in creation seemed to be banging in unison.

"Let's go down and watch them!" cried Hilda suddenly.

"Very well," said Mr. Sanderson. "You asked me once what was the meaning of superstition. This will be an object lesson for you. Come."

"Better put cotton wool in your ears," advised Mr. Strong from the balcony.

"Don't let the children out of your sight, Mr. Sanderson." said Mrs. Strong.

The young man held out a hand to each child. "Come," he said authoritatively, and a thrill went through him as their young, moist fingers clutched his. Usually, if he ventured a slight caress, he was promptly rebuffed. But to-night was different, to-night he was master of ceremonies, dispenser of favors.

Holding their hands, he led them down the stony path to the bazaar. and as the drew near the uproar became truly deafening. "Goodness!" said Hilda, giggling.

"Imbeciles!" said Mr. Sanderson. "Idiots!" His white-trouserd legs glittered in the eerie light of the eclipse, and beside them skipped the pale, bare legs of the children; their faces were luminous on either side of him.

Just above the bazaar the path widened into a sort of rough terrace, and here they came to a halt, staring at the scene below them. The narrow street seethed with humanity—men, women and children, all clutching bits of metal, which they banged and rattled in unremitting frenzy.

Their voices were lifted in screeching denunciation of the evil one who held the moon in his grip, and every

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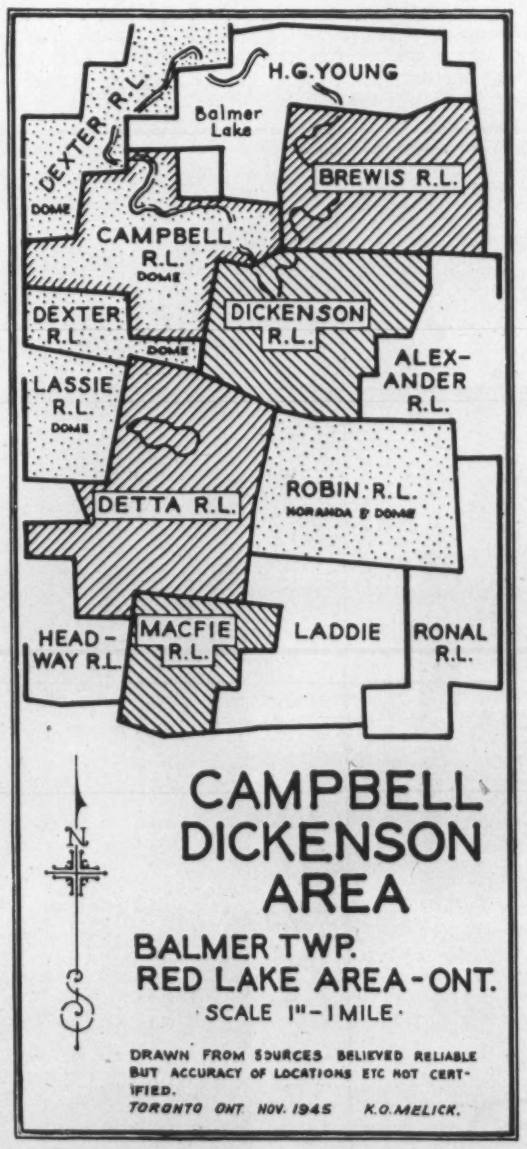

IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO SAY THAT THE MINING WORLD IS WATCHING WITH INTENSE INTEREST EVERY STEP OF PROGRESS IN THE AREA SHOWN ON THIS MAP

For Red Lake as a whole it has been a year of substantial advancement. For Balmer Township it has been a remarkable year in actual accomplishment as well as in the assembly of important interests for the concentrated development of a mining situation which no person had foreseen eighteen months ago.

Naturally we are deeply gratified that it should have fallen to our lot, through the sponsorship and early management of Campbell Red Lake, to open up the whole vista of opportunity which appears to lie in Balmer Township. It was equally gratifying when Dome marked its return to Red Lake after an absence of sixteen years, by associating themselves with Campbell Red Lake, now well advanced towards mine-making, and in successive steps with Dexter, Robin and Lassie.

Having an early insight into the geological and structural trends, we acquired the properties shown on the map as Dickenson Red Lake, Brewis Red Lake, Detta Red Lake and Macfie Red Lake. The Dickenson diamond drilling campaign has been a conspicuous success and preparations are being made for shaft-sinking. The three others are in various stages of examination and development.

It is far from our wish to detract from credit due to the pioneer mine-makers of Red Lake but our operations have assumed proportions which impose the responsibilities of leadership in this new phase of exploration and development.

We are interested in the progress and success of every other operator in the district. We are concerned that Red Lake should become known as a mining field in which, win or lose, the average investor has a fair deal.

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eye rolled in wrath and terror toward the captive, hanging bloodily in the dark-blue sky.

"Chhor do! Chhor do! Chhor do!"

Trumpets brayed. A stone, hurled by some optimist, whizzed past Mr. Sanderson's head. Richard began to laugh on a curious helpless note. "They're throwing stones at the devil!" he exclaimed, "Sandy, did you see that? They're throwing stones at the devil!"

"Oh, look!" cried Hilda, pointing. They looked and saw the slight, agile figure of Govind, the forest ranger, pushing his way forward carrying an ancient carbine.

"Make way for Govind!" shouted someone. "Make way, make way!"

"What will Govind do?" asked Hilda. She was clinging to Mr. Sanderson's hand and he could feel the excitement running through her.

"He's probably going to take a pot shot at the devil," said Mr. Sanderson. Gently he caressed her hand.

"Look!" she cried again. "Look, Sandy!" Govind brought the carbine to his shoulder, aiming at the moon.

The mighty explosion was followed by an instant's lull and a smell of gunpowder. Govind stood with the smoking carbine in one hand, the other rubbing his shoulder, which ached from the recoil.

"He missed!" cried Richard. "He missed the devil!" Then, in shrill Hindustani, he yelled, *"Chhor do! Chor do!"*

It was a signal for the crowd to renew its howls, and Richard, tearing his hand free of Mr. Sanderson's, plunged down the hillside toward the street, followed by Hilda, both of them shrieking blue murder.

"Children!" wailed Mr. Sanderson. "Hilda! Richard! Come back this instant! I command you! I forbid you!"

His voice was lost in the babble, and in despair, he followed them down the hillside into the mob of milling, half-naked bodies. No one paid any attention to him. Sweaty limbs pummelled his immaculate clothes, bare feet tramped on his shoes.

Pale with Fright

Of the children there was no sign; the mob had swallowed them. Mr. Sanderson found himself standing beside Govind, the forest ranger. "Where are the children?" the tutor demanded, his voice heavily charged with the English intonation. "Tell me at once! Don't stand there yelling, you bloody fool!"

But Govind did not hear him. His face pale with fright, he was frantically trying to reload the carbine for another shot. Mr. Sanderson began once more to push and claw his way through the crowd.

His white suit lost its starch, sweat poured down his face, his glossy, jet-black hair hung lank over his forehead. At last he caught up with his charges. They were wedged between Ram Lal and his family, who had provided them with brass pots, which they were banging together as they yelled with the others.

Mr. Sanderson peered at them in horror. "Are you mad? Drop those things! Come away at once!"

Hilda paused long enough to say, "Ram Lal told us that if we don't make the devil let go of the moon, he will put out its light forever. Then it will get pitch dark and we shall all be at his mercy."

"What on earth are you talking about ?"

"About Shaitan, the devil!" She brought two brass pots together with a sickening clang. Richard flanked by Ram Lal's grandsons, bellowed passionately, *"Chhor do,* you beast, you fiend! *Chhor do!"*

Mr. Sanderson felt strangely helpless. He was almost suffocated by the press of bodies, his ears were numb, his eyes smarted. Another shot from Govind's carbine was followed by another moment of silence, then a renewal of yells, screams, groans.

Someone thrust a pewter tray and a heavy iron ladle into Mr. Sanderson's hands. Hilda stared at him, her face colorless, her eyes blazing. "Beat it, Sandy," she commanded hoarsely. "Do you want us all to be killed?"

With a slight, sardonic smile, he obeyed, thumping the tray with the ladle, wincing at the added discord. The smile faded, his teeth clenched, and he beat harder and harder, the percussion sending white-hot tremors up his arms. He found himself whispering, then shouting with the others, half in mockery and half in despair.

"Make the Devil Go!"

Suddenly he noticed that tears were pouring down the children's faces; between sobs Hilda cried, "Why doesn't the devil let go? Why doesn't he? Make him let go, somebody! Sandy, make the devil let go!" She dropped the brass pots and cast herself on the ground, twisting and moaning, while the crowd howled on.

Mr. Sanderson saw the crumpled figure, its golden pigtail writhing in the dust. Swiftly he bent and lifted her.

Then he seized Richard by an arm and somehow, by pushing and kicking, he got the two children away from the crowd and back on to the path above the bazaar. There, for a minute, they stood with heaving chests, sobs falling away inside of them.

Gradually the children's hysteria subsided. Mr. Sanderson produced a handkerchief and wiped Hilda's face, then Richard's, then his own. He smoothed his hair and pulled his necktie into place.

"Hilda," he said abruptly, "let me see your hands." He had noticed that she had been furtively licking them, and suspected that she might have cut them when she threw herself on the ground.

"They're all right," she said, and put them behind her back.

"We'll see that you put iodine on them before you go to bed, unless you want to get tetanus."

Richard asked, "Is tetanus the same as hydrophobia?"

"No," said Mr. Sanderson. They turned and made their way slowly up the hill towards the house, where the lighted windows shone against the dark hillside.

The children did not offer to take their tutor's hands and he did not suggest that they do so. He felt utterly dispirited.

Behind him the noise of the bazaar went on and on; it would he knew, continue unabated till the shadow of the earth had passed from the moon's face, leaving it clear and unclouded once more, and he wondered briefly what charm or what logic might serve to drive away another shadow from men's minds and from their hearts.

Presentation of this motor ambulance—gift of Havergal College, Toronto, for work among the children in devastated areas of Holland, took place recently. In addition, girl students of the college are sponsoring eleven European children through the Canadian Committee of the Save the Children Fund. Sponsorship involves contributing $96 for each child, a sum sufficient to keep a child in food and clothing for a year. The relationship between sponsor and child can be a very personal one. Letters can be written and additional gifts made, if the sponsor wishes.

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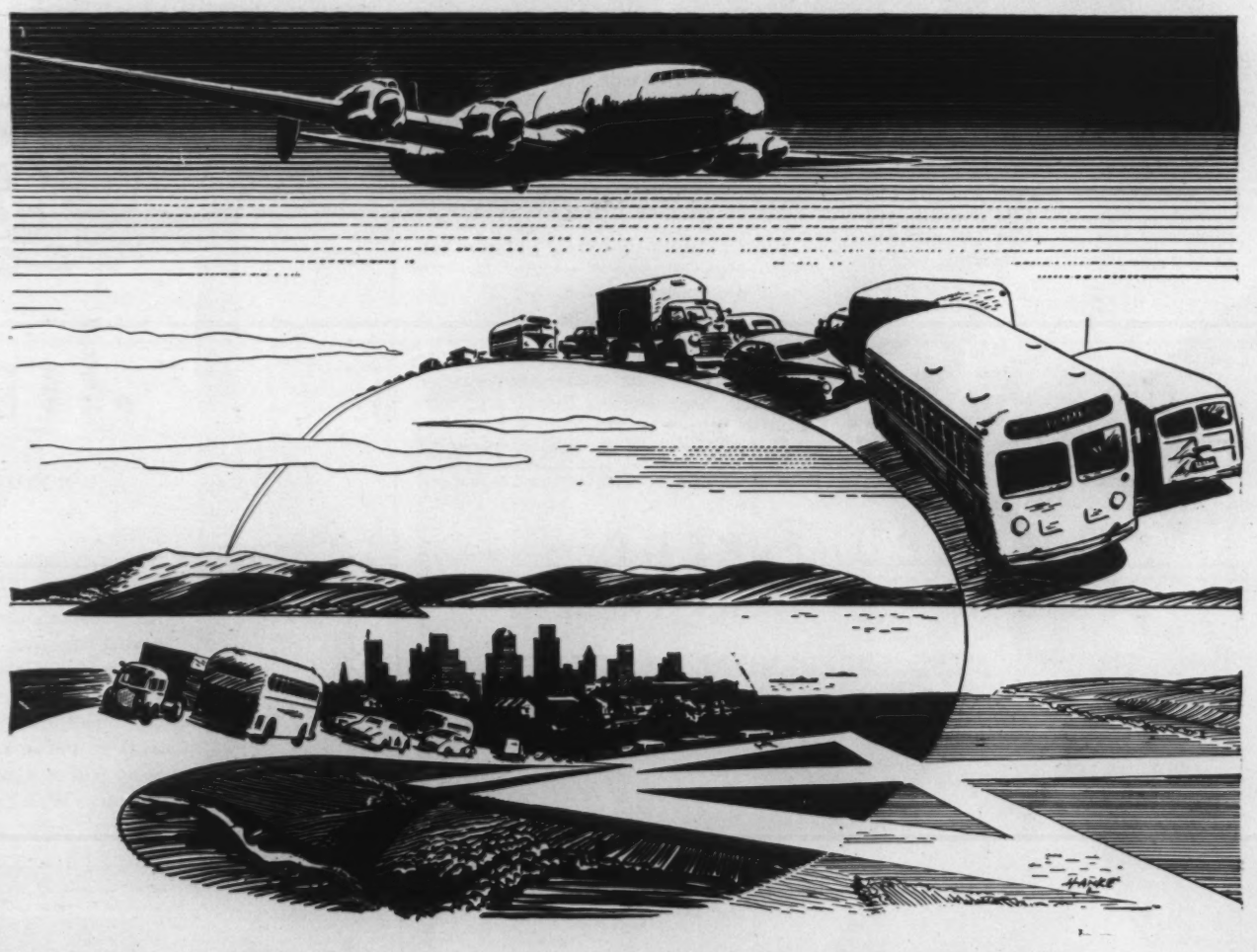

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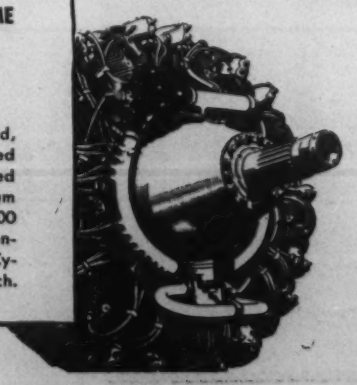

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

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By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

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"The only defense a director can possibly have against bad acting is not to engage a bad actor," says the astute Caplan. "To avoid this presupposes a knowledge of what constitutes good acting. Then, which actors are good actors? After that you have to decide whether a good actor is a good radio actor."

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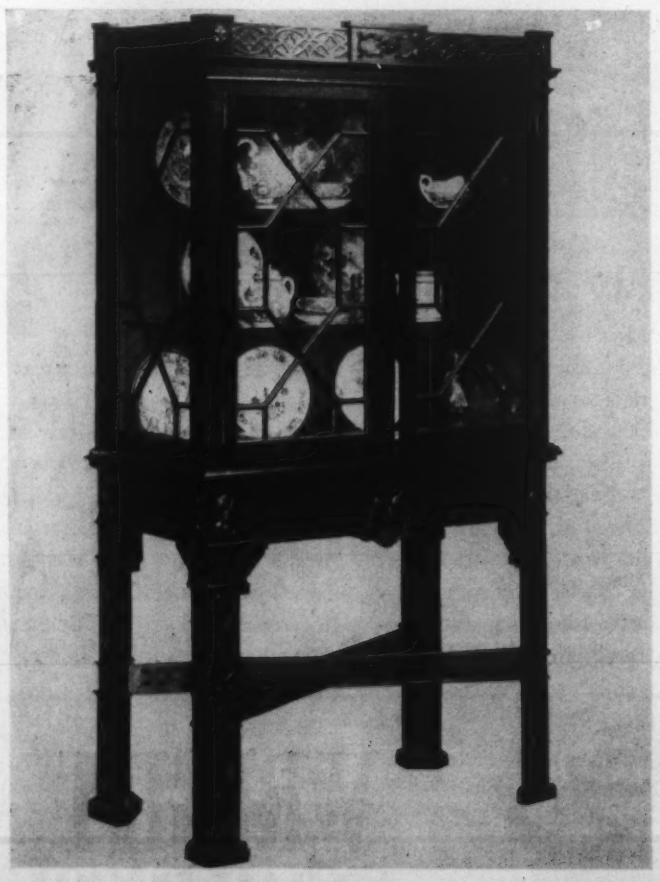

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Coast Labor Market Affected By Influx of Prairie Workers

By W. P. LUCE

WHEN cold hits the prairies in real earnest the thoughts of the hired man and the more or less independent farmer alike turn to the milder climate of British Columbia. No one knows exactly how many of these men from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta trek to the coast every winter, but the number is large enough to have a decided influence on the labor market. This year the influx has produced a most gloomy outlook, according to officials of the National Employment Service.

By the middle of November there were only 6,732 vacancies registered in Vancouver for male workers, with the majority of these jobs in lumbering and mining, for which men from the prairies are not usually adapted. Skilled construction openings held third place.

While veterans have first call, the heavy influx from the prairies offers serious competition. Regulations regarding registration before seeking employment are not as closely observed as during the war, especially as regards transient workers, a classification that includes thousands of men who went overseas before learning a trade.

Indications are that the situation will be worse before spring.

Female job vacancies show a slight increase, with 2,207 jobs available. Several hundred of these are for waitresses.

Active Volcano Report

Reports of a volcanic eruption near Sheep Creek, a tiny hamlet in East Kootenay, have been received with some scepticism by geologists in Canada and the United States. Investigations are being carried out by the B.C. Department of Mines, represented by Inspector H. C. Hughes, whose headquarters are in Nelson.

First reports of an active volcano came from Ted Baker, who said he had seen lava flowing down a mountain side. These were corroborated by two trappers, James White, and Mrs. J. M. Smith, who claimed to have encountered masses of sulphuric mud after witnessing what they believed to be a mountain top blowing off. Rumbling sounds like thunder were heard by various inhabitants of the remote district, and a red glow was visible for a considerable distance.

There are known to be hot springs several miles inside the almost inaccessible region where the disturbances occurred, and official opinion inclines to the belief that the sulphur flow came from one of these. The springs have therapeutic value long known to the Indians and white residents, but transportation difficulties have made their commercial development impossible.

Scientists say there has been no record of an active volcano in the Rocky Mountains in the memory of man, and there is no evidence of any volcano as far south as the Sheep Creek area.

There are indications of long-extinct volcanoes at Garibaldi Park on the Lillooet River, and in the Naas Valley, north of Prince Rupert, but these spouted fire so long ago that Indian folklore is silent on the subject.

Reports of the Sheep Creek volcano have created almost as much interest as the stories current about fifteen years ago concerning the existence of a tropical valley in the far north of British Columbia. Palm trees, giant ferns, luxurious flowers, and lush meadows were described with much verisimilitude by the discoverers.

Independent investigation reduced these wonders to better-than-average vegetation whose growth was stimulated by hot springs. However, the "tropical valley" did serve admirably as the locale for lively fiction stories which featured such exotic animals as elephants, zebras, and giraffes.

More Chain Stores

Thirty merchants on Vancouver's main business streets, Hastings and Granville, will have to move to new locations within a year or so. Most of them are old-established firms whose premises have been bought by chain store operators. In some cases two or three adjoining frontages will be merged into one large store.

The main business streets already have a large number of chain stores, including clothing, furniture, drug, hat, grocery, five-and-tens, candy, women's wear, shoe, and hardware establishments. Because of their greater volume of business they have been able to pay higher rents than the individual dealer, and they now offer the owner of the site a buying price which he doesn't feel justified in declining under existing conditions.

Most of the displaced businesses will remain in the shopping area, moving to side streets which have of late years attained some importance for specialized lines.

By the end of the year the total value of licences issued by the city will be around $760,000, approximately $60,000 above the 1944 figures.

New Bird Park

A $35,000 bird park is to be built in Vancouver's famous Stanley Park.

There are already a fair number of avian exhibits in the park, but they are widely scattered. Under the present plan all the birds will be brought together in approximately natural surroundings.

E. H. Lewis, an aviculturist of note, is responsible for the development. The bird park is to be constructed and stocked under his direction, and it is the intention to have every strain which can thrive in this rather damp climate. It is estimated that the stocking of the park will cost $5,000. Mr. Lewis is the originator of the famous Catalina Island Bird Park, and of the Waikiki Bird Park in Honolulu, which he managed until recently.

Home Service Union

The Vancouver Home Service Employees' Union, No. 211, American Federation of Labor, has received its charter from the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada and is now giving some attention to desired legislation. The chief requirements are listed as a basic wage as yet unspecified, Workmen's Compensation benefits, unemployment and sick benefits, holidays with pay after a year's service, and a regular day off each week.

Better living quarters, more appetizing meals, nattier uniforms, and a retirement pension of $60 a month for workers over 55 are also desired. It is not clear who would pay the ex-housemaids the $60-a-month pension.

The new union has invited baby minders to join its ranks, but the stipulation is made that girls who undertake this class of work should be 17 or over. This does not please the "bratters", most of whom are in the earlier teens. The suggested wage of 50c an hour is OK.

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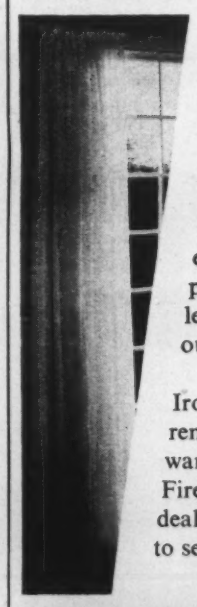

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As a sound effect.

Caplan pointed out that a broadcast is no better than the talents of the actors. The director may spend a week of preparation, have three days of intensive orchestra rehearsal and drilling, but if one actor in the cast falls apart at the seams while the show is on the air, the director can just call it another broadcast, and not a very good one.

"The only defense a director can possibly have against bad acting is not to engage a bad actor," says the astute Caplan. "To avoid this presupposes a knowledge of what constitutes good acting. Then, which actors are good actors? After that you have to decide whether a good actor is a good radio actor."

Caleb Keene

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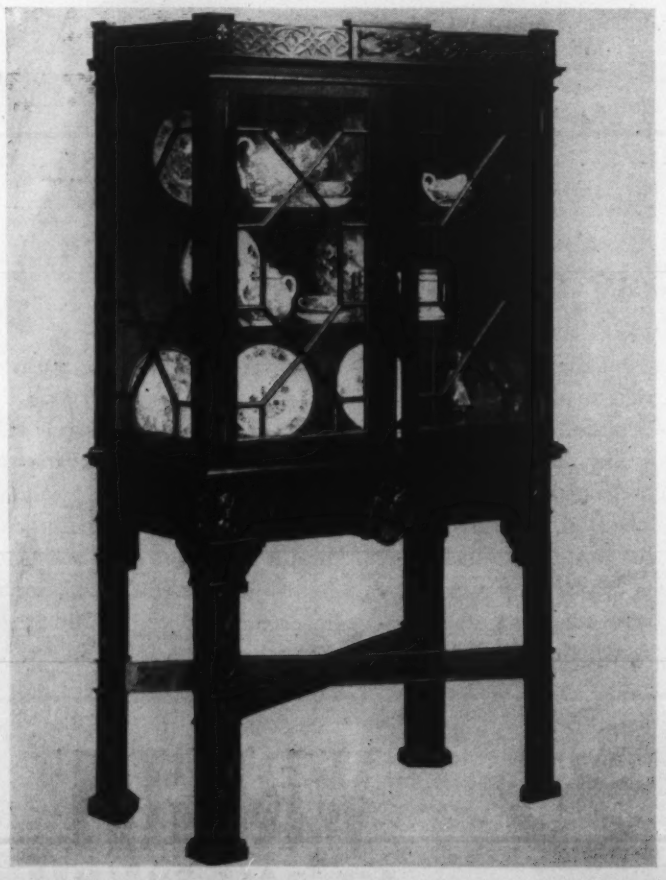

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Coast Labor Market Affected By Influx of Prairie Workers

By W. P. LUCE

WHEN cold hits the prairies in real earnest the thoughts of the hired man and the more or less independent farmer alike turn to the milder climate of British Columbia. No one knows exactly how many of these men from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta trek to the coast every winter, but the number is large enough to have a decided influence on the labor market. This year the influx has produced a most gloomy outlook, according to officials of the National Employment Service.

By the middle of November there were only 6,732 vacancies registered in Vancouver for male workers, with the majority of these jobs in lumbering and mining, for which men from the prairies are not usually adapted. Skilled construction openings held third place.

While veterans have first call, the heavy influx from the prairies offers serious competition. Regulations regarding registration before seeking employment are not as closely observed as during the war, especially as regards transient workers, a classification that includes thousands of men who went overseas before learning a trade.

Indications are that the situation will be worse before spring.

Female job vacancies show a slight increase, with 2,207 jobs available. Several hundred of these are for waitresses.

Active Volcano Report

Reports of a volcanic eruption near Sheep Creek, a tiny hamlet in East Kootenay, have been received with some scepticism by geologists in Canada and the United States. Investigations are being carried out by the B.C. Department of Mines, represented by Inspector H. C. Hughes, whose headquarters are in Nelson.

First reports of an active volcano came from Ted Baker, who said he had seen lava flowing down a mountain side. These were corroborated by two trappers, James White, and Mrs. J. M. Smith, who claimed to have encountered masses of sulphuric mud after witnessing what they believed to be a mountain top blowing off. Rumbling sounds like thunder were heard by various inhabitants of the remote district, and a red glow was visible for a considerable distance.

There are known to be hot springs several miles inside the almost inaccessible region where the disturbances occurred, and official opinion inclines to the belief that the sulphur flow came from one of these. The springs have therapeutic value long known to the Indians and white residents, but transportation difficulties have made their commercial development impossible.

Scientists say there has been no record of an active volcano in the Rocky Mountains in the memory of man, and there is no evidence of any volcano as far south as the Sheep Creek area.

There are indications of long-extinct volcanoes at Garibaldi Park on the Lillooet River, and in the Naas Valley, north of Prince Rupert, but these spouted fire so long ago that Indian folklore is silent on the subject.

Reports of the Sheep Creek volcano have created almost as much interest as the stories current about fifteen years ago concerning the existence of a tropical valley in the far north of British Columbia. Palm trees, giant ferns, luxurious flowers, and lush meadows were described with much verisimilitude by the discoverers.

Independent investigation reduced these wonders to better-than-average vegetation whose growth was stimulated by hot springs. However, the "tropical valley" did serve admirably as the locale for lively fiction stories which featured such exotic animals as elephants, zebras, and giraffes.

More Chain Stores

Thirty merchants on Vancouver's main business streets, Hastings and Granville, will have to move to new locations within a year or so. Most of them are old-established firms whose premises have been bought by chain store operators. In some cases two or three adjoining frontages will be merged into one large store.

The main business streets already have a large number of chain stores, including clothing, furniture, drug, hat, grocery, five-and-tens, candy, women's wear, shoe, and hardware establishments. Because of their greater volume of business they have been able to pay higher rents than the individual dealer, and they now offer the owner of the site a buying price which he doesn't feel justified in declining under existing conditions.

Most of the displaced businesses will remain in the shopping area, moving to side streets which have of late years attained some importance for specialized lines.

By the end of the year the total value of licences issued by the city will be around $760,000, approximately $60,000 above the 1944 figures.

New Bird Park

A $35,000 bird park is to be built in Vancouver's famous Stanley Park.

There are already a fair number of avian exhibits in the park, but they are widely scattered. Under the present plan all the birds will be brought together in approximately natural surroundings.

E. H. Lewis, an aviculturist of note, is responsible for the development. The bird park is to be constructed and stocked under his direction, and it is the intention to have every strain which can thrive in this rather damp climate. It is estimated that the stocking of the park will cost $5,000. Mr. Lewis is the originator of the famous Catalina Island Bird Park, and of the Waikiki Bird Park in Honolulu, which he managed until recently.

Home Service Union

The Vancouver Home Service Employees' Union, No. 211, American Federation of Labor, has received its charter from the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada and is now giving some attention to desired legislation. The chief requirements are listed as a basic wage as yet unspecified, Workmen's Compensation benefits, unemployment and sick benefits, holidays with pay after a year's service, and a regular day off each week.

Better living quarters, more appetizing meals, nattier uniforms, and a retirement pension of $60 a month for workers over 55 are also desired. It is not clear who would pay the ex-housemaids the $60-a-month pension.

The new union has invited baby minders to join its ranks, but the stipulation is made that girls who undertake this class of work should be 17 or over. This does not please the "bratters", most of whom are in the earlier teens. The suggested wage of 50c an hour is OK.

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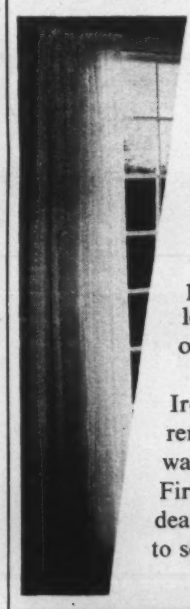

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Great Correspondent Follows The Canadian Army at Work

GAUNTLET TO OVERLORD, by Ross Munro. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

TO SEE accurately, to write what he sees and to get his despatches on a telegraph wire is the whole duty of man—if he be a war-correspondent. To do any one of these tasks well demands physique, intelligence and a consummate diplomacy. And one danger threatens; the danger of too great a measure of self-approval. Some competent correspondents have become glamor-boys.

Not Ross Munro. Three generations of news-hunting helped to form him. It was an ancestor of his who acquired a country weekly in order to fulfill the ambition of being his own boss; and had a sad awakening. "No good," he confessed to an old friend, "The bank's my boss." That's journalism; seeing past appearances to the grim reality.

The code-word for the advance on Spitzbergen in August, 1941, was "Gauntlet." For the landing on the beaches of Normandy in 1944 it was "Overlord." That explains the title of this book, for Ross Munro was present on both occasions and on multitudinous occasions in between. He represented the Canadian Press. His diligence and ardor were admired not only by his employers but by the whole military set-up overseas. He made friends easily; he never let them down. Perhaps that explains in part his ability to get his "stuff" on the wires.

His book is the complete story of Canadian forces in action. It names names to no end. It places not only divisions but regiments, and even companies. It reduces confusion of understanding by folks at home to complete order. It records defeat at Dunkirk or victory at Caen or Ortona in equal detail. And throughout the story is lighted by admiration for the fighting and staying power of the men of this Dominion, east, west, French and English. And his admiration is confirmed in an introductory note by Field Marshal Montgomery. "They have proved themselves to be magnificent fighters, truly magnificent. Their job along the Channel coast and clearing the Scheldt Estuary was a great military achievement for which they deserve the fullest credit. It was a job that could have been done only by first-rate troops. Second-rate troops would have failed."

As a rule Mr. Munro has little to say about overall policy. Only the retirement of General McNaughton evokes an opinion. He believes that it was due to a deep-rooted incompatibility between the General and Colonel Ralston.

•

An Ottawa Poet

TRUE HARVEST, Poems by Arthur S. Bourinot. (Ryerson, paper, $2.00.)

A HOT anger at war and all its works inspires the younger poets in these times. That is reasonable and right. But older men know the worth of pity and of a quiet scorn, infinitely more moving than a rage of shouting. Mr. Bourinot in this latest collection of verse dwells on the eternal pity of battle; the death of youth, and the endless waves of grief, and then turns to nature and its ineffable beauty. There is a happy fancy in these lines under the title of Birches By Starlight: "Birches sweep far with branchy seines to net a school of stars."

•

When Rights Are Lost

By B. K. SANDWELL

DAY OF WRATH, by Philip Child. (Ryerson, $3.)

IN 1942 the Ryerson All-Canada fiction award went to "Little Man" by G. Herbert Sallans. In 1943 and 1944 no novel was adjudged worthy. This year half of the award goes to an author of established reputation, for a work which, by a curious coincidence, has its scene laid chiefly in *Kleiner Mensch Strasse*, or Little Man Street, in the Nazi German town of Tuom. No one will question the prize-worthiness of this intensely serious and profoundly symbolic book. The publishers inform us that it was planned ten years ago, and it is true that the war is not an essential part of the story, which deals with the agony of spirit and deterioration of character which takes place when an entire nation, acting through its governmental agencies, deprives a large part of its population of all human rights and confers upon another part the power to rob and kill and torture at pleasure without being called to any account.

This is a grim subject and the book is a grim book. Between ten and five years ago it would have been a valuable tract for the times, when we were still struggling for some comprehension of what the Nazi *Weltanschauung* meant. Today it seems slightly dated. The surviving sufferers under Nazi tyranny will soon be giving us their own account of the disease which afflicted Germany under its demented house-painter, and on the factual side they will inevitably be more important.

They may not, however, at least until they have reached a considerable degree of detachment, succeed in making the point which Mr. Child aims to make and succeeds fairly well in making, namely that the hated and tyrannized must at all costs, if they are to save their own souls, refrain from giving way to hatred themselves. The title of his book is taken from one of the most terrible of the great mediaeval hymns, the hymns of an age so completely without hope for the betterment of the human race on earth that it looked with satisfaction towards its complete destruction in fire and ashes; but the spirit of it is that of the Last Words utterance, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The characters are cloudy and not very three-dimensional; Anna is little more than an embodiment of the maternal instinct to give life, Simon, of the artist's passion to create a work of art, Martha, of the devious resourcefulness of the underworld. The things that happen to them are ghastly enough, but not quite inevitable enough for tragedy. The climax, the struggle for dominance between Simon and the storm-trooper, is supposed to arise out of the fact that they both love Anna, but the storm-trooper's love has been depicted as the merest sensual desire, stimulated by a vague sentimentality, and seems wholly inadequate to establish any relation between them beyond that of Jew-baiter and Jew. With Anna and the storm-trooper both off the stage the book moves satisfyingly to a fine conclusion. It is admirably written, but its great merit is neither in the style nor in the characters, but in the author's profound sense of humanity and human values.

•

Adventure for Girls

WORRALS CARRIES ON, by Captain W. E. Johns. (Musson, $1.25.)

A combination of spy-thriller and gentle reading for nice girls is a bit difficult, but Captain W. E. Johns is equal to the task. His heroine, Joan Worralson, nickname "Worrals," finds a geranium leaf on the wheel of an airplane, and deduces that the pilot has been in occupied France instead of over German targets. What she does about it makes a lively tale, even though a bit of a strain on one's "believer."

•

The Camp Lady

WOOD FIRE AND CANDLE LIGHT, by Mary S. Edgar. (Macmillans, $2.00.)

UP IN the north country every summer Miss Edgar has been a director of girls' camps for twenty-five years and has won a great army of admirers. Her knowledge of woodland ways, her store of campfire tales of the Indians, her facility in the making of songs seemed to her young followers almost miraculous. For a long time they have been urging her to put them into a book to be cherished even to grandmotherhood. Here it is.

There are seventy-five poems, classified under three headings; General, Nature and Fairies. Mostly they are playful, sentimental rhymes, although sometimes a deeper note is sounded. Any girl who knows the inside of a tent on a summer night will rejoice in them all.

Three full color reproductions of northern paintings by F. H. Brigden and many admirable line-engravings adorn the book.

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

SOMEWHAT rashly we promised our readers that we should draw to their attention, not only the best of the current crop of detective stories, but also the inferior ones, so that they would be warned. But we find that to carry out this undertaking would be an unpleasant chore and would occupy too much space. So we shall have to modify it to the extent of commenting on the inferior stories only when they are produced by authors from whom much better could be expected. In the meantime it is a pleasure to come across a story that can be praised without reserve. This is **V as in Victim** by Lawrence Treat (Collins, $2.50). Apart from being logical and exciting and well written it gives us an idea of the inner working of a scientific police department which warms us with the pleasant idea that we are learning something as well as being entertained in a manner which many contend is a sheer waste of time. **The Devil in the Bush** by Matthew Head (Musson, $2.50) is not much of a mystery and could hardly be called a detective story. What makes it interesting is the background which is the Belgian Congo. It is pervaded by a pleasant humor.

•

The Lamp of Wisdom

THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR, The Thinker's Anthology, selected and arranged by Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet. (Allen, $3.75.)

WHETHER you think, or merely read what others have thought, being in hot haste to disagree, this collection of writings and utterances will interest you. What man knows of himself is not an imposing monument of fact; what he suspects, and tries in vain to prove, overtops it as the universe overtops this earth.

All literature has been raked for this gleaning. Confucius and James Joyce may be found in it; Moses and Gertrude Stein. It is a digest of speculation, a series of little shoves to induce your own thinking apparatus to get started. And so, a most desirable book.

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How To Buy Children's Books

We went a little mad ordering Children's Books this year. Usually we listen to the siren songs of the salesmen with the deepest distrust. But having recently attained parenthood ourselves, we rushed home copies to Super-boy and clocked his reactions rather than rely on our own judgment. If he tore them up pronto and crowed over the pieces, we knew we had a book that children would go for. If he ignored them, so did we.

Surprising the number of Children's Books you can order by this system. We have 'em oozing out of every corner of our new shop—enough to supply a goodly portion of the junior population. And what books they are too! For all ages. At all prices. And all waiting to be read by your Super-kids.

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THE BOOKSHELF

A Radiant Picture of China In The Time With War Nearing

THE SMALL GENERAL, a novel, by Robert Standish. (Saunders, $3.00.)

A LAD of nine is generalissimo of the flotilla of ducks and ducklings appertaining to the Sung estate, an island in Lake Ta Hu. The considerable cities of Soochow and Hangchow are not far away, but Sung is content, mostly, to be at home, supervising his family and cultivating the mulberry trees which the silkworms are devouring. His son, the generalissimo, sculling his small boat like a veteran, daily convoys the army of ducks to their feeding ground on a long low mud-bank, brings them back at night, and for the rest of the time absorbs through his pores respect for his ancestors and for their way of life.

So the Little General grows up, proud of the Family he adorns, but without the slightest interest in China as a whole. Nationality is an idea beyond his comprehension, since the people on the other shore of his lake may speak a dialect he cannot understand. He knows that foreigners are exploiting China in a hundred ways; the Japanese most of all. What's to be done about it nobody knows.

But people talk and eminents confer. Red Tiger, chief of the Pirates' Guild is disturbed. So is the President of the Thieves' Guild and the executive officer of the Beggars' Guild. So is the only honest magistrate, Mr. Chang, who has sworn on the tombs of his ancestors that he will never take a bribe, and so, himself, is a suspicious person in Chinese eyes. Thus a Brotherhood arises; a bit crude in some of its activities, but increasingly patriotic. The idea of an All China unity is dropped among them by a girl who has no ancestry that she knows of, but is rather eager that her posterity (by the Little General) may have a decent future.

This tale is rich in humor, obviously authentic in its picture of Chinese life and thinking, yet serious, withal, in placing before the West the difficulty in "nationalizing" the 450 millions. We are not surprised to learn that the author (who writes under a pseudonym) lived for fifteen years in the Far East; also that he has won distinction in the literary field. Certainly this novel has a professional finish and deserves popularity.

•

In French Canada

THE MYSTERY OF THE CREAKING WINDMILL, by Harriet Evart. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.35.)

ON THE Island of Orleans a ten year old boy hears queer tales about a treasure hidden in a near-by windmill. That serves the author to introduce a whole procession of little and big people working, playing and thinking in the jolly habitant manner. Boys and girls who enjoy the story will savor a new and pleasant atmosphere.

•

Dream Stuff

THE PIRATE SUBMARINE, by Percy F. Westerman. (Musson, $1.25.)

SINCE the news despatches soberly record the theft of a Meteor jet-aeroplane from an R.A.F. station the writers of story-books for boys must hustle if their imagination is to equal postwar reality. This author evidently has hustled, for he turns a couple of English business men into pirates cruising in a disused Admiralty submarine. Twelve-year old boys will eat it up.

•

Bedtime Tales

LITTLE WOODEN DUCK, by Carol Cassidy Cole. (Musson, 75c.)

A GRACEFUL "pretend story" about the old decoy duck and the broken weather-vane together in a pile of attic junk. They have quite a long conversation about the little wild creatures of lake and field. Children from six to eight will enjoy it.

MEMBER STOCK EXCHANGE

ERIC SCOTT

who has just been elected a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange. Mr. Scott is a partner of the member firm of J. H. Craig & Co.

HAROLD A. PRESCOTT

who retires as secretary to the Prime Minister's Department, Queens Park, to assume ownership of the Toronto brokerage firm of Colling & Colling, which will be operated under the name of Harold A. Prescott & Co., with membership on The Toronto Stock Exchange and the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

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1942	$16,271.57
1943	$32,166.80
1944	$41,181.05
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*Acquired by Consolidated Press in 1941

42%

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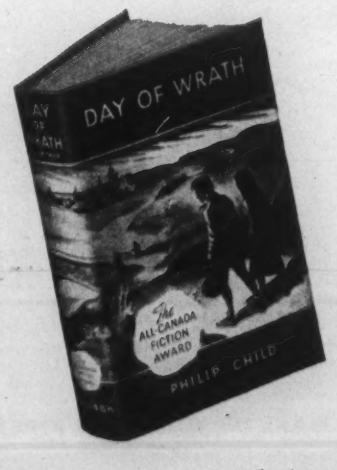

DAY OF WRATH

By PHILIP CHILD

The story of this magnificent novel centres in the city of Tuom, Germany. But it might be any city. There were cries of One Race! One Religion! One State! It is the story of a great love in a world that wanted only to hate. $3.00.

HERE STAYS GOOD YORKSHIRE

By WILL R. BIRD

This story of the early Yorkshire settlers who came to Nova Scotia in 1772 is one of the most distinguished and fascinating historical romances ever written by a Canadian. A story of heroism, adventure, and the enduring qualities which make a country great. An ideal gift. $3.00.

Owing to difficulties of war-time production beyond our control, copies of *Here Stays Good Yorkshire* will not be available until December 14th. We suggest that you put in your order with your bookseller now, so that you can be sure of copies for Christmas giving.

Publishers — THE RYERSON PRESS — Toronto

WORLD OF WOMEN

Going Down? The Evening Dress Long Legally But Not Rapidly

By BERNICE COFFEY

WHEN the Wartime Prices and Trades Board said it was all right for women to buy new evening gowns, the headlines forgot to add "if they can find them." Manufacturers still find it necessary to count every inch of fabric available to them with miserly care, and are little disposed to squander all those extra inches that bring evening skirts down to ground level.

We suppose no good purpose is served by talking about it, however wistfully, but the other afternoon we spent an hour in the showroom of Louis Berger, one of Toronto's leading manufacturers. It was sort of an advance showing of what we shall be seeing in the shops in a month or so.

Everything went well until the models appeared in evening dresses . . . . long ones, very slender of skirt, covered of shoulder. The first of these was lime crepe with a high Chinese slit neckline and squared-off shoulders trimmed with gold leather scroll applique. Another that looked pretty wonderful to us was of Robin Hood red bagheera jersey, a form-fitting affair not for the fat, fair and forty, which has some intricate and devious tricks of shirring up front breaking into folds low down on the hips to give the effect of a long waistline.

Trim, slim lines of other dresses were accented by crisp outstanding peplums, or draped folds placed low down on the hips. Only exception to the pencil silhouette was the charmer with bouffant white mesh skirt printed in a design of red cherries mingled with splashes of royal blue, and a nude looking tight fitting bodice of royal blue San-chu crepe held up by the narrowest of straps. Dream stuff for the young and beautiful.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus, but unless the old gentleman can produce some material for the manufacturers, it is unlikely that we shall be seeing many of these dresses around until many, many weeks have passed.

Mighty Midget

We would not have been at all surprised if someone had said this was just another of the wonders of dehydration. Add a couple of gallons of water and in five minutes have a full size locomotive huffing and puffing away; although a more embarrassing thing to have on one's hands than a life-size locomotive we find it difficult to imagine.

But this was the real thing — a C.N.R. train, one-fifth the size of the crack streamliners. The beautifully and exactly scaled midget runs around a 175 foot track in Eaton's (Toronto) Toyland, with a passenger list of thrilled children. It's something to make the most blasé youngster's eyes bug out. And as for fathers, it will not be surprising if many suddenly develop a violent interest in the charms of Toyland.

Adults had their only chance to ride the train the day before the exhibit was opened. We went past varied scenery such as frozen waterfalls of glistening white cellophane with foam of spun glass; polar bears (one was tamely having his bared fangs touched up by a feminine artist as we tootled by).

The Miniature Train was built in the C. N. R. motive power and car equipment shops at Point St. Charles. And for the statistically inclined we can add the little locomotive generates 5 horsepower (as compared with the 5,000 horsepower of the large 6400 streamliner). "The Continental Limited," as it is called, is 47 feet long. Engine and tender together measure 18 ft., 4 in. in length. The engine is 36½ in. high, 26½ in. wide. The driving wheels are 15½ in. in diameter. Locomotive and cars are painted Canadian National coach green with gold striping and the engine is equipped with a gong, air-operated chime whistle, electric headlight, number lamps and classification lamps. Operator and trainman are dressed in regulation C.N.R. garb. Oh, yes, and the white "smoke" trailing from the engine stack is created by dry ice.

Dream Suite

In the Dream Suite, now at Simpson's, Plexiglas has come out of the airplane turret to peacetime use in bedroom, dressing room and bath. We must confess, it is rather disconcerting to adjust our thinking of the promised wonders of postwar development as somewhere just around some nebulous corner, to the fact that here they are in bedroom, dressing room and bath.

In oldsters it is conducive of nostalgic thoughts of the time when movies were silent and Cecil deMille was king of extravaganza. Those were the days when the high point of every de Mille epic was the bathroom scene. How we sat forward when Gloria Swanson reclined on a leopard skin and sneered haughtily! But the moment to wait for was when she did her big emotional scene dressed in a high, intricately marcelled coiffure and not much else, in a bathroom as architecturally impressive as the Union Station. Remember the fancy gold faucets, the ornate fountains, the sunken bathtub with sunken steps, the transparent shower, the foamy soapsuds that concealed just enough of Gloria to get her past the censors, the Hollywood baroque decor?

The Plexiglas Dream Suite, brought to Canada from Philadelphia by Hobbs Glass and Plastics, is deMille, with modern improvements; a sort of omnibus room for sleeping, bathing, dressing. The Slumber Wing, the air-conditioned section of the suite, is walled off with sweeping curves of crystal clear plastic in which a door slides open. Light comes from a curved mural of Plexiglas.

Curved "radiant walls" also furnish decoration as well as illumination for the dressing room. Here there are many conveniences within the range of less de luxe households. For instance, the right-hand pedestal of the dressing table which swings open and holds a graduated set of Plexiglas trays for cosmetics and other small items. The transparent trays are formed with rounded corners for easy cleaning. At the other side is a stack of drawers with plastic liners to prevent snagging of hose and lingerie. There is a heated section under the wash basin with rack to hold small bits of laundry.

The double clothes closet has a curved corner which swings out to reveal double compartment . . . the lower section fitted with racks for shoes; the upper housing a lazy-Susan hat rack, a rotating plastic tree which keeps each hat on a separate level, yet within full view and easy reach.

The transparent shower stall, etched in light with an undersea design, has a semi-circular sliding door and, instead of the usual spray of water overhead, there are four semi-circular bands of needle-sprays—separately controlled. Just outside is a weight scale embedded in the floor with dial set on the wall above the towel bar. As for the you-know-what, it, too, is Plexiglas and is in a little niche demurely screened by Plexiglas prisms entwined with ivy.

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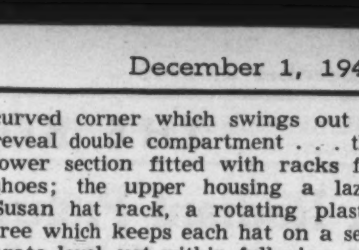

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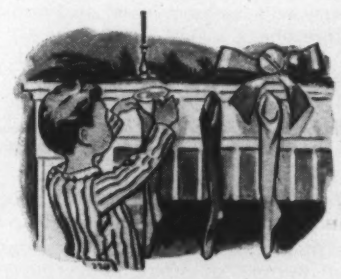

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The Absent People Who Lived in a House High on the Hilltop

By GLADYS STEWART HUNDEVAD

THE woman sat quietly watching the soft snow flakes piling up on the windows and windshield of the car. "Beautiful!" she thought, but aloud she said, "Well, darn it all anyway!"

She pressed a button sending the wiper swishing rhythmically across the glass in front of her. It left a clear arc for a few brief seconds and she peered through at the sky and the gathering dusk. The cold was beginning to creep in. She started the engine again and soon comforting warmth was pouring out from the heater at her feet. Then she tried gently, experimentally, to get the car to move. The engine roared and pulled and the wheels moved a bit — a bit deeper down into the thick snow bank.

Turning off the switch with an abrupt movement the woman got out and slammed the car door. She stood a moment, enfolded in the stealthy silence, snow drifting caressingly up and over her ankles.

The line of concentration deepened between her eyes with a natural hint of annoyance. Then she laughed softly, partly amusement, partly resignation. "No use," she spoke to the empty road, "posing for Kipling's 'Lady of the Snows' and no use arguing with the elements. I'll have to get some help. A man, a couple of men — no, maybe a team of horses would be better."

Inquisitive Intruder

She squinted through the silvery mist. Away in the distance were a few lights gleaming like twinkling stars. There was one right at the top of the hill. "Hope it isn't a mirage," she muttered. "God! Imagine living in a place like this!"

The twist from the road to the gateway was the worst. Slipping and sliding she finally reached the front door of the house. She tried the door. It was locked. "How silly of me to forget," she scolded herself. "These country people always nail up their front doors until the first day of spring." Stumbling around to the back the path narrowed until it became quite obliterated. She shivered in the biting cold.

Inside the kitchen it was as if welcoming arms reached out to her. The warmth, the glow of the coals from the big white stove and the fragrance of a spice cake cooling on the table — there was something almost physically stimulating about these things.

There was no one in the house and the woman spread her fur coat across the back of a chair. She stood, slim and dark, in a scarlet woollen dress and looked about the room. "They certainly like colors here," she thought. The table was enamelled a bright cherry red, the chairs were red and delf blue and the curtains were yellow. There were two blue homespun place mats on the table and two thick yellow soup bowls. Lifting critical eyebrows at the obvious fact that the owners ate in the kitchen the woman left the room.

Out in the square pine panelled hall she passed the bathroom where several water jugs proclaimed that the water ran out but not in, and found herself in a very large bedroom. She stood a moment feeling like a detective. With her head on one side she spoke conversationally to the emptiness. "Wonder what sort of people share this room?" Obviously it was a man and a woman and yet it was neither overwhelmingly feminine nor dominatingly masculine. There was a desk by the window that apparently was used quite a bit. Pencils and papers were lying rather untidily on it and a typewriter pushed to one side. From the casement windows one looked right up into a mountainside of evergreens.

"Now, That's Nice"

Impelled in a peculiar abstract manner the woman's footsteps took her over to the cupboard. She opened the door with a guilty feeling. She knew she ought not to find fault with the clothes inside. Fascinating though, looking into cupboards. Few women, she thought, can resist the temptation of looking into other women's cupboards. There were two or three woollen suits, no prints or pastels, just clear jewel tones, a couple of nondescript hats on the shelf and several pairs of rather good shoes. Pushed back into a corner was a long chintz bag tightly zippered — containing a cherished, out-dated evening dress, probably. The only thing that caught her eye was a heavy white satin housecoat with bands of red and gold Mexican embroidery. She looked at it with interest. "Now, that's nice. Thank goodness the lady of the house is not without hope, though she does live in this neck of the woods."

Next to the bedroom was a room with walnut stained beams and a fireplace built into a deep alcove. There were big, deep leather chairs and hundreds of pictures. Definitely a man's room. The woman didn't go in. The pictures were mostly of horses, people on horses and people standing beside horses and even pretty girls cuddling horses' heads up against their eager young faces. "This is too easy," she laughed and moved off. "The man is apparently interested—no, the man is mad about horses!"

The only other room was the living room, running right across the entire front of the house, with one huge window. The woman looked around appreciatively. "This I like," she said, "I like the warm, soft colors, the curtains like spun gold, the thick cushioned window seat, that stone fireplace, all those books like good companions —yes, I like it very much."

In the distance came faintly the high shrill of a train whistle. The sound faded into nothingness leaving the pervading stillness once again. The woman walked over to the window. It was almost dark now but she could see the outline of the valley stretching out far below for miles, the tiny, glowing lights in the scattered farm houses and back of all this, the two mountain peaks, reaching up into the sky like two silent sentinels. "God!" And the woman's voice was very soft, "Imagine living in a place like this!"

Just then a dark figure loomed up suddenly against the white snow. The woman watched him as he bent his head against the wind.

"Well," she said to herself, "that will be the man of the house. What are you going to do about it? Why not let the car wait?"

The man was big and tall with a lean, youthful face. He floundered through the soft, deep snow, his arms filled with parcels.

On he struggled, hesitating momentarily and looking anxiously over to the stables, then he made the steps in one long eager stride.

The woman opened the door "Darling!" she said.

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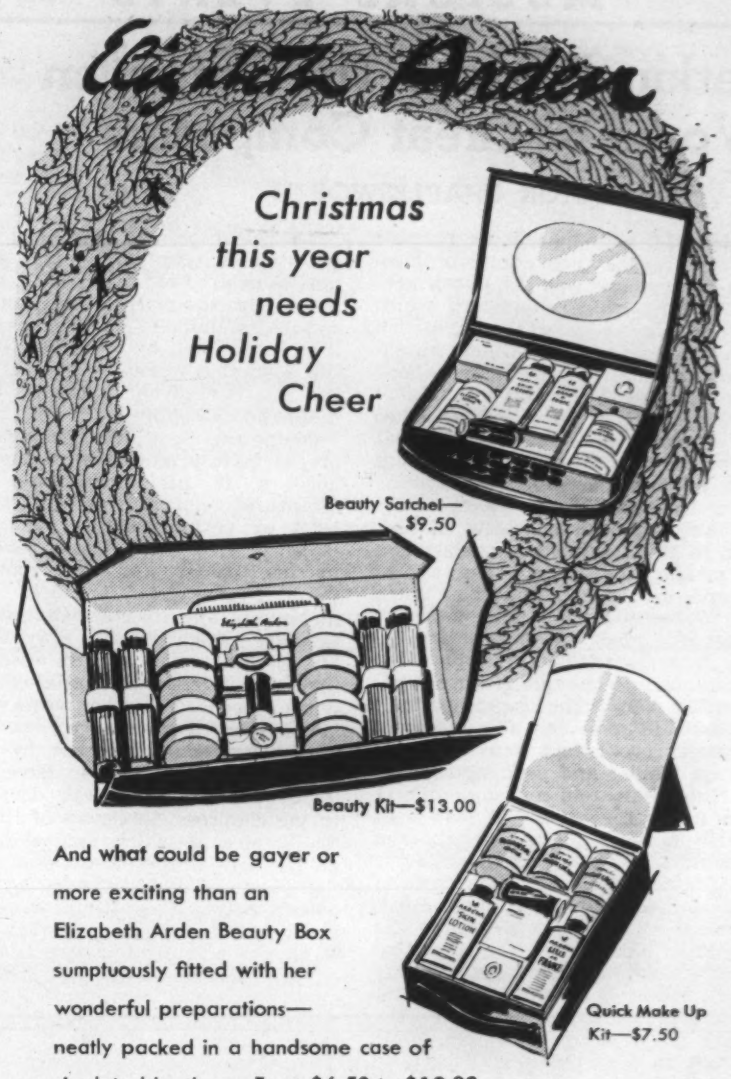

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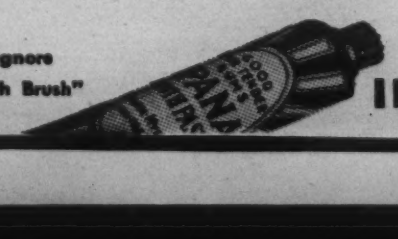

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IPANA AND MASSAGE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Serkin Revives The Forgotten Works of Great Composers

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AMONG contemporary pianists few reveal such complete mastery of expression as the Czech genius Rudolf Serkin — mastery which enables him to take a composition that, in the hands of others might prove tiresome, and evoke unsuspected loveliness. At his recital in Eaton Auditorium last week he achieved this in half-a-dozen works by great composers that supposedly represent their duller aspects.

For thirty of the 42 years of his life, he has been a public pianist. Born in 1903, he made his debut as a boy prodigy in Vienna at the age of 12; and in a career that has taken him to many lands his artistic advancement has been continuous. Now, in early middle age, everything in pianoforte technique is second nature for him. The most difficult problems of tone and fingering are no longer problems. Years ago the famous pianist and pedagogue, Ernest Hutcheson, told me something I have never forgotten. It was with regard to the enhanced beauty and profundity of Paderewski's art after his return to the concert platform in 1923. He said that after any musician had won such mastery the mechanics of expression were second nature; his status depended on what his spirit had to say. In the pianism of Rudolf Serkin to-day we find a core or pure beauty, an innate poetic enthusiasm which makes all he does lovely and enthralling.

Though there may have been those who would have liked better a larger infusion of old favorites, it seems to me that the pianist (from an educational standpoint at least) is serving his art well by bringing back to life forgotten works by men of genius like Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Chopin.

Of the two Beethoven compositions played, hardly more than a mention appears in his biographies. The Phantasie, Opus 77, was composed in 1808, or perhaps earlier, and published in 1910, when it was dedicated to his friend and correspondent Count Franz von Brunswick. It is melodious, and its chief characteristics are buoyancy and playfulness. Mr. Serkin played it in a crisp and idiomatic way, at times analogous to witty speech. The other work was a "Polonaise," a form very little used until patriotically adopted by Chopin. Beethoven seems to have used it because the work was dedicated to the Empress Alexievna of Russia, an Empire of which Poland was a part. In 1814, when it was composed, the period of the first defeat of Napoleon, her husband, Czar Alexander I, was much the most popular figure in Europe and in high esteem at Vienna. The work itself is brilliant and in no sense emotional, and Mr. Serkin played it in a spirit of unforced gaiety.

A Chopin Bolero

Just as one never associates the name of Beethoven with "Polonaise," the term "Bolero" has no connotations in connection with Chopin. But it appears that he actually composed one in 1834, not long after he had become a noted figure in the artistic and social world of Paris. European piano instructors occasionally give it to pupils to study, not for concert use but as a hearty exercise for development of finger technique. It is all of that, though Chopin was using the name "Bolero" without much knowledge of what it signified in Spain. It is a rapid dance (as those who know Ravel's "Bolero" are aware) but no dancer would be expert enough to dance Chopin's piece. Mr. Serkin made it both elegant and fiery; but it did not compare musically with the enchanting ""Barcarolle" which has been described as "perfect music for the springtime of love". Strangely enough it was not composed in the "springtime of love" for Chopin. It was one of his last important compositions before his breach with George Sand. Voluptuous, moonlight passion radiated from Serkin's rendering. His playing of the "Butterfly" Etude had indescribable lustre, and his vast and noble resources of tone were revealed in the great "Polonaise Militaire".

Old Novelties

Commentators on Schubert have been wont to deplore lack of concentration and constructive power in his piano compositions — a tendency to needless iteration. The "Wanderer Phantasie" in C major which Mr. Serkin revived has been condemned as truly of a wandering character and even termed "interminable and dreary". But it was far from so under Mr. Serkin's fingers. It was glowing, flowing, full-voiced melody that wearied nobody.

Another unfamiliar work of genius, now rarely heard, was Schumann's first published composition "Variations on the name 'Abegg.'" Since Schuman had been composing intermittently since childhood, he undoubtedly penned much previous to this highly finished, resourceful and imaginative work. About all forms of compositions, Variations are what the genius of the interpreter makes them, and Mr. Serkin's rendering was delightful in vitality and variety of treatment.

Last week's T.S.O. "Pop" at Massey Hall was again a unique event, because of the appearance as guest soloist of a phenomenal young musician, Muriel Kilby. She is still but 15 and a school girl. After showing precocious advance as a pianist, she took up a type of marimba, with a wood basis allied to the xylophone and softer in tone than the steel instruments of the same name. Her musicianship is so sensitive and so sure that with her mallets she can produce a singing tone, approximating to that of the violin. When one first heard her early in the autumn of 1944, her playing of the music of Sarasate seemed incredible. Last week, with Ettore Mazzoleni conducting the orchestra, she gave a beautifully accurate and sweet-toned rendering of the florid first movement of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. She was especially marvelous in her interpretation of the famous cadenza.

Later with Dr. George Sylvester providing soft accompaniments on the piano, she rendered with lovely tone and expression famous works like the Chopin "Fantasie Impromptu" and the Mozart "Marcia Alla Turca." One has seldom heard a more gentle rendering of the Brahms' Lullaby. To make the marimba respond so beautifully is a feat few would have deemed possible. Quite recently Miss Kilby had a successful audition with Radio City Music Hall, but until she is 16 cannot appear in its public programs.

Mr. Mazzoleni's most memorable offering was an exquisitely distinguished and poetic rendering of Vaughan-Williams' "English Folk Song Suite". It is one of the finest of modern orchestral works, remarkable for its refined handling of themes from the wellsprings of English music and for the loveliness of its scoring and harmonic developments. The conductor also gave a dignified but tenderly emotional interpretation of the most haunting of Schubert's works, "Unfinished Symphony". There were several more sparkling works also. One which captivated listeners was Richard Russell Bennett's symphonic arrangement of airs from the popular success "Oklahoma". Mr. Bennett has equalled his earlier arrangement of "Porgy and Bess", which far surpasses in interest Gershwin's original score. It was superbly played and ditties that have become familiar over the radio assumed a richer and larger life.

• •

T.S.O. gave out-of-town concerts at London and Kitchener last week. In London, the guest soloist was the city's foremost violinist, Bruce Sharpe, a pupil of Arthur Hartmann and Joseph Falk, who gave a brilliant rendering of the Mendelssohn Concerto.

The Montreal Concerts

The regular season of *Concerts Symphoniques de Montréal* began on Oct. 2 with Vladimir Golschman of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra as conductor and Alexander Brailowsky, guest pianist, playing Rachmaninoff's 2nd Concerto. Other conductors on the roster will include Bruno Walter, Desire Defauw and Antal Dorati. Soloists will include Robert Casadesus, Rudolf Serkin and Rudolf Firkusny, pianists, Zino Francescatti, violinist, Gregor Piatigorsky, 'cellist and several Canadian artists, Alexander Brott, violinist, Roland Leduc, 'cellist and Herve Baillargeon, flautist.

• •

PAVANNE

PLAY a Pavanne
For this bright beautiful danger
Quickly gone over;
For this beat of the pulse in the throat,
For the breast flurried with longing,
For this lovely ascending note
That melts against darkness,
Play a Pavanne!

(When I am *very* old
Some echo of this music
Will be *dear* to me!)

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THE FILM PARADE

Everything To Please The Eye In Fancy Dress Film Romance

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

I READ "Ivanhoe" at about the age of twelve, reading straight through and then starting at the beginning and going through again. Rebecca, Ivanhoe, and everyone down to the final churl and thrawl seemed entirely credible and admirable. At the age of twelve it's comparatively easy to believe that an author knows exactly what goes on in the heads of people who lived several centuries before he was born. It gets harder, however, as you go along.

Sir Walter Scott to be sure took his historical characters fairly seriously. Modern authors, however, particularly screen authors, are becoming more and more irresponsible about the way their period characters behave. Maybe irresponsible isn't quite the word, since it implies a certain element of the capricious. Nothing could be less capricious than today's screen period characters whose behaviour could hardly be more automatic and reliable if they operated from a wall socket. I suppose it is still possible for twelve-year-olds to be excited and convinced by these galvanized creations, but it is hard to see how anyone above that age can get much entertainment from them. Since they always seem to attract enthusiastic audiences one can only conclude that there is a depressing percentage of twelve-year-olds of all ages in most movie audiences.

The writing of these screen period pieces must be the easiest and at the same time the dullest undertaking in the world. Scene, situations and characters are practically all prefabricated and it is only necessary to set them up in order and link them with rudimentary dialogue. Only a limited number of situations are available, apparently, some of them optional and a few mandatory. As it works out, practically all sequences in costume drama have been used in some period picture, while some sequences are used in all of them.

There must be, for instance (a) at least one lively sadistic sequence showing some victim having his back cut to pieces with a cat-o-nine-tails very effective in technicolor. (b) a duel fought on several different levels with stair arrangements running in as many directions as possible. (c) a sequence in which the hero and heroine are shut up together for the night in a ship's cabin. The trick here is to persuade the audience into believing that Something is about to happen, against its hopeless conviction that nothing will. Nothing does.

All period epics have to be lavish. A self-respecting studio would no more think of producing a budgetted costume piece than a B. C. Indian would think of holding a rationed potlatch. All, or nothing at all, is the tribal rule when you are throwing a screen epic.

You Needn't Guess

There is no room for conjecture in any of these pictures—I am thinking now of the current example, "The Spanish Main"—and there is hardly any element of suspense. The character of each actor is sketched out broadly as he appears and since character and fate are inseparable you know that there are only the details of plot to be filled in before each meets the destiny he deserves; also that no amount of mental prodding on your part is going to make him meet his destiny half-way. In "The Spanish Main" the Spanish Governor (Walter Slezak) is greedy, fat, lascivious and bloodthirsty, consequently hasn't a chance of marrying the beautiful Contessa (Maureen O'Hara), let alone of surviving. The Dutch Captain (Paul Henreid) on the other hand is brave, handsome and resourceful, so it is only a question of time till he sails off into a violent sunrise with Miss O'Hara. All this is established before the picture has run more than ten minutes; after that it carries on till the end with a handsome and relentless obviousness that never lets you down.

Since in entertainment of this sort, story, characterization and even acting are discounted, the film devotes itself almost exclusively to the eye. Anything that could interest the intelligence is rigidly excluded. The hero, to be sure, must outwit the villainous Spanish Governor. But since the Governor's jail appears to be as easy to open as a child's bank and since the Governor himself is capable of being hoodwinked by a bunch of muscular pirates who board the galleon dressed as nuns, the mental hazards are all pretty elementary. Visually, however, this type of picture is always arresting. There are the galleons with their swelling sails, the lovely heroines with their pancake makeup and Infanta petticoats, the blue Caribbean seas, the showy sunsets. The trouble is, as someone once complained, there's a good deal less than meets the eye.

• •

INHIBITION

(After reading certain criticisms on Canadian Poetry.)

I HEARD a flock of merry chickadees
Whose sweet notes rippled from grey, leafless trees
And lawns white-dappled with December snow.
I might have joined in lilting song with these,
But I am a Canadian;
And Nature subjects pall, as well we know.
I fell in love, almost, or so I thought.
What talent I possess I might have brought
To bear upon the theme. I yet may try;
May pen some poignant verse. 'Twill come to naught.
For I am a Canadian;
I cannot write of love, am far too shy.
And patriotic odes are out of date.
For fiery utterance I was born too late.
Even if I gave such sentiments full rein
Rejection slips would shower, as sure as fate.
Still, I am a Canadian;
High rhetoric goes clean against the grain.

FLORENCE WESTACOTT

• •

MULTUM IN PARVO

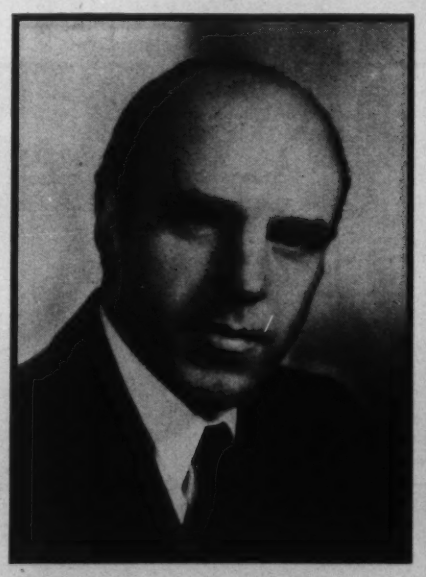
(to D. M.)

AH, yes, the time is short, if Time you measure
In calculated tickings of the clock,
But knowing you these seven days, I've lived
A thousand years or more.

Unknown to you I soared beyond the blue,
And pierced the clouds until their quiet forms
Disturbed, were strewn in shreds across the sky.
I danced among the gods in drunken revel,
Tossed off the golden goblet's foaming fire,
Feasted as never Ulyssean feasted,
And marvelled as more, still more,
I lived and laughed and sang
And was not sated.

DOROTHY WILKINSON

Claire Gagnier, the radiant young soprano, who will be heard in a recital at Eaton Auditorium Dec 5.



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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Holly With Berries for Erie: We Wept When We Remembered Zion

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

"CHRISTMAS is coming," her mother began to say and for the first time in her life Erie Scanlon was not ready to look forward to Christmas. At home in the north where life ran in an accustomed round, Christmas had promised a needed diversion; here in the southern town to which they had recently moved, there was no need yet for fresh excitement. Erie revelled in the red soil out of which grew chinaberry trees and magnolias, she loved to eat muscadines and chew sugar cane, to see negroes gathering white-frothed cotton pods into bags and to hear southern voices which made music out of the simplest words. She did not need to look forward to Christmas but her mother needed it.

Islanded among women who rocked all day on their porches while their children ate cold sweet potatoes and ran barefoot, Mrs. Scanlon exercised strenuously her northern household skill. She baked and sewed and scrubbed, going out only to shop and to church, reading the paper from home, writing to her northern friends and relatives. Her house was a northern outpost in this lazy, alien land and she felt her isolation so keenly that early in the autumn she began to talk of Christmas and to think of scarcely anything else. For it would be Christmas here just as much as in the north and she felt freshly reassured when Erie was asked to speak a piece at the church entertainment on the Sunday before Christmas.

By early December Mrs. Scanlon had wrapped her gifts, by the week before Christmas she was baking fruit cake, tarts and hermits as though the street was blocked with snow.

"Can I buy some firecrackers?" Erie asked, coming in as her mother stamped stars and bells out of the pale golden sheet of cookie dough.

"Firecrackers! Not on Christmas!"

"All the girls are getting them."

"I never heard of such a thing. We'll ask your father."

"They do fire them on Christmas," Mr. Scanlon said cautiously. "It seems to be the custom so Erie'd better get a few."

Neither Erie nor her mother had quite believed that fireworks would actually be set off to celebrate Christmas day, but while the three

Models from Sea and Forest

By VIOLET H. WILSON

BEHIND the scenes in the museum of the Parliament Buildings in Victoria, B.C., is one of Canada's most versatile artists. Lillian-Sweeney has been painting, modeling and carving all her life. Born in Winnipeg, a city that has produced many artists, she studied also in San Francisco, Chicago and New York. For over fifteen years she has been making the lovely models admired by visitors to Victoria's museum. The famous mushroom models are so real, so delicate in color and workmanship that almost one can smell that peculiar musty odor associated with them.

Mrs. Sweeney has developed a technique of her own in making these and other models. Her fish, for instance, are cast first in plaster and then recast in wax which gives them a lovely translucent quality. Then with oils she paints them by hand. But first, the fins and tails, made out of all sorts of things like whalebone and shell, are attached. The eyes of the fish, so variegated in color and pattern, require great delicacy and precision of touch. They are painted on the inside.

It is fascinating to visit the museum and see the remarkable varieties of fish that are there and to realize that these are only a few of the many that inhabit our waters. There is the long, graceful king salmon, with his lovely red fins. He is not a salmon at all but the Indians say he leads the salmon wherever they go, he is their path finder through the trackless seas. There are the sharks, grey and ugly; and the cuttle fish, who, forestalled us in knowledge of the smoke screen; and the little Blennie who curls himself around his eggs and, like a bird in its nest, settles down to guard them. These and many others are the work of Lillian Sweeney's hands.

The Oily Oolichan

One of her recent projects is cardboard models of Indian life. They are to be sent to all the schools in British Columbia to show the children how the first Canadians lived and to arouse their interest in our native arts.

The models are very lifelike. There is, for instance, a scene depicting the life of the Tsimikitan Indians in the interior of the province. They are shown fishing with their nets through the ice for that oily fish, the oolichan. One sees the great wooden vats filled with water waiting to be heated when the stones, lying in a hot fire near by, are red hot. They will then be plunged into the water with the fish. In pits not far away other oolichans are rotting, the first stage in the process of removing their oil for storage.

Another model shows the curious semi-subterranean houses of the Salish Indians and the life that centred around them. These models, historically true in every detail, are beautiful and interesting and Mrs. Sweeney has spent many months on them.

Not satisfied with working all day she often works at night, too. In her own home she is engaged in making a carved collection of the birds of British Columbia. So real are these birds that when I saw them I was conscious at once of something missing and could not think what it was. Then I realized it was the silence, the air should have been filled with song.

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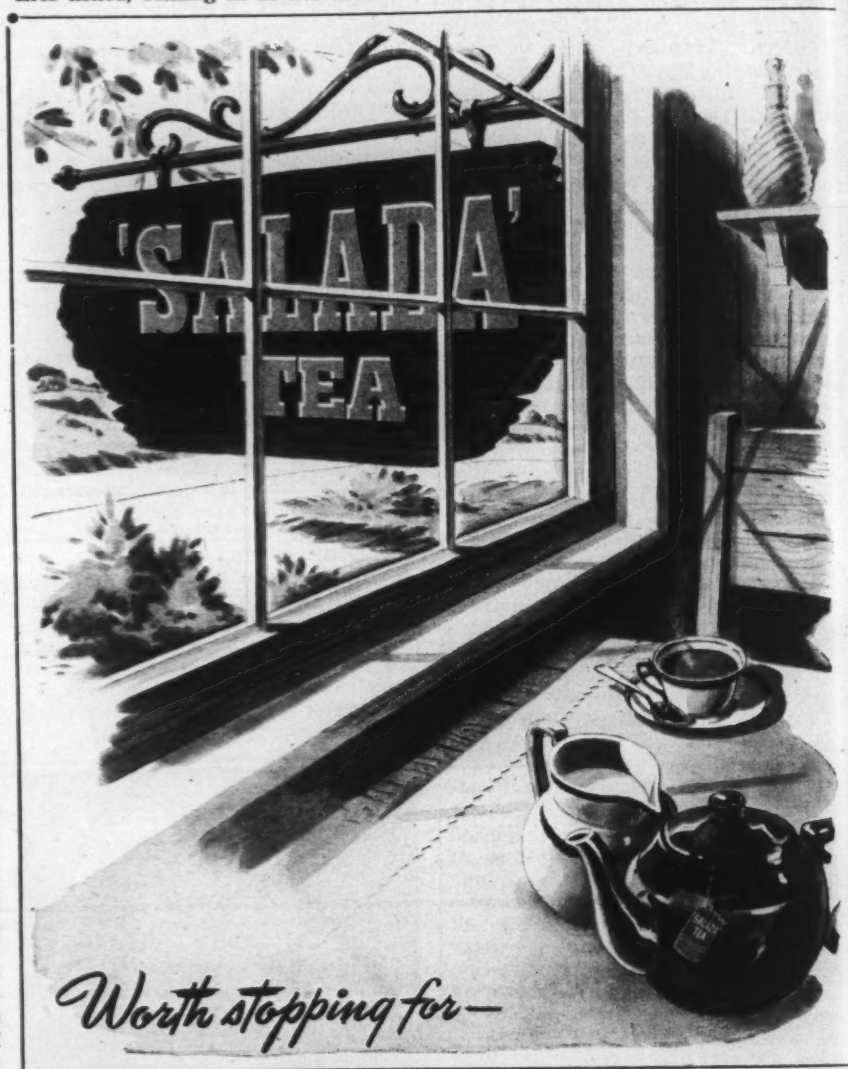

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of them opened their gifts before the little tree, firecrackers popped outside, torpedoes cracked, cannon crackers thundered.

"Look, Frank!" Mrs. Scanlon cried when she opened the front door, "our gate is gone. It seems to be Hallowe'en as well as the Fourth of July."

"The gate'll turn up," he said and seeing her face he added, "Let's take a walk. It's a lovely day, like summer."

Erie who was always ready for a walk, hesitated. "Can we get home in time to see the Christmas parade? All the girls are going."

"Easy," her father assured her. "That isn't till after dinner."

The warm air was heavy with the fragrance of pines and the hillside so slippery with pine needles that Erie slid, shrieking, to the bottom. Behind the gnarled persimmon trees loomed dogwood white with its wide-petalled blossoms and from the pine branches swung silver-gray garlands of Spanish moss.

"Look, mother, real holly with red berries. Holly growing!"

Except At Weddings

For the first time Mrs. Scanlon smiled and asked, "Can we pick a little? I never saw holly grow before. And look, smilax. I never saw that except at weddings." As they started back across a meadow deep with flowers, she admitted. "It is pretty. Imagine walking without a coat on Christmas day."

Dinner was so like a Christmas dinner at home that they could almost imagine themselves there and Mrs. Scanlon agreed to Erie's entreaty that she go to see the parade.

"It's such a lovely day I'd like to get out. But why a parade on Christmas? Floats, I suppose." Both she and Erie had a co[illegible] n of wise men on camels and shepherds in dressing gowns with striped scarves pinned around their heads.

They walked slowly toward town and waited under the trees, Erie lighting firecrackers with a piece of punk and throwing them into the gutter. The street was as crowded with vehicles as streets always are before a parade comes. Drays passed piled with cotton bales, ox teams dragging loads of wood, wagons lost under holly and smilax, carts heaped with melons, vendors of ice cream, fruit and firecrackers and little boys throwing torpedoes under the horses' feet. Erie jumped up and down with impatience. She had never imagined a Christmas different from the Christmas at home and suddenly she realized that the parade would be something altogether strange. The novelty of the thought stung her to laughing excitement.

Her mother saw snow falling across windows bright with wreaths and heard bells ring as she had heard them every Chistmas of her life until this one. Surely there would be a touch of Christmas now, even here.

Balloons And Firecrackers

A cannon boomed and sounds of shouting came from a distance. The street cleared. Far off appeared tiny figures growing slowly larger — a negro boy first, dressed in flapping rags and mounted on a mule which veered, kicking, to one side of the street, then to the other. The parade was all of negroes, masked and costumed — some danced, others blew whistles or clanged bells and the white people on the sidewalk laughed and applauded as the antics of the paraders grew more grotesque. Erie laughed too, throwing firecrackers as the other children did. She had never seen at a circus clowns as funny as some of the grimacing, strutting boys. One turned hand springs and walked a little way on his hands, another juggled three or four balloons till a firecracker exploded one with a loud phut. Last of all came three tiny pickaninnies dragged in a clothes basket by a dilapidated goat.

Erie turned round, weak with laughing, but her mother was gone. Her father stood some distance off, beckoning, and she ran to him. "Come on," he said gently. "Your mother has a headache."

Her mother walked very fast, her face pale in spite of the heat. "Christmas!" she said as they came abreast of her. "Nothing is sacred here. Christmas."

Erie knew what her mother meant, she felt the sweet, hushed happiness of Christmas at home. Remembering the snow and the carols she felt ashamed of her pleasure in this barbaric celebration; she took her mother's hand and walked soberly beside her.

As soon as they entered the house, her mother sat down and opened her Bible to read aloud from it as she always did. Her father stood by the window, Erie sat down beside her mother's chair, prepared to listen again to the Christmas story which she knew by heart and remembered always in the intonations and pauses of her mother's voice. At the first words she started and her father looked round.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Her father walked quickly out of the room and Erie, seeing her mother's eyes bright with tears, glanced hastily round for means of comfort. "Look," she exclaimed, running to the jar of holly on the table and pulling out a splendid spray. "Look, mother, real growing holly just full of berries. Did you ever know it could have so many? At home we had cloth holly with berries stuck on wires.

Her mother took the spray, steadying her mouth, saying with a shaken smile, "It is pretty. And at home when they imported holly, all the berries fell off on the way and it was just dry, twisted leaves with brown berries in the bottom of the box."

The Juggling Boy

"All sharp points and I never saw berries except in pictures. Except of course the ones on wires. Just think, we picked this ourselves, really growing—"

"Erie," her mother said earnestly, leaning a little toward her, "you won't forget Christmas at home. Wreaths in the windows and snow and Christmas day so quiet and beautiful and holy—"

"Oh no, mother, of course I won't. Of course not, how could I forget?" But she was startled to realize that an obscure part of her mind had been thinking of the Christmas parade as a happy break in the long monotony of Christmas afternoon. She saw the expression of the juggling boy when the balloon expoded in his face, a look of laughter and fright and eagerness to amuse his audience and hide his fright. Seeing it, she caught the holly spray and ran to put it back into the jar, laughing to herself and choking down her laughter.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Thackeray Wrote a Ballad About Marseilles' Famous Fish Stew

By JANET MARCH

"THANK goodness it's raining!" said the little man in the delicatessen shop where the Marches buy their French bread.

"Why?" I asked, thinking of the shortage of umbrellas, and of how surprising it was to hear this revolutionary statement on the weather from anyone but a farmer after a long drought.

"Well, when it rains there aren't so many customers," he said.

This didn't seem to clear up the situation either, for if you operate your own store you must love your customers or starve. I looked so blankly at him as he handed me my bread that he felt called on to explain.

"You see, we take in just as much money when it's raining as we do on a good day because people who really need things come out anyway, but all the others who just drop in looking for salmon and soap and mayonnaise and peanut butter and take up your time and don't buy anything that you do have, stay home."

"Are there many of those?"

"Many? Why, I often wonder what all those women will do with their time when the shelves are full again."

Probably they will all be bored to death after a few years of feeling some of the pleasures of ". . . the chase, the sport of kings" indulged in in chain stores with a paper bag, instead of in a pink coat with a horse under you. All of us who shop have caught the infection to some extent, for in Canada it is a pleasant game and not a matter of your next meal.

"So, my dear, I *got* a package!" said a smartly dressed woman on the bus hitching her sables up with a hand gleaming with unchipped nail polish.

"You did?" asked her companion just as if it was a valuable sweepstake prize at stake.

"Yes, here it is," and she pulled out a corner of a small box of soap flakes from a paper bag to prove her cleverness and settled back with a contented sigh. What pleasure shortages have given to a lot of people. The excitement will go out of marketing when you no longer have to climb around stacks of cartons looking for what you want, or peer into the other shoppers' baskets, and when they are kind enough to tell you where they found the packet of dates go galloping up the shop to the far end by the meats where, with luck, there will still be the makings of some date bars. While you are there why not buy some fish for a change and make a brew of bouillabaisse, that famous Marseilles fish stew about which Thackeray wrote a Ballad, he thought so well of it.

Bouillabaisse

2½ pounds of filleted fish
1 can of clams
1 small can of lobster or ½ cup of shrimps if you can get either
2 tablespoons of flour
½ cup of oil
2 onions
1 carrot
1 cup of canned tomatoes
1 green pepper minced
1½ teaspoons of salt
A sprinkle of black pepper
1½ tablespoons of lemon juice
¼ teaspoon of paprika
1 bay leaf
3 cups of water in which the fish is cooked
1 tablespoonful of parsley chopped
1 green pepper chopped

Mince the carrot and the onions. Heat the oil in a pan and then cook the carrot and onion gently for about ten minutes. Stir in the flour. While you are doing this have the filleted fish parboiling in another pan in water with a dash of vinegar. Drain and add the fish and three cups of the water in which it cooked, and the cupful of tomato and the bayleaf, and cook over a gentle heat stirring all the time until the sauce thickens. Then cover the pan and let it simmer for ten minutes. Then add the can of clams and the lobster or shrimps, cut up and the liquor in the cans, add the lemon juice, salt, pepper, paprika and parsley and simmer covered for fifteen minutes before serving. You must have more than one kind of fish in it to make it correctly and I believe the real Marseilles dish calls for not less than three varieties, and preferably more, so you can ring the changes on the sort of fish you use.

Stuffed Smelts

8 large smelts
½ cup of bread crumbs
½ cup of oysters
½ cup of chopped mushrooms
4 tablespoons of oil
Salt
Pepper
1 tablespoon of lemon juice
¾ cup of stock

Slit the smelts and take out their backbones and lay them in a greased baking dish. Mix the breadcrumbs, mushrooms, oysters, oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper together and fill each fish with the mixture. Pour the stock on top and cook in a 400 oven for twenty minutes to half an hour.

RESOLVE

IT'S time I caught up on my reading
And put aside frivolous things;
Tonight I'll dip into some serious books—
And pray that the telephone rings!

MAY RICHSTONE

Shoppers' I.Q. Will Meet Severe Test in Fabrics of Tomorrow

By DOROTHY HALLER

ONE of these days Miss Canada, surveying her wardrobe for "something special" to wear, may have a hard time deciding between the green peanut fibre dress with bolero jacket, or the dressier black gown made from pineapple. Her date, if he's conservative, probably will wear a suit of treated no-shine wool or cotton; if he's inclined toward the experimental, he may sport a jacket and slacks of redwood bark — and pretty "smooth" at that.

Within the next few months, when textile factories are fully reconverted to postwar production, a bewildering array of new materials and fabrics will confront the shopper. There'll be no-rip, no-shine, non-fading materials all made possible by

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the wizardry of the chemist. Focusing his microscope on new vegetable products and peering into retorts of new chemical compounds, the scientist has developed dozens of fibres whose names sound fantastic, but which have stood up under the most severe tests. In the days just ahead, the fruits of wartime laboratory research will give shoppers a wider selection of goods than ever before.

Salesgirls in the stores where you shop will offer clothing and household fabrics of such far-fetched, but eminently practical products as milkweed and woodpulp.

Your fabric "I. Q." will suffer unless you're on familiar terms with such strange names as aralac, bubblfil, fibreglass, seran, velon, and soylon. But they're not as complicated as they sound. Soon these names will be as familiar as present-day nylon and rayon.

Dyed Skim Milk

Aralac is being made in limited quantities. Already it has appeared in some of the country's larger stores. In case you haven't happened to meet up with it, this versatile raw material is derived from skim milk (casein). It was fairly common in some European countries, notably Italy, before the war. In its natural state, the fibre is white and dull-looking and feels rough to the touch. It takes dye beautifully but still hasn't been made quite wrinkle-proof. Aralac will show up in women's suits, dresses, lingerie, socks and scarfs when there's more milk available to manufacture it on a large scale.

Less well known is seran, otherwise known as "seran velon permalon." It's made from petroleum and salt, treated to produce a synthetic resin. This is melted and extruded into yarn or ribbon-like strips. It may be woven into handbags, shoe tops or belts, and will be available after the war in a wide range of colors and patterns. Seran has a high tensile strength, and will resist moisture, acids and alkali.

Soylon is the name of the fabric made from soy bean fibre. It holds more than ordinary promise. For the past few years, American farmers have raised record crops of soy beans, and the future supply will provide plenty of raw material. Soylon is soft and silky; its natural color is beige. It has been used successfully for felt, and in suitings, upholstery and blankets. Almost as strong as wool, it has been blended with that material. Watch out for soylon — it may lead the fabric parade!

More familiar to today's shopper is viscose rayon, derived from wood pulp treated with chemicals. It is used for knitted clothing and woven fabrics. A companion product, also from the forest, is cuprammonium rayon. The sheerest of postwar evening gowns will be fashioned from this product. Especially handsome in the pastel shades which designers call "rainbow colors," it can be made into crepes, satins, moires and taffetas.

Edible Dresses

The range of colors for future fabrics has caused a minor upheaval among designers and interior decorators. Professor Chester E. Willard of Northwestern University's school of commerce predicts the new hues "will make Joseph's coat of many colors look like a piece of washed-out burlap." Women will turn away in horror from the hackneyed shades of the pre-war era, he believes.

Some of the coming frills and furbelows may be made from peanut and pineapple fibre. Both these materials are in the experimental stage. The pineapple plant requires too careful cultivation for wide-spread use in clothing, and as a raw material it will belong in the high price bracket. The fibre comes from the leaves which are removed after the fruit is gathered. Thread from the pineapple is strong, white, fine and silky, and looks much like linen.

Peanut protein has been developed in laboratories, and small amounts of fabric have been manufactured from it. It resembles soylon, is soft and smooth, and takes dye well. Factories weaving cloth from peanut protein would not lack supplies, for peanuts are beginning to rival cotton as the southern United States' most popular crop.

Another vegetable product high on the list of possibilities is zein, made from corn meal. Some chemists of the midwestern States believe corn fibre may help solve the postwar corn surplus problem, but manufacture of zein is still in the laboratory stage.

Velon, another synthetic resin which owes its origin to the chemist, is a fibre spun in single filaments, ranging from very fine to medium coarse. Because velon can be cleaned with a damp cloth or soft brush, it has a possible future in clothing which would not have to be dry cleaned or laundered in a tub.

Bubblfil, made from the same basic ingredients as cellophane and rayon, has already proved itself in war uses. As the name implies, bubblfil fibres come in thread-like strands with about three air-encased beads to the inch. The bubbles can't be broken by squeezing, so that it is perfect material for sleeping bags, mattresses and pillows. This new laboratory product is even more resilient than kapok or sponge rubber. In the future it will compete with rubber for raincoats and wet-weather clothing.

Another wartime fabric, fibreglass, will come into its own when enough can be provided for civilian uses. It is really glass, spun so fine that it makes a soft, pliable thread which can be woven into cloth. Unaffected by light, weather or fire, it should be rated highly by campers, fishermen and firemen for protective covering. Shower curtains, table cloths and lamp shades are some of the home products which may be manufactured from spun fibreglass.

Besides all these new fibres, there'll be synthetic rubber fabrics and plastic-coated textiles for the postwar home. Plastic-coated yarns will be waterproof, flame-proof and mildew-proof. They will be found in shoes, belts, outer garments, car seat covers and upholstered furniture. Even paper fibres will find their way into wardrobes. But while the chemists experiment with new fibres, they've not neglected the old standbys, cotton, wool, rayon and linen. Many cottons and wools can now be treated to be crease-resistant so that wrinkles will hang out over-night. Wool can be made waterproof and mothproof. Shrinking and fading will be eliminated.

Voluntary labeling in most cases will help buyers identify these fabrics of the future. But smart shoppers who keep in step with developments will have the edge when it comes to Fabric I. Q.

• •

THE HURDLE

With his rational and conscious thinking the man of to-day is sceptical and agnostic about any interventions from beyond. He lives in a rigidly three-dimensional world. This is the great and fundamental difficulty for contemporary preachers of the Gospel.

The Bishop of Southwell in The *Times*.

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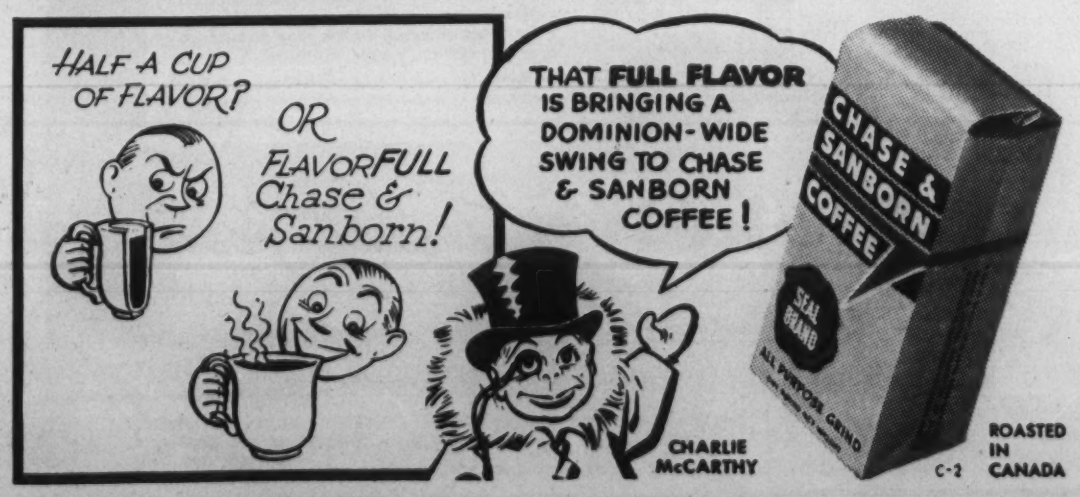
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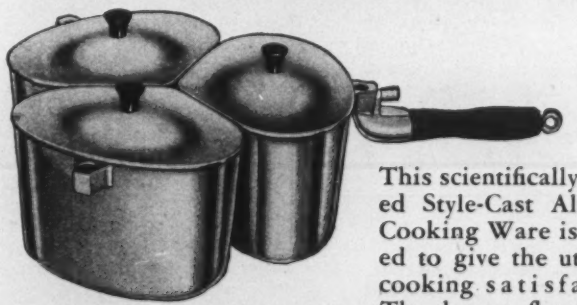

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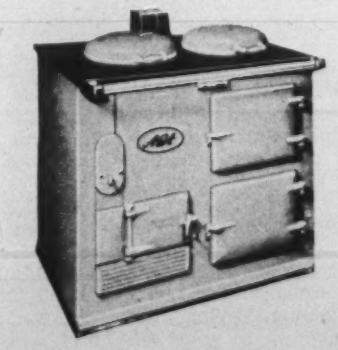

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THE OTHER PAGE

Rehabilitation Works a Miracle For the Elderly Mr. Lovejoy

By PERCY JACOBSON

LAURA noticed with wifely concern that her husband had not been himself since V-E Day.

She knew the reason. Ottawa had now no further need for the services of George Lovejoy. He was just another retired business man. He was a has been.

To make matters worse, the end of the European war had also meant the folding up of another of George's war babies, the Civilian Protective Committee.

It was just one month before the end of hostilities in Europe that George had been made Assistant Chief Warden of Brookfield, the wealthy, exclusive suburb where the Lovejoys had their home. And while George Lovejoy was truly glad that the war in the west was over, he did feel that in a way fate had played him a scurvy trick. For if those damned Nazis had held out for just one month more he would certainly have been made Chief Warden, and that would have meant the fulfilment of one of his most cherished hopes—a Chief Warden sign on his doorpost.

Laura sighed. "Well," she thought, "perhaps something will turn up again."

For George had been difficult to handle during those first awful days of the war, when her own prayer and that of other nerve-wracked wives had been, "Lord, please give our husbands something to do for the war!" And another miracle had been wrought by prayer. The Civilian Protective Committee had been conceived out of the need of wives for peace and the cry of elderly men for action.

And all over Canada the tension between elderly couples had been greatly eased. The men had been happier, because they sported armbands and berets as symbols of their importance. And the teen-age daughters had been happier also, because for at least two evenings a week they could monopolize the telephone without being barked at to "cut out that damned nonsense and remember there is a war on."

THE Lovejoys were newcomers to the rather snooty little suburb when the Brookfield Civilian Protective Committee was formed, but nevertheless George Lovejoy was asked to join. The residents were all men of substance. On the roster of the new committee were two insurance presidents, several bankers, some professional men, no retail merchants or insurance canvassers. The agent who had sold George his house had promised him there would be no *hoi polloi* in the vicinity, and George found that except for a few college professors who had managed to edge their way in the agent had told him the truth. He was glad that he had moved to Brookfield.

One of George Lovejoy's greatest trials was that through no fault of his own he did not look the part of the substantial business man. He was tall and thin, and no one, to look at him, would dream that he was a wealthy produce merchant. Although in politics he was a staunch Conservative he looked like the kind of a man who would go round campaigning for lost causes. In consequence he was at first regarded by Brookfield with some suspicion, until it was found that he had all the qualifications. He was a man of some wealth, a pillar of his party, and he hated the C.C.F.

George became Co-Warden for his neighborhood. His associate was Martin Cross, the general manager of one of the great banks. This pleased him. He foresaw the time when it would be "Howdo, George?" and he would return a "Howdo Martin?" and in time might even venture the occasional slap on the back. His work as warden was the subject of favorable comment. He qualified as first-aider, firefighter and traffic controller. His beret was worn at just the correct angle, his armband in its proper position.

At a practice first-aid he treated one of the insurance agents for a fractured pelvis, and was warmly commended for his despatch. The president almost called him George. But in his first work-out as an amateur fireman his luck was not so good. His banker friend and he were working the handpumps. Somehow or other George's pump became unmanageable, and Martin Cross, the general manager of the great bank, was drenched to his banker's skin.

Then came the big day—a full-dress rehearsal to prove to the citizens that the Brookfield Civilian Protective Committee was right on its toes and ready for the Nazis.

The operations were to be exactly the same as under actual air-raid conditions. Large trucks were obtained from one of the city cartage companies. Real doctors and real Red Cross nurses were drafted from the city and posted in the City Hall and the two schools. There was much bustle and excitement, and even a rumor that there might be a real plane flying over the town and dropping bombs—dummy ones of course.

THERE was some discussion about how "casualties" were to be selected. Few responded to a call for volunteers, and finally it was decided that the fairest way was to draw lots. George drew a fractured spine. It also said on the card which was pinned on him that his vertebral column was broken and his prospects for recovery were doubtful. The card had a black border, which gave him priority for first-aid.

George was instructed to lie down flat at the corner of his own street when the siren screamed and not to make the slightest move until the stretcher came.

It was a windy October evening and the sidewalk was cold and damp, but George did not falter.

When the whistle blew he did his chore. He remained flat on the pavement for many minutes—too many minutes for a middle-aged man on a cold October night. He was chilled to the bone when finally he was lifted, not too gently, he thought, considering the nature of his injury, to a hard stretcher. The stretcher was roughly flung into one of the trucks. George was beginning to feel like a real casualty as the truck careened madly down the hill to the first-aid post. He breathed heavily. His back ached. He felt somewhat of a fool. But he had the satisfaction of doing his duty.

There were two other casualties ahead of him at the station. They lay there, eyes closed, as if they were dead. It gave George a queer feeling. He too closed his eyes. No one seemed to notice him. The other victims were the object of special attention. There was whispering between the nurses; a doctor came, gave them both a thorough examination, and ordered them to the hospital immediately.

Could something have gone wrong with the schedule? Had George been omitted from the list? He was left lying in an open doorway while a cold wind blew on him and through him. When the final siren blew he had been there a full hour. At last someone in a white coat came along and looked at him with surprise, then looked at his list and shook his head.

"Better go home, friend," he said. "You look cold."

That almost finished one of Brookfield's Assistant Wardens. Poor Lovejoy became a real casualty. He contracted a severe case of double pneumonia, and it was not until the following spring that he was well enough to sport his beret and armband. And what a greeting the entire Brookfield Civilian Protective Committee (which included the mayor and councillors) did give him on his reappearance! Both of the life insurance presidents called him

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Kitchen Quickies

which take every advantage of the superb flavors they gain when Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice is an ingredient!

Tomato Consomme: Combine equal measures Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice and clear consomme; heat and serve.

Tomato Biscuits: Use Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice as the liquid, in mixing dough . . . biscuit-dough rolled to half usual thickness may be "sandwiched" together in pairs with a slice of cheese between, before baking . . . a very thin slice of bacon may bind each cheese-sandwich biscuit, if desired.

Pot Roast: Let your first liquid be Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice—add water later, if needed.

Stokely's

George, and when the general manager of one of the greatest banks saluted him with a slap on the back it was a moment that he was long to remember. . .

LAURA sighed again. Alas, that was a closed chapter! Her husband was again a problem child. He was over fifty, a dangerous age—for his wife. Would it be too much to ask God to perform another miracle?

It was then, as if in answer to her doubt, that the telephone rang. It was for George.

She heard him say, "Yes, this is George Lovejoy. . .Who? . . . Martin? . . ." His tone changed from one of doubt to great respect. "Martin Cross. . . Of course I remember you, Mr. . . er . . . Sure. . . Martin . . . Well, I—I would have to think it over. . . At your home at eight-thirty tonight? . . . I'll be there,—er—Martin. . ."

It was quite a different George who came away from the telephone. There was a triumphant note in his voice.

'Well, Laura, and who do you think *that* was?"

"I am sure I can't guess, dear," she answered.

"*That* was Martin Cross, the general manager of the—Bank. We were pals together on the C.P.C. And what do you think he wanted?"

"It wouldn't be because you had overdrawn your account?'

George frowned at his wife. "Don't be frivolous about serious matters, Laura, it does not become you."

He paused, and then spoke in an even more impressive tone. "Martin Cross, the general manager of the —Bank, has asked me, your husband, Laura, to head the new Brookfield Rehabilitation Committee. He said I was just . . ."

But Laura had ceased to listen. She was breathing a prayer of thankfulness that another miracle had been performed.

The Brown Passport

By C. SKILBECK

IT HAS been found, my "passport". I have always called it my passport, although it is not the thing that I have to show to immigration authorities when I cross those international border lines which are so much more noticeable now than they used to be. I call it my passport, because it was the document that ensured to me—though sometimes to a rather limited extent—one of the greatest, the most cherished, freedoms that a human being in Canada can possess.

A little boy, with all the curiosity and an insatiable thirst for knowledge of geography, found it in a drawer in my London lodgings. It was hidden away beneath more daily things, for now I do not have to use my "passport" any more. It was almost forgotten, ever since I came to England, but not quite. It will never be forgotten because of all the things it represents, the things it brings to mind.

A great country, a great people, a country so vast that we mere Europeans can hardly visualize it. A beautiful country. A great people, who are beginning to stride across the world with the pace of those who know it is a long road they have to travel but do not shrink, and indeed find pleasure in the distance. A world in itself, that holds so much that we in this older world would be glad to share.

All this my little "passport" represents. And yet there it stands, a limitation, a denial of that progress towards liberty that marks the courageous country in which it has its currency.

In the far-off days which we now call old-fashioned, our fathers moved and had their being untrammelled by passports, licenses, registration cards, forms and red tape generally; yet here we stand today on the threshold of a new world and hold in our hands a little pasteboard-covered book, mute witness of an age in which the card index triumphs and the permit rules.

FOR my little brown passport is really a permit. It used to permit me, in a great Canadian province, under the stern eye of a paternal government, to exercise in much curtailed form a liberty which was vouchsafed as a right to the predecessors whom we now consider so backward and unprivileged—predecessors who could exercise this liberty without presenting a permit, without fear of offence or pain of punishment, and who in exercising it knew that they were following the traditions of a thousand years of ever growing freedom.

More too my passport represents, more thoughts it calls to mind, of things of this time and not of the ancient past. It recalls happy days because of the country to which it belongs; but it recalls also many hours of anxiety, many hours wasted that might otherwise have been profitably used. Days when I wondered whether I could find time to use my permit, taking that time from the more important tasks that were my duty. Days when I looked into my "cellar" and found that the hospitable invitations I had extended had been too hastily given and could not be lived up to. Days when I should mark my fresh arrival in the country of the little brown book, days when sadly I must say goodbye and take leave of friends with whom had been shared the trials of a world at war.

The hurried conference, with one eye on the clock to be sure that the office of the "Control Board" would not be closed in one's face. The hasty decision made because so few precious minutes were left before the unsmiling and slightly resentful Censor and Cashier would leave their dreary place of toil and assume the habits of a more "respectable" calling. The days of determination when one decided that the horrid business should be gotten over with as early as possible, the better to work during the rest of the day in the knowledge that one's conscience was clear; and so one arrived at one's office late but contented.

AND now, three thousand miles from the land of the passport, I feel that there is something missing from my life. A sport, a duty, a whole slice of existence, gone. For here there are no little brown permits; in their old-fashioned and archaic way people work and relax knowing that an indulgent Authority will at least allow the time in which to relax—if the material for relaxation can be found.

So I gaze at my little brown passport, and as I gaze I murmur to myself. From across the room the little boy who found it is asking why I am talking to myself. How can I explain to an English boy all that the little brown book means, all the happy memories and all the hours of wasted time that it represents? How can I even make him understand why I like to keep it, when I do not even know myself? Is it as an evidence to show to others, to tell them that so long as time is well wasted, it were wasted well? I like Canadian Rye.

• •

SKIN AND COSMETICS

ABSENCE of fats and oils, both in the diet and for use in cosmetics has presented a serious problem to Frenchwomen in the care of the skin, according to M. Lavault of Coty, Inc., and member of a mission of fashion and beauty experts sent by the French government to New York. But women have balanced that difficulty by getting more fresh air and eating less whether they liked it or not. "The greatest enemy of the skin, after all," he said, "is rich food."

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Nations Can Fight For Or Share New Markets

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Decisions in political and economic spheres must be in agreement if they are to be constructive, says Mr. Layton. Non-political creation of economic block invariably leads to political complications.

Not only is cooperation necessary between the United States and Britain but also between the nations of Europe and the Middle and Far East. Will the nations of the world fight for new markets or will they be willing to share them? On this decision, in Mr. Layton's opinion, rests the hope of a long-term peace.

London.

AT THE highest level, the arguments of economics are not to be separated from the problems of politics. Today the identity is particularly evident. The divergences between the Big Three in the field of pure politics is precisely matched by the differences of opinion on the questions of economics.

The Atlantic Charter no longer runs. It is the pound of flesh dogma which is emerging as the cardinal principle of international negotiation. The real question, which illuminates the difficulties encountered in Washington and which underlies the philosophy of those who would have Britain concentrate on the development of a sterling bloc of trading, is whether there is to be a world economy or an aggregation of group economies.

If it could be assumed that the latter would operate without animosity one against the other, the choice might appear fairly innocuous, and offensive only in so far as it militates against common sense by denying the full exploitation of the world's resources and their free interchange to increase standards of living. But no such daydream is possible.

The creation of economic blocs inevitably creates economic animosity, and inevitably produces a political dynamic which is the more aggressive because it is bred in the hothouse of self-sufficiency. The paradox has received examples enough in modern history. The closed door is closed only to visitors. It opens readily enough to allow the exodus of armed men.

It is therefore important to understand that no major decisions are possible in the economic or political departments unless they are consistent. A political decision for cooperation which attempted to run side by side with an economic decision for non-cooperation would inevitably be destroyed. It is always the bad money that drives out the good.

Political Vacuum

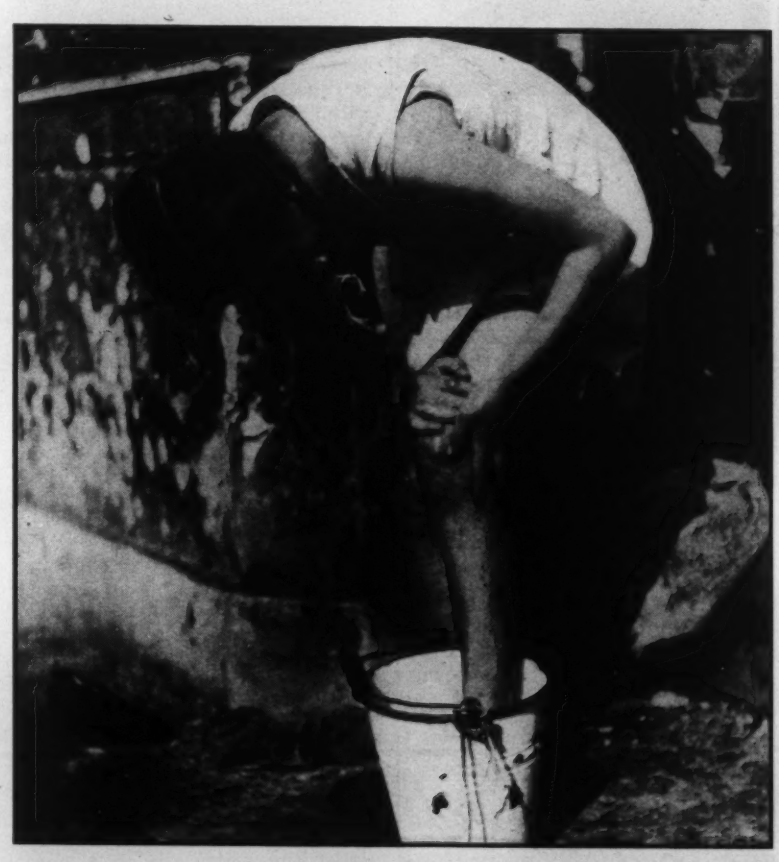
Similarly, the right economic decision, such as the world hopes for from Washington, would stand little chance of survival unaccompanied by a sympathetic political program. That is why we cannot avoid the conclusion that the trouble with the Washington talks has been that beyond the point of simple agreement on the basic economic facts they were conducted in a political vacuum. How could the United States, which has never been quick to form a political policy and which for most of its history has contrived to get along without one, admit the pre-determination of a political creed by an agreement on matters of trade and finance?

The picture does not end with the United States and Britain, however. The question of nationalism or internationalism, of grouping or universality, faces with equal urgency the

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Many Homeless Germans Complicate UNRRA's Problems

"Get Out of Berlin" is the sole idea of thousands of homeless Germans, some, once residents of the city, others passing through it from the east. Groups like this may wait for days for trains, for the rail service is badly disrupted. And when trains do arrive, so great are the waiting throngs, there is no certainty of being able to crowd aboard. Many of them go afoot in their search for new homes. Below: a footsore little girl bathes her aching feet before continuing the long trek.



But life must go on and children must eat. In old tins salvaged from rubbish, this mother cooks a meal on the street over an improvised fire.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Our Export Trade in Trouble

By P. M. RICHARDS

ON top of our strike troubles, which are holding up a lot of production and threatening to make what there is of it a good deal more costly, has come the British Government's refusal to renew many of the import licenses by which overseas goods are ordinarily permitted to enter Britain. If the Canadian manufacturers affected do not want to lose business, their only course, apparently, is to build plants in Britain itself. Besides being a more expensive method of handling the business for most of them, this would obviously transfer a considerable source of employment from Canada to Britain and thereby reduce Canadian business activity and general prosperity and the Government's tax revenues at the very time when the need to maintain all these at the highest possible levels is greatest.

To many Canadians, the British action will seem a poor return for the help rendered by Canada to the British and Allied cause in the war. But it is not, of course, effective against Canadian imports to Britain only, but against those of all countries. And it is not designed to hurt those countries but to strengthen Britain's economic position, which so greatly needs strengthening. Whether this is actually the best way to do that, especially in view of the fact that Britain is likely to need the support of economically strong Empire associates in the future as in the past, remains to be seen, but we shall doubtless learn more about this as a result of the impending British-Canadian financial talks at Ottawa.

Extreme Measures Unnecessary

Britain should have our understanding and sympathy, as we need hers. Her position has been so desperately reduced by the war that she believes she is now compelled to make most drastic readjustments in order to be able to carry on and support her population. A major item is the elimination of all imports that can be produced at home or which the British people can get along without. Britain proposes a program of "austerity", which means the cutting of her coat according to her now-scanty cloth. While this self-denial isn't good for the nations, including Canada, which have been such big suppliers of the British market, it at least reflects an honest determination to face economic facts and as such presents a refreshing contrast to the usual practice of spending not only to the limit of one's income but also of one's borrowing powers, without overmuch concern for the lenders. Britain wants to "go straight" financially henceforth.

Canada's hope of retaining her British markets seems to lie in convincing her that it isn't necessary to go to such extreme lengths as she proposes. In other words, that it may be better to accept long-term credits on favorable terms and permit the continued importation of all manufactured goods rather than lower her people's living standard and do hurt to the economies of nations which she wants to become big and prosperous consumers of her own products. And to convince her that the freest possible movement of trade will be best for all concerned, Canada must be prepared to make adjustments in price ceilings necessary to permit the entry of many British goods now shut out as effectively as if by tariff.

It is highly desirable that trade and financial talks take place immediately, that cards be laid on the conference table and that the dominating consideration be that of increasing the mutual flow of trade rather than the obtaining of a *quid pro quo* on each trade item. Just as industry needs production before it can determine wage scales, so nations as dependent on international trade as are Canada and Great Britain must never forget the fact of that dependence and be willing to subordinate, where necessary, welfare and other plans to its maintenance. They must not permit a return to the conditions of the 1930's, when impassable obstacles to international trade were created in the course of attempts by each nation to confine its home market to its own producers. That, today, would be the way to economic and social ruin.

One-Way Relationship Ended

Canadians also must recognize that we cannot reasonably hope to resume our old-time trade relationship with Britain in which we sold her about three times as much as we bought from her. We must buy more British goods, and to pay for them and at the same time provide a market for our own manufactures we must work to build up our own prosperity and purchasing power. We must increase our trade with India (which rose to third place in our trading relationships last year) and with South America and China and other countries; Canada is today more widely and favorably known abroad than ever before and this should help us. And we must constantly strive to keep our own productive efforts on as competitively efficient a basis as possible.

It may well prove that the largest and most lucrative trade will not go to the nation which makes the most exacting bargain in trade negotiations but to that one which most successfully furnishes wanted goods of satisfactory price and quality at the right time. This is a consideration which the labor unions would do well to keep in mind. Labor, like everybody else, is justified in seeking to obtain the best price it can for its services, but it would be highly impolitic to set a figure that, in effect, priced Canadian goods out of the export market. This could happen — may happen.

Canada is facing unusually difficult trade problems. Their solution calls for the cooperation of all groups of the national community.

(*Continued from Page* 46)

nations of Continental Europe and the Middle and Far East.

The key to the European position is Russia. She has professed sentiments of liberalism curiously out of accord with her orthodox political *principe* and unsupported by her postwar actions. Her attitude towards the countries of Central Europe, and particularly towards the body of Germany, cannot be said to evince the symptoms of an anxious desire for spreading the mutual blessings of economic cooperation.

With France, a nation whose recovery is likely to surprise the world both in its speed and extent, the case is different. She has to secure an export trade despite her possession of financial resources adequate to buy a substantial inflow of necessary imports for some time, and it is the De Gaulliste philosophy to support the idea of the "international get-together".

In the Far East, the ousting of Japan and the impending great expansion of the Chinese and Indian markets (great despite the development of internal industry in the latter) presents at once a new opportunity and a new challenge to the Western manufacturing and exporting Powers. They can choose to fight for places in the sun, or to share.

Perhaps it is unrealistic to argue that the world must make its decision now. The realists will say the time is not yet ripe when a general council could agree, or having agreed could be relied on to maintain agreement. And they have plenty of support in the failure of the London talks. But it is certainly not unrealistic to say that if the world takes the wrong course now it will have no opportunity of redressing the mistake later. The atom bomb is no flight of fancy.

That, indeed, is the choice, simple in its fundamental and so infinitely complicated in its embroidery, whether now to choose cooperation, political and economic, and to have at least a chance of long-term peace, or to accept the easier arguments of a balance of opposing forces and by their exercise to drive out from all but the romanticist's head the notion that peace can for long remain undisturbed.

G. STUBINGTON

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NEWS OF THE MINES

Housing Shortage Proves Problem as Labor Returns to the Mines

By JOHN M. GRANT

WITH the manpower situation rapidly improving the lack of living accommodation is now providing the big problem in the gold mining camps of Northern Ontario and Quebec. In recent months men have been returning to the mines in ever-growing numbers until today there is a temporary surplus. One of the reasons for this was the laying off of over 1,000 men by International Nickel along with the shutdown of munition works. The housing shortage however is aggravating the situation, as well as the fact that many men are still to return from the armed services and the latter causes hesitancy in engaging help who later may have to be replaced. So far the percentage of miners discharged from the armed forces has not been very large but the number will increase considerably when the engineering units return to the Dominion. Of those already back in their work-clothes over three-quarters are estimated as going back to their old jobs. The decided reversal of labor conditions, with full crews in sight for some mines, where the situation has been acute, should not be long in having a reflection in production and profits. Some of the mines however, forced during wartime to drastically curtail development are at the moment unable to provide sufficient working places for a much larger crew.

•

In discussing the labor situation at the annual meeting of Wright-Hargreaves Mines, E. L. Miller, president, stated that while men are becoming more readily available, the net improvement has not yet been great. October was the best month this year, 60 men being taken on and only 30 leaving. He did not look for much improvement until more mine workers came back from the armed services. Some 80 men have rejoined the mine, but 500 remain in the forces. Not all the men

(*Continued on Page* 51)

NEW ISSUES

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Capitalization
(upon completion of present financing)

	Authorized	To be Issued
4½% Cumulative Convertible Redeemable Preference Shares ($100 par value)	$5,000,000	$4,000,000
Common Shares (no par value)	2,500,000 shs.	850,000 shs.

Warrants are outstanding entitling the holders to subscribe for 383,333 common shares up to December 30, 1950, at $12.50 per share. Of the 1,650,000 common shares authorized but unissued a maximum of 733,333 shares may be required to be reserved to satisfy the conversion privilege of the preference shares including those authorized but unissued and the subscription rights of the holders of the warrants.

Listing of these preference shares on The Toronto Stock Exchange and on the Montreal Stock Exchange has been granted subject to the filing of documents and evidence of satisfactory distribution being furnished.

We offer these Preference and Common shares if, as and when issued and accepted by us and subject to the approval of all legal details by Messrs. Fraser, Beatty, Tucker, McIntosh & Stewart, Toronto, as counsel for the Company and by our counsel, Mr. J. S. D. Tory, K.C., Toronto, and Messrs. Stairs, Dixon, Claxton, Senecal and Lynch-Staunton, Montreal.

The right is reserved to reject any application or to allot a smaller number of shares than that applied for.

PRICES:

Preference Shares: $100 per share flat
Common Shares: $10 per share

With each common share there will be delivered without additional payment a subscription warrant for 1/3 common share.

Interim receipts (exchangeable for definitive certificates when available) and warrants are expected to be ready for delivery on or before November 30, 1945.

Prospectus will be promptly furnished upon request.

W. C. Pitfield & Company Limited
Burns Bros. & Denton Limited
Midland Securities Limited
Lauder Mercer & Company Ltd.
Société Générale de Finance Inc.
Milner, Ross & Co.
René-T. Leclerc, Incorporée
Osler, Hammond & Nanton
Eastern Securities Company Limited
Wills, Bickle & Company
Savard, Hodgson & Co., Inc.
O'Brien & Williams
Guildhall Securities Ltd.
T. M. Bell & Company Limited
The Yorkshire & Pacific Securities Limited
H. J. Bird & Company

The statements contained herein are based upon information which we believe to be reliable but are in no event to be construed as representations by us.

GOVERNMENT
AND
CORPORATION
SECURITIES

Enquiries Invited

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Business Established 1889
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, New York, London, Eng.

Burns Bros. & Company

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

L. H. T., Vancouver, B.C.—I don't think you would be making any mistake in purchasing shares of NORANDA MINES. The yield is good and the company has many substantial and valuable interests and is constantly investigating new properties. While a slow decline has been evident in the overall ore reserve picture, some new discoveries were reported last year and production is assured for a long time. Further, the company's investments in various companies have broadened year after year. By reason of its very large ready cash position, its numerous subsidiary operations and readiness to take on new properties, the shares carry appeal for a hold. As the bulk of Noranda's copper output goes to its subsidiary, Canada Wire and Cable, the company naturally is not greatly concerned with the world copper situation, and its gold subsidiaries appear headed for better times. The fact that Noranda owns 2,227,613 of the total 3,300,000 Waite Amulet shares outstanding, you will realize the effect the reduction in the dividend of the latter will have on Noranda earnings.

V. T. J., Owen Sound, Ont.—MEXICO TRAMWAYS CO. recently reported net operating income of $42,684 for the fiscal year ending Dec. 31, 1944, after allowing $300,000 for depreciation. Net income from investments and bank balances amounted to $14,431, and after general and administration expenses of $40,469, net profit for the year stood at $5,390. Report shows that the loss for the nine year period to Dec. 31, 1943, of $10,375,979 was accordingly reduced to $10,370,589 at the end of 1944.

E. R. S., Dunnville, Ont.—Such senior gold producers as McIntyre, Dome Mines and Hollinger, should meet your requirements for investment purchase, but personally I would prefer some of the younger producers which offer definite expansion possibilities when times become normal. I refer to such stocks as KERR-ADDISON, SAN ANTONIO, MACASSA, McLEOD-COCKSHUTT, MADSEN RED LAKE, COCHENOUR WILLANS and MALARTIC GOLD FIELDS.

H. E. G., Saskatoon, Sask.—The extra dividend of 10 cents a share, declared along with the regular quarterly dividend of 20 cents per share, brings total payments of GATINEAU POWER CO. for the current year to 90 cents a share, the largest amount ever paid in the company's history. In the year 1944, an extra of five cents per share was paid, bringing the total for that year to 85 cents per share and equalling the peak paid in 1939. For the year 1943, only 65 cents per share was paid, in 1942 60 cents, and in 1941 70 cents per share. The regular quarterly rate of 20 cents

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Three Phases of Upswings

BY HARUSPEX

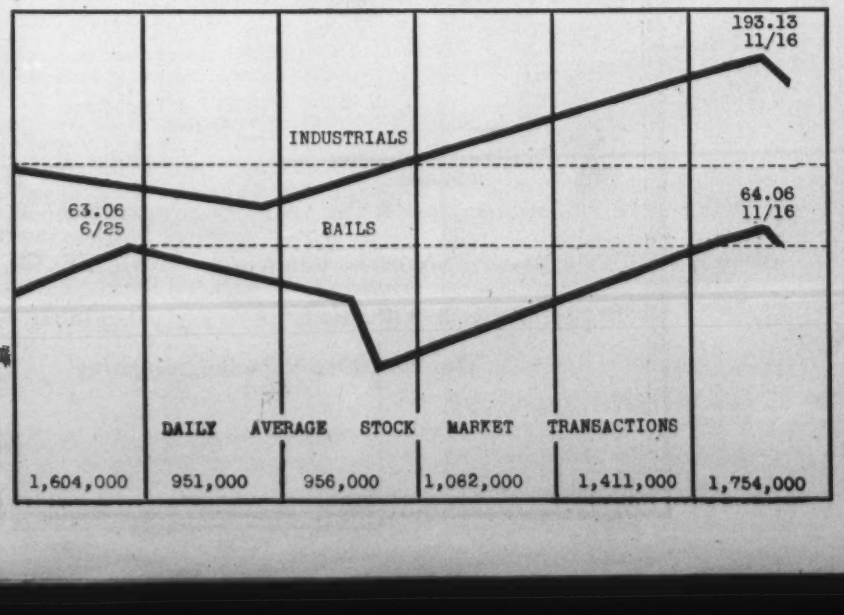
ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: We regard stocks, following broad advance on the basis of high war earnings, as in a distributive zone preparatory to cyclical, or substantial intermediate, decline.

THE INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the New York market is to be classed as upward from the July/August low points of 160.91 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 51.48 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Market upswings—whether a major, intermediate, or minor move is under consideration—are divisible into three main classifications. There is (1) the period of accumulation, during which prices move more or less sidewise in sluggish manner with low daily volumes, (2) the period of price mark-up, when vigorous advance is the order of the day with volume tending to move up, (3) the period of distribution, characterized by considerable price churning, with leadership being rotated among groups, and with volumes heavy. An analysis of the intermediate move in the New York industrial list getting under way last July/August shows that for the four weeks from July 16 to August 11 the Dow-Jones industrial average, at its extreme low point for each week, did not vary by as much as 1¼ points, while volume averaged 1,050,000 shares daily. Mark-up from the 160 level to the 192 level, or by 32 points, then occurred, following which, over the approximately three weeks from November 5 to November 22, inclusive, the industrial average, at its extreme high point for each week, has not varied by as much as one-quarter of a point. Volume, over this interval of approximately three weeks, has been on the average basis of 2,085,000 shares daily.

It is possible that the current sidewise movement of the industrial average accompanied by double the volumes of the July/August accumulation interval, is a necessary "mopping up" operation before the market moves vigorously beyond the 1937 peaks, decisive penetrations of which peaks would be disclosed by closes in both the rail and industrial averages at or above 65.47 and 195.41, respectively. However, until the market demonstrates that distribution of stocks, as a first glance at the current picture would suggest, is not under way, a cautionary attitude, at this point, should not be out of order. The industrial average, incidentally, has yet to decisively penetrate the early November peak by closing at or above 193.05, while among individual stocks in the Dow-Jones industrial average such issues as American Smelting, Corn Products, General Electric, Goodyear, Texas Company, U.S. Steel, Union Carbide and Westinghouse Air Brake have been unable to go into new high ground over the past 30 days or more.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

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CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office: 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $64,000,000

Dominion Textile Co.
Limited
Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend
A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1945, payable 15th January, 1946, to shareholders of record 14th December, 1945.
By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER, Secretary.
Montreal, November 21st, 1945.

Dominion Textile Co.
Limited
Notice of Common Stock Dividend
A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents ($1.25) per share, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1945, payable 2nd January 1946, to shareholders of record 5th December, 1945.
By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER, Secretary.
Montreal, November 21st, 1945.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
BRITISH AMERICAN OIL
COMPANY B-A LIMITED
NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the issued No Par Value capital stock of the Company for the fourth quarter ending December 31st, 1945. The above dividend is payable in Canadian funds, January 2nd, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 5th day of December, 1945.
H. H. BRONSDON, Secretary.
Dated at Toronto, November 26th, 1945.

Standard Chemical Company
LIMITED
Dividend—Preferred Shares
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors at a meeting held this day declared a quarterly dividend of one and one-quarter percent (1¼%) on the issued 5% cumulative redeemable Preferred shares of the Company, payable on the 1st day of March 1946 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of January, 1946.
By order of the Board.
G. MILLWARD, Secretary.
November 22nd, 1945.

uarterly paid from September, 1938, as reduced to 15 cents with the ird quarter of 1941 payment, pend- g clarification of the tax situation, nd the 20-cent rate was restored ith the December, 1943 payment. or the first half of the current year, nprovement was reported. Total venue was increased from $5,018,- 6 to $5,323,276 and although tax ovision was higher, there was still good improvement in net income at ,338,741 or the equivalent of 56.3 nts per share on the common stock ter providing for preferred divi- nds as compared with a net income $1,207,801 or 48.5 cents per share r the first half of 1944.

A. K., Sherbrooke, Que.—As the roinor Pershing property is some wnships removed from Perron Gold ines, I am at a loss to understand here you read the information to hich you refer. I believe you have roinor mixed up with Cournor Min- g Company. Cournor is carrying t a program of diamond drilling om various levels of the Perron old Mines workings. It has been e belief for some time that the rron ore occurrences might extend to Cournor. Three ore intersec- ns have been cut on the 1,375-foot vel and these indicate the extension the Perron orebodies. With re- rd to Perron itself, development rk has been drastically curtailed the paucity of labor but profits ntinue at a satisfactory rate. Com- ny officials are of the opinion that ven reasonable luck the mine is still od for at least four years' further oduction without any new de- lopment. With labor available ospects in outlying parts of the operty will be investigated and de- lopment broadened in sections of e property which have seen little if y activity for years. Perron is amond drilling the Seventh Mal- tic property, west of Lamaque old Mines, and has encountered lues running from $5 to $6 in three nses totalling 300 feet in length.

P. C. F., Sherbrooke, Que.—With 40 nts a share on the Class "A" shares INTERNATIONAL METAL IN- USTRIES LTD. to be paid Jan. 2 xt as the final distribution for 45, the company's total distribu- ns on this stock are brought to .45 a share for 1945, against $1.20 id in 1944 and 50 cents a share in 43. Net earnings for the fiscal ar ended Dec. 31, 1944, on the class " shares, including the refundable x, were equal to $3.03 per share d exclusive of the refund to $2.44 share. On a participating basis net for that year was equal to $2.39 a share, including the refund and exclusive of the refund to $1.93 per share on the combined class "A" and "B" stock.

P.P.F.B., Brandon, Man.—Yes, I think the list of prospects yeu have selected can all be regarded as "fair gambles." Considerable speculative attention has been attracted to the recently formed BEAULIEU YELLOWKNIFE MINES by reason of rich surface samples and intersections in shallow diamond drill holes. A consulting geologist who examined the property states that it is an above average prospect. SNOW LAKE GOLD MINES has made a deal with Hollinger Consolidated for development of its property lying to the east of Howe Sound. If results of work prove satisfactory a new company will be formed, and Snow Lake will get 1,500,000 shares, of which 365,000 will be optioned back to Hollinger at $1 per share. A large group of claims to the west of Howe Sound are still retained and if surface work now proceeding there justifies a diamond drilling program will follow. The property of GILLIES LAKE PORCUPINE in the Porcupine camp is under lease to Hollinger Consolidated for 99 years. Considerable work has been done but so far with reportedly negligible results. If success marks further exploration and production follows Gillies will receive 25% of net profits. A group of 14 claims in the Gowganda section of Ontario was purchased a short time ago by Gillies for cash. AMERICAN YELLOWKNIFE GOLD MINES is exploring three groups of claims in the Yellowknife district and encouragement is reported from diamond drilling on two of the groups.

S.K.D., Moncton, N.B. — Shares of JOLIET-QUEBEC MINES naturally are speculative, but the location of the property is extremely interesting, however, I am unable to advise you as to possible market action. The company has strong financial sponsorship and capable management. Shaft sinking to a depth of 600 feet is underway at present and four levels are to be established. The shaft opening will provide facilities to develop and explore a zone in which 1,000,000 tons on one per cent copper has already been indicated. Several hundred thousand tons of this total are calculated to likely run two per cent. I understand recent diamond drilling has given some encouraging values in gold. Drilling is continuing and is now testing a strong anomaly close to the boundary line with Quemont.

John Labatt Limited

NE of the oldest (the business having been originally founded 1828) and leading breweries in the minion, John Labatt Limited was privately-owned concern until this ar when investors were permitted purchase a portion of the outstand- g shares. The Labatt name is well own and the company's products joy a good market. The national come is expected to continue at a gh level for some years and the axing of liquor regulations in On- rio in recent years has improved e company's future prospects. ans have been made for the ex- nsion of the brewery at London at estimated cost of in the neighbor- od of $2,000,000. These plans in- de a bottling plant, additional rehouse space, etc., which should d to the company's ability to meet e increasing demands for its pro- cts.

Net profit for the eight months ded May 31, 1945, of $953,027 was ual to $1.06 per share and was in- sive of $138,360 and 15c a share undable portion of the excess fits tax. The fiscal year ends with ptember and net profit for the iod ended September 30, 1944, ounted to $1,553,987 and was equal $1.72 per share, including $247,- and 27c per share tax refund. rned surplus at September 30, 1944 alled $4,811,277.

Pro-forma balance sheet at May 1945, issued in connection with public offering of 180,000 com- n shares, showed current assets $3,926,497 and current liabilities 02,410 to leave net working cap- l of $2,924,087. Current assets included cash of $1,113,924 and Dominion of Canada bonds $1,320,548. Accumulated refundable portion of the excess profits tax at that date amounted to $634,549. Gross book value of land was shown at $92,700; buildings $2,142,848 and machinery, equipment, trucks and automobiles $2,175,693, with the net depreciated book value $1,729,553.

John Labatt Limited has no funded debt or preferred stock issue outstanding. Capital consists of an authorized issue of 1,000,000 common shares of no par value, of which 900,000 shares are outstanding. Dividends are currently being paid quarterly at the annual rate of $1 per share. In the ten years and eight months ended May 31, 1945, total dividends paid by the company averaged more than $1 per share per annum on the currently outstanding 900,000 shares.

The company is incorporated under a Dominion charter. Plant at London, Ontario, is modern and efficient, having been rebuilt in its entirety since 1927.

Statistics

	Net Profit	Earned Per Share
8 Mos. Ended May 31, 1945	$ 953,027	$1.06
Year Ended September 30		
1944	1,553,987	1.72
1943	1,369,833	1.52
1942	1,519,749	1.69
1941	1,642,318	1.82
1940	1,140,457	1.27
1939	1,550,715	1.72
Price Range June 25/45 to date	High 23½	Low 21¾
Price Earnings Ratio	High 13.7	Low 12.6
Current Price Earnings ratio		12.6
Current Yield		4.2%

Note—Net profit for 8 months of 1945 included $138,360 and 15c a share refundable portion of the excess profits tax; 1944—$247,461 and 27c a share; 1943—$183,080 and 20c a share; and 1942—$65,648 and 7c a share.

Canada Steamship Lines, Limited

Carriers on Canada's Blue Water Highway

From the head of the Great Lakes to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Canada Steamship Lines, Limited plays an important part in Canada's basic economic activities including the low cost transportation of grain, iron ore and coal.

Earnings of the Company in 1944 amounted to $4.24 per share on the Preference Shares of the Company against dividend requirements of $2.50 per share. The bond refunding early in 1945 has substantially reduced charges prior to the Preference Shares. Operations during the current year have been reported favourable.

Canada Steamship Lines, Limited

5% Cumulative Preference Shares

Par value $50

Price: At the market, about $46, yielding 5.43%

Copy of our new circular gladly furnished on request.

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Forward with Industry

Almost without exception, Canadian industries are planning for expansion to meet the pent-up demand for capital and consumers' goods. The domestic market alone should keep manufacturers busy for years to come; and export business will follow the completion of credit agreements for its financing.

For more than twenty-five years McLeod, Young, Weir & Company Limited have financed Canadian Industrial Corporation and Public Utility enterprises. In the near future they will offer attractive new investments in Industrial Corporation Bonds, Preferred Shares and Common Stocks.

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Metropolitan Building, Toronto
Telephone: Elgin 0161
Offices at Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London
Correspondents in New York and London, England

SICKS' BREWERIES LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Year-end Dividend (No. 66) of One Dollar and Fifteen Cents ($1.15) per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared payable on the 31st day of December, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of November, 1945.

By Order of the Board,

I. N. WILSON,
Comptroller.

CALGARY, Alberta,
November 22nd, 1945.

News of the Mines

(Continued from Page 51)

year were $396,821 in addition to $648,248 net profit on the sale of securities, or a total of $1,045,069, equivalent to 69.7 cents per share. In the previous year total net earnings were $430,738. The company's interest in Kerr-Addison was increased and direct or indirect holdings are now equivalent to 0.075 of a share of Kerr-Addison for each issued Anglo-Huronian share. Preparations are now underway to resume operations at Porcupine Peninsular Gold Mines in which Anglo-Huronian has been interested for years.

•

Seven net mining issues were recently listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. They are: Beaulieu Yellowknife Mines; Buffalo Red Lake Mines; Colomac Yellowknife Mines; Dickenson Red Lake Mines Nicholson Mines; Omnitrans Exploration Limited and Stadacona Mines (1944) Limited, the latter being traded on the Montreal Curb Market.

•

A reflection of the policy adopted by the directors of concentrating all available labor on development work rather than on maitaining production is found in the third quarter report of Cochenour Willans Gold Mines. Production of $20,859 was secured from 3,075 tons, an average grade per ton of $6.78. The recovery during the previous quarter amounted to $115,367 from 7,598 tons milled, an average per ton of $15.18.

•

North Inca Gold Mines formed to acquire 44 claims in the Indin Lake section of the North West Territories, north of Yellowknife, has awarded a contract for a minimum of 5,000 feet of diamond drilling. Four gold bearing zones have been uncovered to date and first drilling will be on the "A" and "D" zones. Close channel sampling of one section of the "A" zone revealed a high grade shoot 3.4 feet wide, averaging 1.18 oz. gold and high values are also reported from the "B" and "C" zones. Little is known of the "D" zone as yet. Trans-American and associates are financing the development and $75,000 has been provided for initial exploration.

•

Aubelle Mines Limited, in the Belleterre area of Quebec, reports contract sinking of the three-compartment shaft to 500 feet depth is proceeding satisfactorily. It is expected shaft excavation with station cutting will proceed at the rate of 150 feet monthly and a depth of 75 feet was reported October 10. All outstanding options on treasury shares were recently exercised giving the company a total of approximately $500,000, an amount considered ample for completion of the development program and erection of a milling unit.

•

While no announcement has been made at the time of writing of the appointment of the two other members of the Ontario Securities Commission, C. O. McTague, K. C., the new commissioner, has made public a reorganization of commission personnel in readiness for operation of the new act. Col. T. P. O'Connor has been appointed senior solicitor and head of the investigation department. Col. O'Connor recently returned from overseas where he was associated with the Canadian Claims Commission in England and Europe. W. M. Wismer who served in the Canadian Navy has been named his assistant. LT.-Col. E. H. Anundson, on leave from the Commission since the outbreak of war will assume the duties of Registrar. E. H. Clark, associated with the Commission in various capacities since 1943, will act as executive assistant to the chairman.

•

New Louvre Mines with property in Louvicourt township, Quebec, adjoining Buffadison on the west and Dome Exploration and Lencourt (Newmont) on the south, has made arrangements for financing and exploration is to commence at once. The sum of $77,500 has been placed in the treasury through a firm underwriting with Norcourt Gold Mines and further funds as required will be provided through options on additional treasury stock. Newmont Mining, Jocor Mines, Colcourt Mines and other interests are participating in the financing on a basis that leaves the majority interest with Norcourt. Recent drilling on adjacent ground is considered to have considerable significance for New Louvre's development chances.

•

Hard Rock Mines, in the Little Long Lac area, is resuming milling at once and it is proposed to gradually build up tonnage with expectation of also reopening the sulphide roaster around the beginning of the year. About 40 additional men are required to operate the mine and mill at the rated capacity of 350 tons a day. Since the mill was shut down nearly a year ago development has revealed little of importance as regards new ore, but the ore position has shown a substantial increase. This was largely due to raises in old stopes, however good results from exploration indicate the possibility of new ore developments.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Famous Players Canadian Corporation Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Thirty-seven and One-half Cents (37½c) per share has been declared on all issued common shares of the Company without nominal or par value, payable on Saturday, the 22nd day of December, 1945, to shareholders of record Saturday, the 8th day of December, 1945

By order of the Board,

N. G. BARROW,
Secretary.

TORONTO, November 20th, 1945.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 386

A dividend of 16c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 29th day of December, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 1st day of December, 1945.

DATED the 23rd day of November, 1945.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

CANADA WIRE & CABLE COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICES

PREFERRED DIVIDEND No. 67

TAKE NOTICE that the regular Quarterly Dividend of $1.625 per Share on the outstanding Preferred Stock of the Company for the three months period ending November 30th, 1945, has been declared as Dividend No. 67, payable December 15th, 1945, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1945.

CLASS "A" DIVIDEND No. 41

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that a Dividend of $1.00 per Share on the outstanding Class "A" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 41, payable December 15th, 1945, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1945.

CLASS "B" DIVIDEND No. 31

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that an interim Dividend of 25 Cents per Share on the outstanding Class "B" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 31, payable December 15th, 1945, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1945.

By Order of the Board

A. I. SIMMONS,
Secretary.

Toronto, November 20th, 1945.

PRESTON EAST DOME MINES, LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 25

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of three cents per share has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, January 15th, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December, 1945.

By Order of the Board.

L. I. HALL,
Secretary.

Toronto, November 16th, 1945.

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

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330 BAY STREET, TORONTO

has discontinued business, as of

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1945

Harold A. Prescott, a former partner in the firm wishes to announce that he has purchased the business as a going concern and will carry on the said business under the name of

HAROLD A. PRESCOTT & CO.

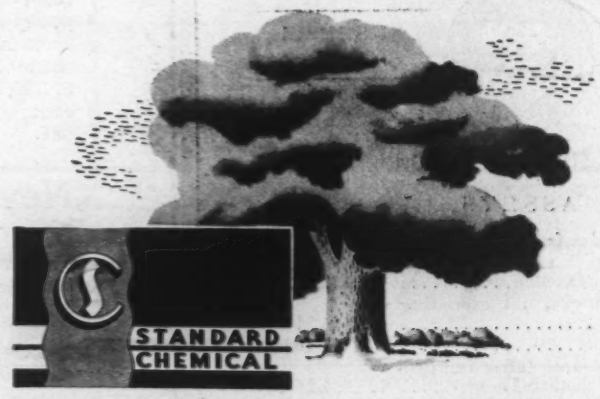
with membership on the Toronto Stock Exchange and the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

Mr. Prescott extends a welcome to the clientele of Colling & Colling, who will find associated with him the same personnel which has served them faithfully in the past.

330 BAY STREET • Main Floor • TORONTO

WAverley 4831

November 26th, 1945



Four Principles of Sound Investment

Standard Chemical Company Limited is a sound enterprise facing a future of orderly expansion and growing security.

POSITION: Established nearly 50 years ago, Standard Chemical Company today serves factory, farm and home. Its chemicals are an important factor in the operation, production and progress of Canada's industries. It serves agriculture with Formaldehyde. And it serves Canadians with such products as "Super-Pyro" Anti-Freeze, Javex Bleach and Goderich Salt.

MANAGEMENT: Standard Chemical enjoys a sound and experienced management and directorate, consisting of E. P. Taylor, Chairman; K. S. Maclachlan, President and Managing Director; Directors: E. P. Taylor, Col. W. E. Phillips, Allan Miller, Thomas Arnold, Hugh Mackay, L. M. Wood, Robert Fleming.

CONSOLIDATION: Through important holdings, Standard Chemical has gained an outstanding position in the salt industry; it has greatly widened industrial outlets for its chemicals; and it has effected new and valuable importing, distributing and selling affiliations.

EXPANSION: With new chemical projects continually under way, with plans for sound expansion already in force, Standard Chemical is strengthening its security, accelerating its progress and safeguarding its future as an increasingly important factor in the industrial and domestic activities of Canada.

We recommend the purchase of the 5% Preferred Stock of Standard Chemical Company Limited

Burns Bros. & Denton Limited

244 BAY STREET
TORONTO